EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

THERE will be set down, in the series of articles of which this is the foreword, in as simple and direct a fashion as I can write it, The Story of Amalgamated Copper and of the "system" of which it is the most flagrant example. This "system" is a process or a device for the incubation of wealth from the people's savings in the banks, trust, and insurance companies, and the public funds. Through its workings during the last twenty years there has grown up in this country a set of colossal corporations in which unmeasured success and continued immunity from punishment have bred an insolent disregard of law, of common morality, and of public and private right, together with a grim determination to hold on to, at all hazards, the great possessions they have gulped or captured. It is the same "system" which has taken from the millions of our people billions of dollars, and given them over to a score or two of men with power to use and enjoy them as absolutely as though these billions had been earned dollar by dollar by the labor of their bodies and minds. Yet in telling The Story of Amalgamated, the most brazen and voracious maw of this "system," I desire it understood that I take no issue with men; it is with a principle I am concerned. With the men I have had close and intimate intercourse, and from my knowledge of the means they have used, and the manner in which they have used them, and the causes and effects of their performances, I have no hesitation in stating that the good they have done, the evils they have created, and the indelible imprints they have made on mankind are the products of a condition and not of their individuality, and that if not one of them had ever been born the same good and evil would to-day exist. Others would have done what they did, and would have to answer for what has been done, as they must. So I say the men are merely individuals; the "system" is the thing at fault,

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and it is the "system" that must be rectified. Better far for me not to tell the story I am going to tell; better far for the victims of Amalgamated not to know who plundered them and how, than to have them know it only to wreak vengeance on individuals and overlook the "system," which, if allowed to continue, surely will in time, short time, destroy the nation by precipitating fratricidal war.

The enormous losses, millions upon millions—to my personal knowledge over a hundred millions of dollars—which were made because of Amalgamated; the large number of suicides—to my personal knowledge over thirty—which were directly caused by Amalgamated; the large number of previously reputable citizens who were made prison convicts—to my personal knowledge over twenty—directly because of Amalgamated; were caused by acts of this "system" of which Henry H. Rogers and his immediate associates were the direct administrators; and yet Mr. Rogers and his immediate associates, while these great wrongs were occurring, led social lives which, measured by the most rigid yardstick of mental or moral rectitude, were as near perfect as it is possible for human lives to be. As husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, friends, they were ideal, cleanly of body and of mind, with heads filled with sentiment and hearts filled with sympathies; their personal lives were like their homes and their gardens—filled only with the brightest things of this world, the singing, humming, sweet-smelling things which so strongly speak to us of the other world we are yet to know. As workers in the world's vineyard, they labored six days and rested upon the Sabbath, and gave thanks to Him from whom all blessings flow that He allowed them, his humble creatures, to have their earthly being. And yet these men, to whose eyes I have seen come the tears for others' sufferings, and whose voices I have heard grow husky in recounting the woes of their less fortunate brothers—these men under the spell of the brutal code of modern dollar-making are converted into beasts of prey, and put to shame the denizens of the deep which devour their kind that they may live.

In the harness of the "system" these men knew no Sabbath, no Him; they had no time to offer thanks, no care for earthly or celestial being; from their eyes no human power could squeeze a tear, no suffering wring a pang from their hearts. They were immune to every feeling known to God or man. They knew only dollars. Their relatives of a moment since, their friends of yesterday and long, long ago, they regarded only as lumps of matter with which to feed the whirring, grinding, gnashing mill which poured forth into their bins—dollars.

In telling the Story of Amalgamated I hope to have profited by my long and intimate study of this cruel, tigerishly cruel "system," so as to be

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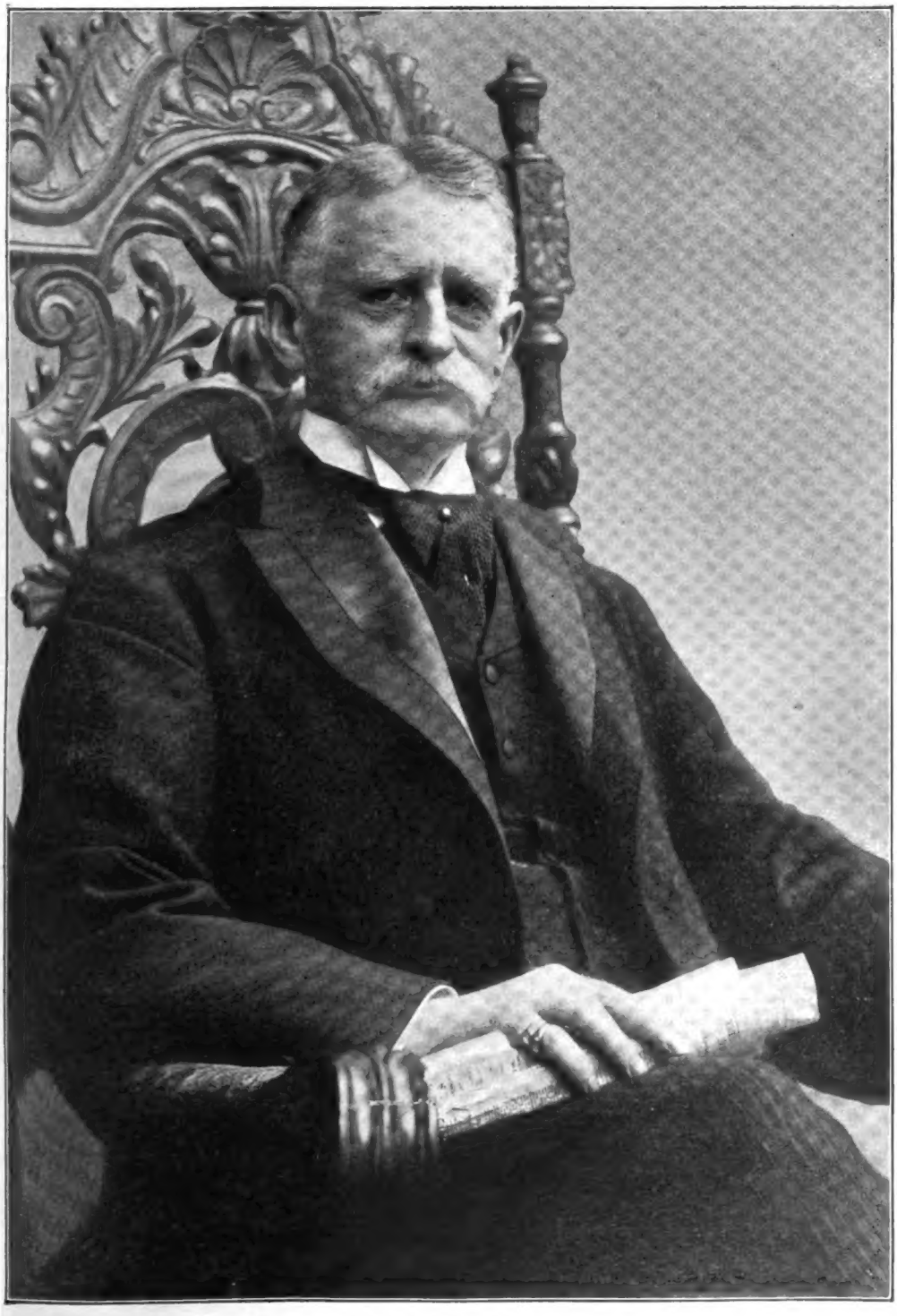

HENRY H. ROGERS

The Piston Rod of the "Standard Oil" Engine.

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able to deaden myself to all those human sympathies which I have heard its votaries so many times subordinate to "It's business." I shall try only to keep before me how the Indians of the forest, as our forefathers drove them farther and farther into the unknown West, got bitter consolation out of the oft-chanted precept of their white brethren of civilization, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," reminding myself that whatever of misery or unhappiness my story may bring to the few, it will be as nothing to that which they have brought to the many.

In asking for the serious, earnest consideration of the public, I shall be honest in giving to them my qualifications, my motives and my desires for writing this narrative. For thirty-four years I have been actively connected with matters financial. As banker, broker and corporation man, I have, from the vantage point of one who actually handled the things he studied, studied the causes which created the conditions which made possible the system which produced the Amalgamated affair. In my thirty-four years of business experience I have seen the great fortunes, which are the motive power of the system referred to, come out of the far West as specks upon the financial horizon and grow and grow as they traveled Eastward, until in their length, breadth and thickness they obscured the rising sun. At short range I have seen the giant money machine put together; I have touched elbows with the men who made it, as they fitted this wheel and grooved that gear, while at the same time I broke bread and slept with the everyday people who, with the industry of the ant and the patience of the spider, toiled to pile in the pennies, the nickels and the dimes which have kept the "system's" hopper full.

At my first meeting with the creators of Amalgamated it was clearly and distinctly understood that under no circumstances would I enlist in that "system's" interests other than for such special services as, after due thought and investigation, I should decide to be such as I could in fairness to myself and my clients work for; and when I give the details of this first meeting in my narrative it will be evident to its readers that I am in telling The Story of the Amalgated violating no confidence, nor in any way encroaching upon the niceties of that business code which is, and should be, the foundation of all legitimate financial dealings, nor in any way misusing knowledge which, if acquired under other circumstances, might be sacred.

Amalgamated was one service the system asked of me. It was created because of my work. It was largely because of my efforts that its foundation was successfully laid. It was very largely because of what I stood for and the public's confidence in fulfilment of the promises I made that the public invested their savings to an extent of over $200,000,000; and

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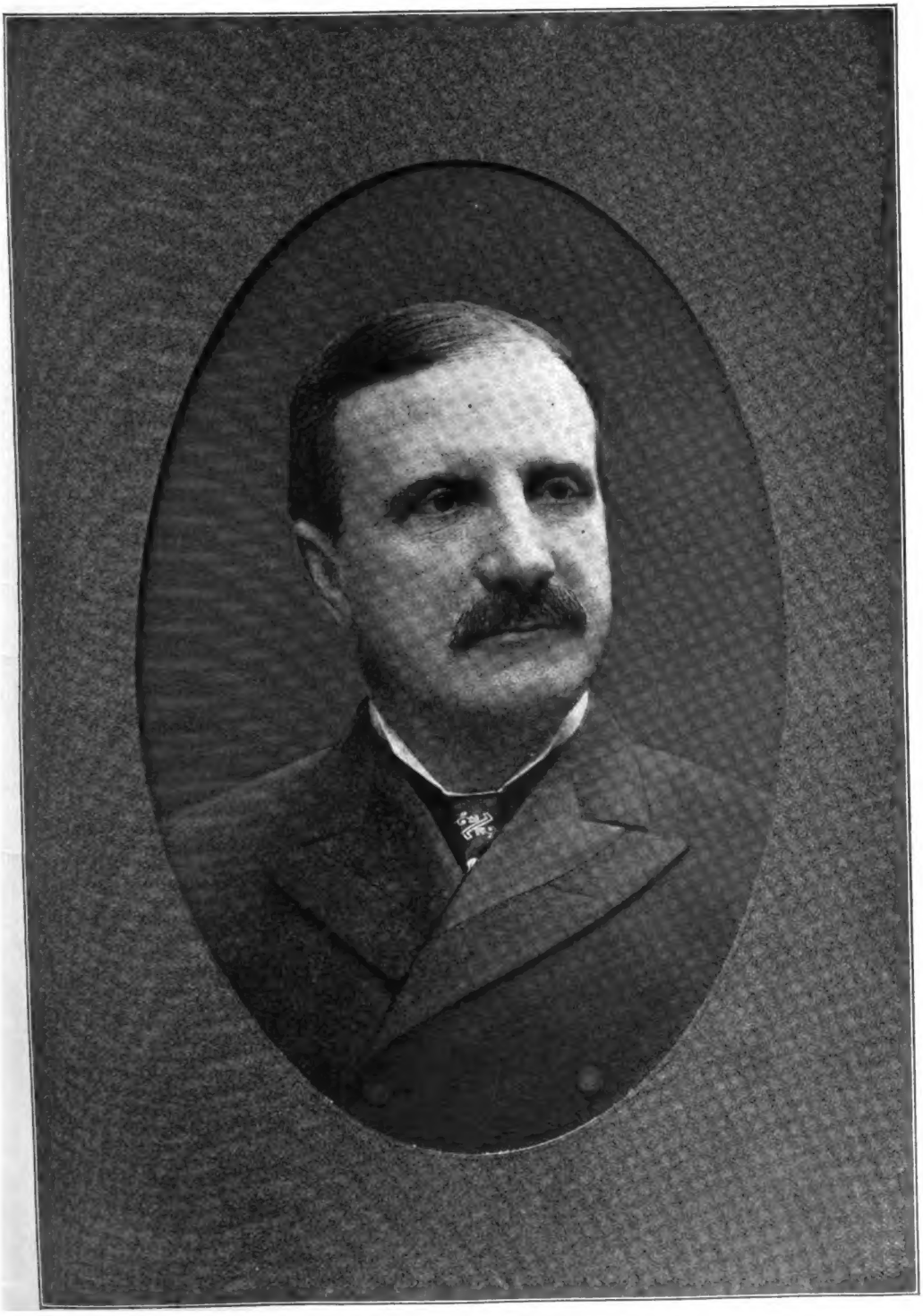

WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER

The Fly-Wheel of the "Standard Oil" Engine.

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it was almost wholly because of the broken promises and trickery of the creators of the "system" that the public lost the enormous sums they did.

My motives for writing The Story of Amalgamated are manifold: I have unwittingly been made the instrument by which thousands upon thousands of investors in America and Europe have been plundered. I wish them to know my position as to the past that they may acquit me of intentional wrong-doing; as to the present that they may know that I am using all my powers to right the wrongs that have been committed, and as to the future that they may see how I propose to compel restitution.

My desire in writing The Story of Amalgamated, while tinged perhaps with hatred for and revenge against the "system" as a whole and some of its votaries, is more truly pervaded with a strong conviction that the most effective way to educate the public to realize the evils of which such affairs as the Amalgamated are the direct result, is to expose before them the brutal facts as to the conception, birth and nursery-breeding of this the foremost of all the unsavory offspring of the "system." Thus they may learn that it is within their power to destroy the brood already in existence and render impossible the creation of their like.

In doing so I shall describe such parts of the general financial structure as will place my readers, especially those unfamiliar with its more complicated conditions, in a mental state to comprehend the methods by which the savings they think are safely guarded in the banks, trust and insurance companies, are so manipulated by the votaries of frenzied finance as to be in constant jeopardy. I will show them that while the press, the books, the stump and our halls of statesmanship are full to overflowing with the whys, wherefores and what-nots of "tariff," "currency," "silver," "gold," and "labor;" while our market systems are perfected educational machines for disseminating accurate statistics about the necessaries and luxuries of life, the water and land carriers, real estate and other material things which the people have been taught to believe are the only things that vitally affect their savings; that while they imagine they understand the system by which speculation and investments are controlled and worked, and that the causes and effects of this system are at all times get-at-able by them through their bankers and their brokers; there is a tangible, complicated, yet simple trick of financial leger-demain, operated twenty-four hours in each day in the year, and which the press, the books, the politicians and the statesmen never touch upon —a trick by means of which the savings of the people and the public funds of the Government, whether in the national banks, savings-banks, trust or insurance companies, are always at the absolute service and mercy of the votaries of frenzied finance.

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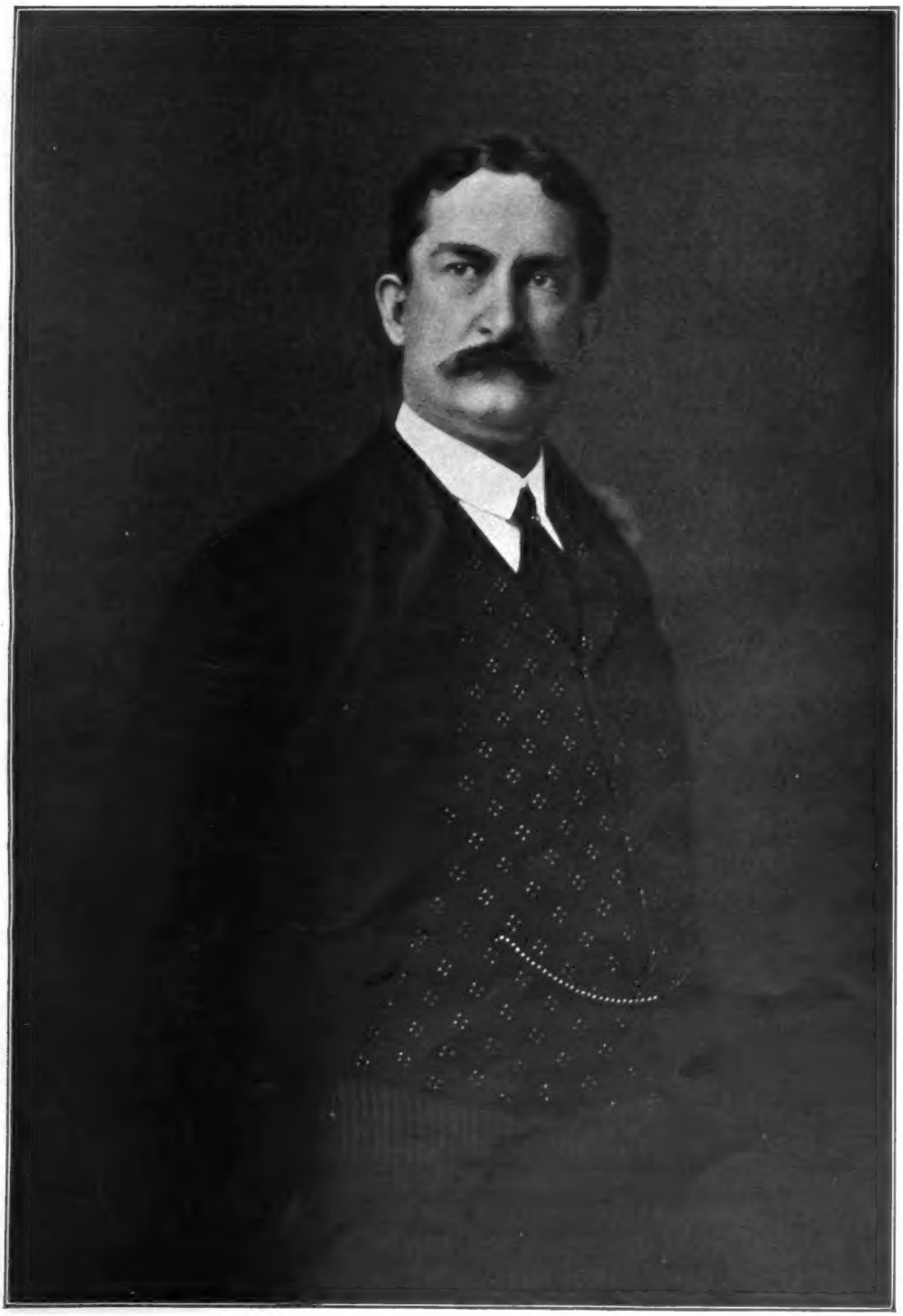

THOMAS W. LAWSON

A plain stoker, who shovels in coal and draws out ashes.

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Therefore, in the course of my Story of Amalgamated will come a few kindergarten pictures of how the necessaries and luxuries of the people are "incorporated"; how the evidences of corporation ownership are manufactured; of the individuals who "manufacture" them; of the individuals who control and make or unmake their values; of the meeting-place of these individuals, within and without the stock exchanges; of some of the corporations and of some of the signs and tokens of corporation ownership; of some of their histories; of some of their doings, and of some of their contemplated doings. These kindergarten pictures I will endeavor to paint, not in that "over-the-head" verbosity or "under-the-feet" profundity and intricacy of the political economy pedant, which is as the canvases of the Whistler school to the masses; but rather will I use the brush of the artisan who in giving us our white fences, our gray cottages and our green blinds, sets off those thing which make up the pictures the people really understand and dearly prize.

In the last few years the public have heard many stories of this Juggernaut "system," which has grown to be the greatest power in our land—greater almost than the power which governs the nation, because it is not only great within itself but by its peculiar workings is really a part of the power which governs the people. Particularly have they been told the story of Standard Oil by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd in his able work, "Wealth Against Commonwealth," and by Miss Ida M. Tarbell in her recent historical sketches, but however thorough these writers may have been in gathering the facts, statistics and evidences, however relentless their pens and vivid their pictures, they dealt but with things that are dead; things that to the present generation are but skeletons whose dry and whitened bones cannot possibly bring to the hearts, minds, and souls of the men and women of to-day that all-consuming passion for revenge, that burning desire for justice, without which no movement to benefit the people can be made successful.

In telling my story I shall, for I must, tell it fairly, and to make sure of this I pledge myself to keep to the exact facts as they transpired, not allowing myself to be overawed by their greatness into contracting them, nor to be tempted by their littleness into expanding them. In doing this I know, because of the pecularity of the subject and my intimate relation to it, no other way than to do it in the first person. There will be running through the courts of the land, contemporaneously with my articles, actions at law which will compel me to be unusually alert in hewing to the exact line of facts. As I said at the beginning, I would in dealing with my subject prefer to deal with it through the principles involved rather than with the men concerned; but as I shall be compelled

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to call spades spades, I must, of necessity, use the names of men and of institutions fearlessly and without favor.

In the beginning it will be necessary, for that clear understanding which is one of my principal objects, to treat at sufficient length the Bay State Gas intricacies and trickeries, in which in a certain sense Amalgamated had its being. This will compel me to devote a chapter to one of the most picturesquely notorious characters of the age, John Edward O'Sullivan Addicks, of Delaware, Everywhere and Nowhere.

The main part of my narrative must of necessity deal with the two real heads of Standard Oil and Amalgamated, Mr. Henry H. Rogers and Mr. William Rockefeller; and with the biggest financial institution of America, if not of the world, the National City Bank of New York, and its head and dominating spirit, Mr. James Stillman.

An important chapter should be that devoted to the conception and formation of the United Metals Selling Company, through which it was, and is, intended to practically control the copper industry of the world without coming within the restrictions of the laws for the prevention or regulation of monopolies.

I shall also deal at length with a notorious character, who, like the spot upon the sun, looms up in all American copper affairs whenever they appear in the full vision of the public eye—Mr. F. Augustus Heinze, of Montana.

There will be a chapter of more or less length devoted to one of the most important episodes in Amalgamated affairs, wherein I shall deal with one of Wall Street's most picturesque, able and intensely interesting men, Mr. James R. Keene.

I shall deal with a bit of the nation's history in which within a few days of the national election of 1896 a hurry-up call for additional funds to the extent of $5,000,000 was so promptly met as to overturn the people in five States and thereby preserve the destinies of the Republican party, of which I am and have always been a member.

I shall draw a picture of two dress-suit cases of money being slipped across the table at the foot of a judge's bench in the court-room, from its custodian to its new owners, upon the rendering of a court decision; and I shall show how the new owners frustrated a plot whereby they were to be waylaid and the bags of money recovered.

I shall devote some space to pointing out the evils and dangers of the latter-day methods of corrupting law-makers, and show how one entire Massachusett's Legislature, with the exception of a few members, were dealt with as openly as the fishmongers procure their stock-in-trade upon the wharves; how upon the last day of the Legislature, because their deferred cash payments were not promptly forthcoming, they turned, and made necessary the hurried departure for foreign shores of a great lawyer

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and his secretary, with bags of quickly gathered gold, and all evidences of the crimes committed and attempted; how after the ship arrived at an island in foreign seas the great lawyer's dead body received hurried burial, and his secretary's was later dropped, with weights about his feet, to the ocean's depths; and how ever since the natives whisper among themselves their gruesome suspicions.

I shall devote a chapter to the doings of certain financial reputation sandbaggers and blackmailers; show how through their agencies they hold up corporations and their managers for large sums, which upon being paid start into motion a perfected system for the false moulding of public opinion for the purpose of making more easy the plundering of the people. I shall photograph the men and draw accurate diagrams of the machinery through which their nefarious trade is carried on.

What should be one of the most interesting chapters of my story is that which will contain the complete list of original subscribers to the Amalgamated flotation, with addresses, amounts subscribed for and amounts allotted. This list contains the names of 4,648 investors, situated in all parts of this country and some of Europe; and the weight of their operation should be like the dial on the gauge of a boiler—an accurate indicator of the inside doings of the "system."

My story will carry me down Wall Street, into the Stock Exchange, through its hundred and one or million and one open and hidden passages, and into State Street, that ever-hung hammock of financial somnolence, and into the courts of justice of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Massachusetts and Montana, and into many other interesting abodes of justice and injustice, of trickery, fraud and simple, honest trustfulness.

When my story is ended and the great American people, whose simple but proud boast is that they cannot be fooled in the same place by the same methods and the same instruments twice, know as much as I now know of Amalgamated and its relation to the "system" which has for years as boldly, as coarsely, and as cruelly robbed them as the coolie slaves are robbed by their masters, it will be for them to decide whether my story has been, because of the facts which entered into it, so well told that they will not be satisfied with the restitution of the vast sums which the Amalgamated took from them, which United States Steel took from them, and which others took in lesser amounts but by equally flagrant methods; but will demand the overthrow of the "system" itself. It will be for them to decide; and if their decision should be the latter, I will be amply repaid for the pains and the miseries which must necessarily follow in the wake of a task such as the one I undertook when I decided to tell The Story of Amalgamated.

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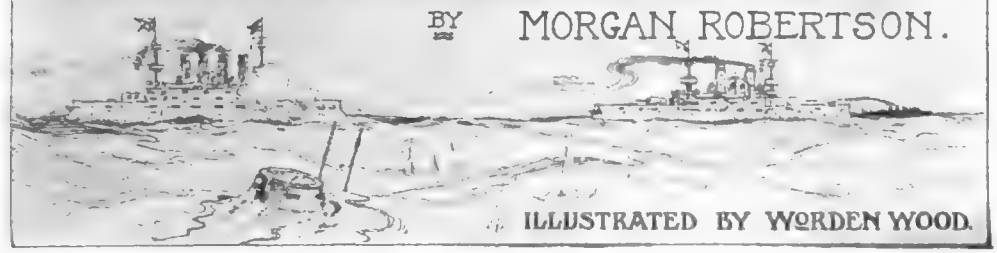
THE SUBMARINE.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON.



ILLUSTRATED BY WORDEN WOOD.

BY wireless telegraphy, international code-signal, and despatch-boat gossip her existence was known to the allied fleets, but the world at large had learned of her, while yet in process of construction, through indiscreet official babbling at St. Petersburg and immediate publication of the news in the London *Times*. Later on, Japanese spies heard of her as far inland as Lake Baikal, coming along on a flat-car of the Siberian railroad, and so reported; but at Harbin all trace of her was lost—it was not known whether she would proceed farther east to Vladivostok, or whether she would turn south and take to the sea from New Chwang, Shanhaikwan, or Port Arthur. But, though her whereabouts was doubtful, her plans and specifications were known to every officer on every ship from Vladivostok to Shanghai; and to all lookouts, search-light men, and boat parties instructions were given to watch for an object resembling a green wash-tub floating upside down.

This would be her conning-tower—all that would show when she had risen to the surface for a peep around. For the rest, according to specifications, she was sixty-three feet long, cigar-shaped, with five torpedoes and a tube in her nose, a gasolene engine for surface running and a reversible motor-dynamo, drawing power from a storage battery charged by itself, for submarine work. With ballast-tanks empty she floated high, and could easily be seen; with these filled with water she sank to the awash condition, from which she could dive out of sight in a few seconds by the aid of her motion and horizontal rudders. But, with every tank full and her engine stopped, she still possessed a reserve buoyancy which would bring her slowly to the surface. She could travel awash four hundred miles; submerged, fifty. In this radius of action she could expend her five Whitehead torpedoes, and return to port again and again for more. Her torpedoes were miniature models of herself with thirty-knot speed, automatic controlling gear to replace the human intelligence within the mother-boat, and a 220-pound charge of gun-cotton in their heads that exploded on impact. Her mission was secret and unseen; her blow, sudden and deadly; and even though she struck no blow, her presence in Eastern seas was of more injury to the *morale* of the crews than was the gun-fire of action; for she was conducive to neurasthenia; officers wore an anxious, worried look, men lost their appetites and saved on their mess-money, and Old Man Finnegan, of the English battleship Argyll, stopped drinking. It was bad for his nerves to stop so suddenly; and, as it was given him to be the first one to see that inverted wash-tub, while out at the end of the boat-boom, he promptly sang out the news to the bridge, then fell overboard.

The ship was anchored in a deep and narrow strait, with a swift but smooth tide running past. Mr. Felton was officer of the deck; he saw Finnegan fall, saw the circular steel object coming up on the port quarter, and immediately ordered a boat cleared away for the one and the secondary battery for the other; all hands rushed on deck and the captain and other officers joined him on the bridge. But Finnegan needed no boat; he slid up sprawling on the turtle-back of the oncoming submarine. And the latter needed no immediate attention from the battery, for a circular hatch flew up from the top of the

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conning-tower, and a keen-eyed, shrewd-faced man popped his head out, yelled incomprehensible things in a strange tongue at Finnegan, finished with a profane request in good English to come amidships and trim the boat—which Finnegan obeyed—and steered the curious craft up under the boat-boom, where he slowed down, by which time the cutter lowered for Finnegan was in the water.

"On board the torpedo-boat!" shouted Mr. Felton through a megaphone. "What's your name and nationality?"

"Thunder and blazes!" answered the man in the conning-tower. "Are you English? I thought you were Russian. Well, blame my fool soul!"

"Keep your hands up in sight," called the lieutenant. "Don't move a lever, or we'll sink you. This is His Majesty's Ship Argyll. Come aboard and give an account of yourself. Step into that cutter."

"Wait," interrupted the Argyll's captain. "Before you leave, empty your ballast-tanks. You are too low in the water—too elusive."

"Empty now, captain," answered the skipper of the lesser craft. "We've got the equivalent down aft in the bilges. The tail-shaft was badly packed, and the engine-room's nearly full of water. We've stopped the leak from within. Oh, I'm a hanged fool."

"Then come on board."

"Yes, sir, I will, as the jig's up. But suppose I make fast to your boat-boom first. There'll be no strain on it. I'm steering with the diving-rudder hard down to trim her against that weight of water, and must keep her turning over, or she'll sit on her tail."

"Do so," answered Mr. Felton. "Finnegan, take that man's place at the wheel, and steer after the boat-boom."

"Steer small," said the captain to Finnegan, as he climbed out of the hatch and stood knee-deep on the submerged deck. "It's an air-engine steering-gear. Don't touch anything but the wheel."

The old man, shaky with age and nerves, floundered into the conning-tower and took the wheel—the upper spokes of which were visible to those on the high bridge of the battleship—while the boat's commander waded forward on the round and unstable platform to where a ring-bolt showed through the water.

"Strikes me," he said, with a quizzical glance at Finnegan and at those above, "that there's no real necessity of a second man getting wet feet when the first is drenched through. But I'm not bossing this."

He was doomed to a worse wetting. He had fastened the end of a line thrown him from the boom to the ring-bolt, and was reaching for a hanging Jacob's-ladder to climb to the boom, when those above saw him sink out of sight; then they saw the open conning-tower rush forward, settling as it came. Some saw Finnegan's face, with its look of pained amazement, others only heard his yell: "Leggo me legs—leggo! Lemme out!" Then Finnegan and the conning-tower went under, the rope snapped, and the water was smooth but for the ripples caused by the swimming captain, and a line of large, irregular bubbles, that stretched ahead for a hundred feet and stopped.

It happened so suddenly that not a shot was fired, though every gun in the port battery was trained and ready. Not a gunner on board would shoot at Finnegan unless ordered, and Mr. Felton had not given the word. But he ordered the boat, after it had picked up the swimmer, to pull ahead ready for Finnegan or any others who might have climbed out of that open hatch against the inrush of water; and in ten minutes, none appearing on the surface, he called it back. Drenched and dripping, the submarine boat's commander was brought into the presence of the captain and officers of the battleship.

"Well, sir," asked the big captain sternly, "what explanation have you to offer of this trick?"

"No trick at all, sir," answered the pale and crestfallen man. "I suppose that my engineer and my boatswain, who attends to the diving-gear, took a chance that I would not. If they die, I am merely a prisoner. If they live, I am disgraced."

"Disgraced? You, an Englishman, serving Russia, talk of disgrace?"

"An American, captain, who never saw England," answered the man, with dignity. "An officer of twenty years' service in the Imperial Navy. Lieutenant Bronsonsky, in command of the Russian torpedo-boat Volga—plain Jim Bronson, back in Indiana."

"Um—humph. Different, of course. What happened to your boat?"

"None of my men understands English. Someone gave full speed to the motor, under which we were running. The diving-rudder was inclined; it balanced her at half speed,

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"LEGGO ME LEGS—LEGGO! LEMME OUT!"

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but at full speed made her dive. If they succeeded in closing that hatch in time, they may save their lives, but not the boat. Nothing but a wrecking outfit can raise her, even if found."

"Is the hatch easily closed?"

"A strong spring keeps it up, and also down, when pulled past a dead centre. A man must reach up for it against the downpour of water. I doubt that it could be done."

"How about air? Is there enough?"

"Plenty of compressed air, and a reserve store of oxygen. If they escape drowning, they will starve before they will suffocate."

"But why," asked the captain, "were you alone in these seas without convoy? And why did you approach us so unwisely?"

"Now, captain," answered Bronson, with some hesitation, "you are scratching the hide of the bear. I do not know. Russian diplomacy, I suppose. I can tell this much, however. My orders were to conceal myself until I reported to the admiral of the outer squadron, except that in this strait I was to deliver verbal information to a battleship, which, alone of the Russian fleet, was ignorant of the news that I carried."

"And the news?"

"It is known to the world, and to you. The presence in Eastern seas of five English submarines."

The captain smiled and bowed. "Yes, known to the world, for we have been at pains to advertise it. It is demoralizing to an enemy to have him feel that at any moment a submarine may creep up unseen and torpedo him. We are now, thanks to your mistake, freed from this strain upon the nerves. How did you make such a mistake?"

"Why," said Bronson, coloring, "I simply took you for the Russian ship. She closely resembles you."

"Inferior in armor, armament, and marksmanship," said the captain, dryly. "She went to Weihaiwei yesterday as an English prize."

"But, captain," interposed Mr. Clarkson, in sudden alarm, "*are* we free from this strain upon the nerves? What is to prevent that boat from coming back and torpedoing us? They have Finnegan. They must know we are English."

"You need not fear," answered Bronson serenely; "she is helpless, and when the tide has drifted her to three hundred feet depth, she will be crushed in by the pressure."

"Did you inform your men that you were captured?"

"No," said Bronson, knitting his brows. "They couldn't have known. I only told your man in English to steer small and to touch nothing but the wheel."

"Were you running under the motor?" asked the executive.

"Yes," answered Bronson. "It was the only precaution that I took."

"Was there a starting-switch in the conning-tower?"

"Yes." Bronson's face lighted. "And your man——"

"Finnegan's luck, perhaps, captain!" interrupted Mr. Clarkson. "You know your theory."

"You think he started the motor?" asked the captain. "But why? Was he intoxicated?"

"There's the rub," answered the officer doubtfully. "He was sober as the chaplain. Now, if he were drunk, I would swear that trouble was coming, and that Finnegan would be in it—an instrument of Providence, as you call him. But he was sober—beastly sober."

"Yes, I know," said the captain, "but what trouble threatens us more than did that submarine—now on the bottom? We have command of these seas."

"I don't know. And Finnegan was dead sober. Had you any whiskey, vodka, or other intoxicant in that boat, lieutenant?"

"Not a drop," answered Bronson. "Nor any alcohol, nor varnish."

"Well," said Mr. Clarkson, "if he was drunk, or *could* get drunk, I'd be ready for trouble. But he was sober, and of course, being sober, he didn't start the motor. He's done for, captain."

"I believe so," answered the captain. "In fact, I see no hope for anyone who went down in that boat. You see, Lieutenant Bronson," he said to the puzzled prisoner of war, "our man Finnegan occupies a peculiar position with regard to the ship's company and the service regulations. Several times, by being drunk and under control of his instincts, he has been the means of saving this ship and our lives. So, trusting that no harm will come to him that is not already come, we permit him to drink all he pleases. If he were drunk, and had started your boat to the bottom, we might believe that he did so for some purpose known only to God and his own subliminal self; but he was sober, so our theory

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HURRIED SEAWARD, FOLLOWED BY HALF A TON OF STEEL.

is useless. Now, you are, of course, a prisoner, but on parole. You will be provided with dry clothing. Make yourself at home among my officers."

So Lieutenant Bronson, of the Russian Navy, became for the time a supernumerary officer of His Britannic Majesty's battleship Argyll, and, clad in an undress uniform supplied by one of the English officers, mounted to the forward upper fighting-top, where, with the strongest binoculars on board—borrowed from the captain—he was able to report unofficially, but decisively, on the character of a long, low, destroyer-type of craft that crept around the headland downstream, hovered a few moments, and then hurried seaward at thirty knots, followed by about half a ton of steel from the Argyll's six-inch and secondary guns. "Russian scout-boat," he remarked to the deck, then turned his glasses elsewhere on the smooth waters of the strait—where might appear some traces of his lost boat or his

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"THERE IT IS AGAIN. IT'S UP FOR A PEEP AROUND."

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men. Late in the afternoon, when the tide had turned and gained its maximum strength, he called attention to something that glistened in the sun, far over toward the other shore, and soon after he pointed out another such object just behind it, then another, farther out in the stream, then a fourth, far to the rear of them all.

"Torpedoes!" he called to the bridge beneath. "They've shot them out to lighten her. They float, you know, when their motion stops. There should be another somewhere."

He turned his glass around for a moment, then hailed again: "Man overboard!" and pointed dead ahead. Then a dozen lookouts repeated the call, and Bronson came down to the bridge.

The man could be seen with the naked eye; a swarthy, bearded fellow, who swam remarkably high out of water, even for a strong man. But Bronson, after another inspection through the glass from the end of the bridge, stopped the comment on this by the quiet remark: "He's not swimming at all; he's riding a torpedo. Look out for it, gentlemen, for you'll find the safety-gear unscrewed from the detonator. That's my engineer."

Whitehead torpedoes, being standardized, are valuable to any craft carrying tubes, and boats were sent to bring them in, one of which brought, also, the bearded Russian engineer. Mr. Bronson translated his story.

"It was the boatswain," he said, "who reached up and moved the starting-switch in the conning-tower. He easily surmised, by my talking in a language strange to him, that we were captured, and when he saw me relinquish the wheel to Finnegan, he acted."

"But did anybody drown?" asked Mr. Clarkson eagerly. "Where's Finnegan? How did that man get out?"

"Some must have drowned," went on Bronson gravely. "The boatswain got Finnegan out of the way and closed the hatch; and then she was bumping along the bottom, unable to rise even by her own motion against the diving-rudder—hard up. They shot out the torpedoes, but still she would not rise; then they drew lots, and ejected themselves, one by one. The boatswain swam to a torpedo and was rescued by that scout-boat, but the rest must have drowned, for the engineer did not see them."

"But who remained behind?" asked Mr. Clarkson. "Who drew the fatal number?"

"Finnegan—he was treated fairly, and instructed in the method."

"Poor old Finnegan," groaned the executive officer. "Done for at last. He has saved thousands of lives when drunk, and now must die, sober and instructed, to save a half-dozen enemies."

The groan echoed, mentally, throughout the ship, and men went to their sleep that night praying for the soul of the gentle and ridiculous old man they had loved.

But at daylight there were other things to think of. Sharp but intermittent firing was heard, and hardly had the crew got to quarters before there staggered around the headland below a large, merchant-built steamer, with huge derricks fitted to each mast, a few small, quick-fire guns mounted in high places and barking as she came, the white naval ensign of Britain flying from each mast and gaff, and a volume of smoke belching upward from amidships. She was afire, and as if this trouble were not enough, she was perceptibly down by the head, proving that at least one compartment was filled. She turned into the strait and came toward the Argyll.

"The mother-ship, lieutenant," explained the captain, as Bronson appeared on the bridge. "She carries our five submarines and a hold full of Whiteheads. Your friends are after her."

"And after you, too, captain," answered Bronson. "Look there." He pointed to the upper end of the strait where, far out over the gray sea, were two grayer spots from each of which, even as they looked, came a twinkle of flame. "That scout-boat has reported you."

"And you, too, lieutenant," answered the captain, grimly. "She rescued one of your men. What will happen to you for losing that boat?"

"The salt-mines of Siberia for me," answered Bronson. "I am pondering on the ethics of desertion."

The captain glanced inquiringly at him, then said: "I will release you from parole, if you wish."

"Thank you, sir. I accept the release, officially; but will always maintain it, personally, between you and myself. But I am still pondering. I cannot desert yet. Please put me in irons."

The captain smiled. "No," he said. "You cannot escape."

But, being a prisoner no longer under

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parole, Bronson left the bridge; and by this time two fountains of water had arisen on the smooth waters of the strait perilously near to the Argyll, proving that the men behind those twinkles of flame had the range.

Then two booming reports came over the sea; but the Argyll remained at anchor and waited.

The gun-fire from behind the headland below had not ceased, and soon appeared, three miles out, however, the scout-boat of the day before. She passed slowly across the opening, firing at the mother-ship, but maintaining a safe distance. Then a three-funnelled, high-sided, armored cruiser appeared in view, then a short, bulky battleship, and another smaller cruiser. All directed their fire at the reeling mother-ship, coming on in her smoke, her crew working at the heavy forward crane.

"Only three submarines on her deck," remarked the captain, as he viewed her through his glass. "She has left two of them somewhere. I wonder if they're near by?"

And now the two ships coming on from above—battleships, evidently—changed their fire from the Argyll to the other, and their range-finders were good, and their aim was good, and the shells that they sent were heavy, and when one lifted a shower of water over the whole slanting deck of the mother-ship, the Argyll acted. She was caught in a trap, but that unarmored, unprotected mother with her five small ducklings needed her care, and, lifting her anchor, she steamed out to meet her, the secondary battery silent the while, but the after-turret guns belching at the two ships at sea, the forward ones at the battleship, the two cruisers, and the scout. And her aim was good, and her range-finding excellent, and the shells she sent so much heavier than those sent at her, that with a little more time she might have saved that distracted mother; for the two cruisers and the scout withdrew from range as fast as their horse-power would admit. But the battleship remained broadside to the target,—flame, smoke, and pointed steel coming from her turrets, and every fountain of water raised by these pointed steel shells closer to the fleeing mother-ship than the last, until finally one struck her in the stern and raked through her length. She separated into fragments.

It was not an instantaneous explosion; beginning at the stern she seemed to split in two, while a line of rising flame and smoke travelled forward. Then the two sides disintegrated and sank, the masts leaned—one forward, the other aft—and fell; a cigar-shaped submarine boat, swung high at the forward derrick, went higher in air and fell into the turmoil beneath, while two others, lifted sidewise from the shattered halves of the hull, whirled end over end and fell into the sea. Up and out from this riot of destructive forces came a huge expanding cloud of black and yellow smoke, while over the sea, echoing and reverberating against the wooded shores of the strait, went a crashing continuity of sound as of a repeated drum-call of artillery. Every Whitehead in the hold had exploded separately, and when the cloud had thinned there was nothing left of the mother-ship but a few floating fragments of wood, and, showing for one instant before it sank, the round conning-tower of a single submarine.

And now the Argyll received the gun-fire of the three ships, one but a mile below her, the other two, breast to breast, coming down the strait. The cruisers and the scout-boat were still going; they seemed to be agitated, smoking hard from their funnels, and flying numerous small flags in different combinations. But the battleship they had deserted, though weaker than the Argyll, steamed boldly into the strait, and as she was already close enough, the latter stopped her engines and drifted with the tide; then the two ships above slowed down, and, the Argyll in the centre, there ensued one of the hammer-and-tongs, give-and-take conflicts from which the big English battleship had ever emerged victorious—because no shell was made that could penetrate her eighteen-inch armor, and no armor that could withstand her thirteen-inch shells.

Bronson, gloomy of face, appeared in the conning-tower, where the imperturbable captain and his aids had taken refuge from the storm of steel. He waited until the captain had withdrawn his eyes from a peep-hole, then said:

"Your master-at-arms will not confine me, captain."

"Are you still pondering on the ethics of desertion?" asked the captain, again gluing his eye to a peep-hole.

"The problem is unsolvable," said Bronson. "By the laws of honor and of Russia I should be fighting against you; by the laws of nature and of blood, I should be

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EVERY WHITEHEAD IN THE HOLD HAD EXPLODED.

with you. There are penalties for violation of law."

"What do you mean?" asked the captain, without looking around.

"I notice that your fighting-top batteries are silent."

The captain paid no more attention to him, and Bronson climbed the spiral staircase that led up the mast to the lower top.

It is an axiom in the world's navies that no man may live through an action in a fighting-top, and Bronson, aloft with the dead, could not but have been impressed by the sight of the fall of the lower Russian ship's foremast, tops, guns, dead men and living, and the small signal-yard to which, even as the mast crashed down, small flags were ascending. But the ship went on, a man now exposed on her forward bridge, waving a wig-wag back and forth, until abreast of the Argyll. And now, though her heavy shells still came toward the big, invulnerable Englishman, it was noticeable that her whole secondary battery of quick-fire and machine guns was directed astern, at something which only Bronson, high in air with a pair of service binoculars, could make out.

"A submarine!" he called. "They're running away from it. Now it has dived."

Gun-fire on the upper ships suddenly ceased, and the Argyll's captain and aids came out of their refuge to see these two, with a furious turmoil of water at their sterns, backing and turning in their lengths. The wig-wag had told the news.

"There it is again!" shouted Bronson, excitedly. "It's up for a peep around. Now it's under again."

Professional excitement and enthusiasm is

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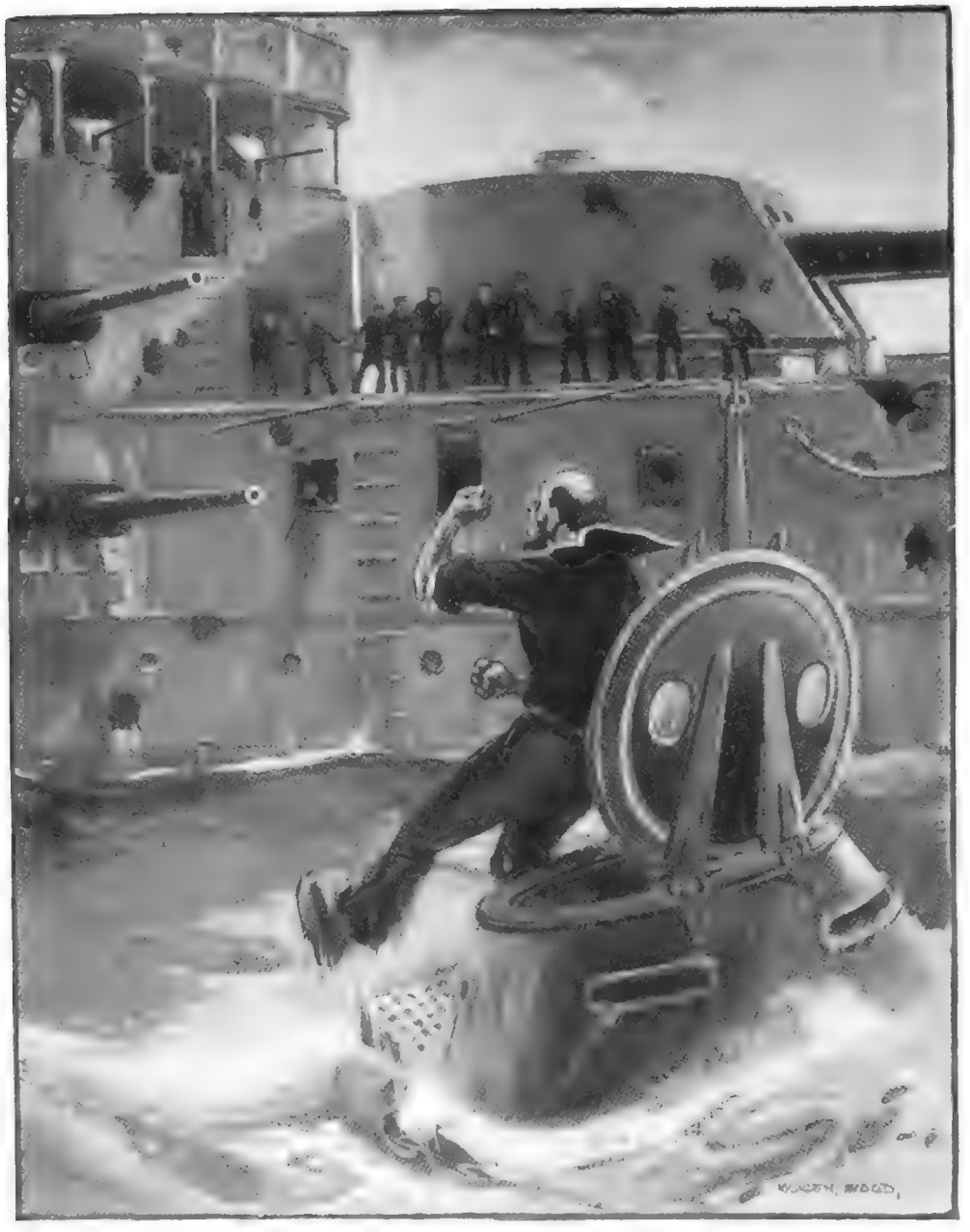

HE BEGAN DANCING ABOUT IN THE WATER.

excusable, even when aroused over the performances of an enemy. Bronson, who had gone aloft to die, had a new interest in life.

"The mother-boat must have dropped one somewhere," said the captain, "or else it's the one they had hoisted when she blew up. Just in time, too," he added calmly, as a crash sounded and a quiver went through the ship, while a cloud of smoke and splinters went up from the stern. A shell from the lower ship had struck.

"Steering-gear gone, sir," called a quartermaster from within the conning-tower.

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"Thought so," remarked the captain. "We're hit in our weak spot. We're helpless, but—praise God for that submarine. Look at them go."

The two backing and turning Russians had straightened around. The other, still waving the wig-wag from her bridge, had passed them, and was leading the parade. Behind was an occasional glimpse of a small, circular conning-tower, which appeared for only an instant, and then dived.

The big, helpless ship swung slowly around, steering, after a manner, with her twin screws, but helpless to manœuvre. Yet her batteries were intact and she continued her hammering blows on the fleeing ships; and these, as they gathered way, resumed their response. Shot and shell again crashed into her soft spots, but the officers did not again enter the conning-tower. They were too interested in that other, and smaller, conning-tower. It appeared again and again, each time remaining longer in sight, and at last seemed to be approaching the Argyll, which had swung end on to it. Then it dived again, and Bronson, his new interest in life much stronger, came down to the main-deck unperceived in the confusion.

"She's coming," said the captain. "I wonder if she fired a torpedo."

"Don't think she got near enough, sir," answered one of his lieutenants. "But consider the moral effect of these boats, captain. She frightened away the scout-boat and the cruisers. They went away signalling."

"Yes, one such boat is worth a whole fleet, until fighting begins. She has frightened them all away. Here she is again."

The small conning-tower again arose, a hundred yards ahead. This time it remained above water, and they expected the hatch to open and her commander's head to appear, when their attention was brought closer to themselves. A large shell had struck the foremast just below the lower top, exploded, and sent the upper part of the mast whirling overboard; the blast of flame and smoke, and the sudden compression and expansion of the surrounding cushion of air, threw every man on the bridge upon his back.

"Poor Bronson!" gasped the captain. "His problem in ethics is settled."

The men, little hurt, arose one by one and looked, some in time to see the hatch open in the approaching conning-tower, others when a man had clambered out.

"Ship ahoy!" yelled the man, standing knee-deep in the water ahead of the ship. "Why d'ye run away fur? Hey—ye brass-bound, murtherin' sons ov a codfish a-arishtocracy! Lemme out o' this contrapshion. D'ye hear me?—blast yer eyes!"

"Finnegan!" yelled a chorus of voices from gun-ports and apertures. And the beloved name went through the ship. Crews deserted their guns and crowded out for a look at him. He began dancing about in the water, shaking his fist and reviling his officers profanely and unkindly, demanding that he be taken on board at once, and rebuking them for their heartlessness in running away. Those on the bridge were speechless at first, then the captain spoke.

"He's drunk," he said, an expression of awe and wonder on his smoke-stained countenance; "and still an instrument of Providence. But how did he raise that boat alone, and how did he get drunk?"

As the small submarine boat came abreast, men on the main-deck went over after Finnegan. Yelling and shouting joyously, they pulled the profane and abusive old man off into deep water, and held him up, finding him at last an inert and lifeless load on their hands; then a bowline was lowered, and he was pulled aboard. But in the confusion in the water, no one had noticed that one man had climbed up the submerged deck of the submarine, floundered along to the tower, and entered it. It was only when the noise of the hatch snapping down came to their ears and they saw the small conning-tower disappear before their eyes that they suspected who had entered the boat.

But as to how Finnegan had raised the boat, they did not learn from him; he knew nothing about it, he insisted, when the surgeon had revived him. Months later, the explanation came in a letter, part of which the captain read to his officers.

"I was released from parole, you remember," said the letter, "and took a chance that Finnegan had weathered—that's all. Five torpedoes going out did not lighten her enough; but five men—nearly a thousand pounds more, going out, did the business and she must have floated up with Finnegan. He only had to start the motor, but the water awash in her destroyed her trim; that is why she dived so often. He turned on the oxygen, too, and I nearly suffocated before I got things straight."

"Oxygen," murmured the surgeon. "That's what made him drunk."

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JUDGE PARKER IN HIS HOME LIBRARY.

Judge Parker and the Luck-Stone

By E. M. KINGSBURY

MR. DAVID B. HILL has been on public view for a good many years, and some spectators profess to be tired of him. It is unnecessary to ask how anybody can be tired of the loyal friend of Mr. Cleveland in 1888, the statesman devoted to pure ideals, the beautiful altruist, the shepherd king among the "up-State" Democrats. Mr. Hill must be too good for this ungrateful world. Conscious of the fact, he is preparing an avatar. Hence it is that under that gnarled chestnut-tree the handsome Parker stands, awaiting the lightning. For two or three years the Parker boom has been on the stocks, the Parker myth has been making. Whether Mr. Hill's latest work gets its crown or its quietus at St. Louis, it is interesting as a specimen. A little while ago, Judge Parker lay, so to speak, concealed within the bowels of Esopus and not much better known than that happy hamlet.

Now all the cameras and most of the reporters are hunting him. He can't go down from his bedroom, at 7 A. M., to dip his majestic person in the Hudson without being watched by eager eyes. We can't eat our own breakfast without finding out from the enlightened organs of public opinion what he had for his. His favorite pursuits and pie are spread upon the record. His beauty, his muscle, and his virtues are blown on every wind. The newspapers are blotched with portraits of Master Parker, aged three, aged seven, aged fifteen, and at many successive stages or "states" of his growth. Affecting anecdotes of his youth are told. Even his name shows the processes of this quick and easy fame. For example: Judge Parker, Judge A. B. Parker, Judge Alton B. Parker, Judge Alton Brooks Parker, the distinguished "jurist." No mere lawyer, like Mr. Richard Olney, for example. No, a candidate is translated. Judges and ex-

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judges and brevet-judges are as thick as stars or fleas. When a judge is promoted to the rank of "jurist," then you know that he is become a dweller in the enchanted country of booms, where the rivers run molasses, the sun is a magnifying-glass, and the air is drunk with superlatives. Hear a legend from that paradise: In Esopus, Judge Parker's capital, there is but one person, a very wretched person, who does not swear by the great "jurist." That miserable exception is a man with a gifted thirst, for whom the judge refuses to buy rum. But notice that though the judge is stern against excess of strong waters, he is no bigot. He has a heart. His throat is not closed against the reasonable "high-ball." Again we are in the Land of Booms, where, *be it resolved*, that we are heartily in favor of the reasonable use of everything that ought to be used, and the reasonable restriction and regulation of everything that ought to be regulated and restricted.

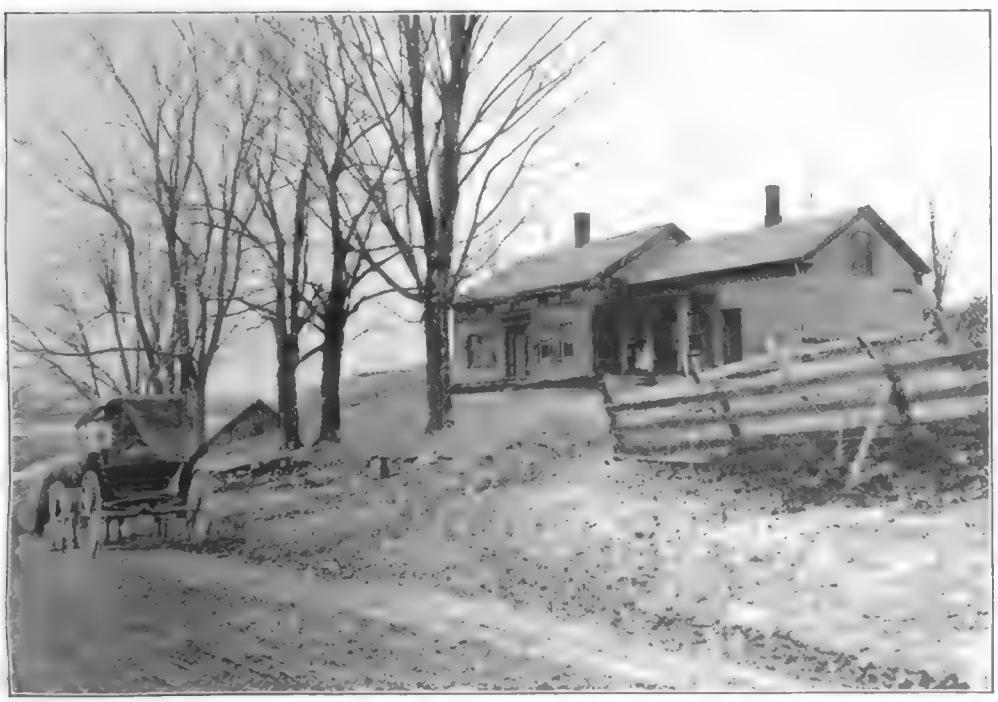
AN ADMIRABLE JUDGE

Judge Parker has the reputation of being a competent, industrious, and able judge. It is not for laymen to venture an opinion nor frame a compliment as to a matter in which only the bar and the bench have full knowledge of the cause. In this place it is enough to repeat what Judge John Clinton Gray, of the Court of Appeals, told the Bar Association of the City of New York a year or two ago:

"His loyalty to the decisions of the court, his studious consideration of the principles and of the points in each case, his great talents and his unfailing courtesy make him an admirable Chief Judge."

An admirable Chief Judge! Still, we are not here to view him in "the gladsome light of jurisprudence," but as he appears reflected, magnified, or distorted by the mirage of politics. No doubt there are at least forty-four Chief Justices of States, as admirable judges as he. But Mr. Hill has called him out of his studious chambers into the Land of Booms. There we must look for him.

To be born lucky is the chief blessing of man. Judge Parker was born handsome, too. His fortune began at birth. He was born in the right place, on a farm. No candidate for President should consent to be born anywhere else. The place: Cortland, Cortland County, N. Y. The time: May



BIRTHPLACE OF ALTON BROOKS PARKER.

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THE RESIDENCE OF JUDGE PARKER, AT ESOPUS, NEW YORK.

14, 1852. So he is neither too old nor too young. This is the right age, the pink of maturity, the age at which Shakespeare and Napoleon died. Seen from Wolfert's Roost, Roosevelt, some six years younger, is a rash and giddy-paced lad; and Roosevelt omitted to be born on a farm. Twelve years young Parker lived on that Cortland farm, working on it summers, going to district school winters. In the biography of a candidate such details look well. "From the Plough to the Presidency," etc. The boy paid his way at the Cortland Academy for three years. This was the good old American habit, not so common, perhaps, in these days of free education, and it tended to make self-reliant citizens. According to the legend, he heard a Syracuse lawyer make a plea, and was so much impressed thereby that he resolved to be a lawyer himself. At sixteen, you are to see him teaching bigger boys than himself in Virgil township. The judge's hair is of a "rich copper" hue in these days. In those it may have been a frank, aggressive red;* and the Virgil boys pretended to light matches at it, according to the immemorial jest. There was a short struggle. The bully of the school was scattered and battered by the young Cortlander's fist. Judging from his present build, he must have been a tall young man of his hands and worthy of his hair. So he conquered Virgil and went on to conquer other things. He got his degree at the Cortland Normal School. He taught school in Ulster County for $3 a day, big pay for that time. He filled all his leisure with law-study. He read law in the office of Augustus Schoonmaker, of Kingston, afterward Attorney-General of the State, and was graduated from the Albany Law School in 1872. The world went well with him then and it has gone well with him since. So far he has paid his passage. He had the art of making himself liked. He had the still greater art of being lucky. He was the Prince Fortunatus of Ulster County.

* Another omen. Jefferson was red-headed.

THE ULSTER LUCK-STONE

He began with such a slight job as the clerkship of the Board of Supervisors, say $400 a year. By the time he was twenty-five, he was ripe for greater things. Mark how early he ripened and how easily he won. In 1877 the Ulster County Democrats nominated him for Surrogate. That office was then held by the Hon. Peter Cantire, a Re-

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publican lawyer of high character, distinction, and popularity. Well, the returns came in from eighteen towns and the city of Kingston and Cantire had a good majority. But here the Parker luck-stone began to work. Stony Hollow and Jockey Hill, districts of old Kingston town rich in quarries and Democrats, "remained to be heard from." Stony Hollow and Jockey Hill counted as they voted; and their figures were gratefully accepted by the Democratic Board of Supervisors. Stony Hollow and Jockey Hill waited until the rest of the county was heard from. Then they did their duty. They had, perhaps, 200 voters. They gave Parker a majority of 600 and he was elected. Some may say that this was the superior mathematics of Stony Hollow and Jockey Hill. The wise will lay it to Parker's luck-stone. At any rate, he was an excellent Surrogate. Two years after he was elected, the Republicans "swept" the county. Some twenty local Democratic bigwigs and bosses were "shown up" and retired from public business. Nothing ever came up against the young Surrogate. Save that he is a little older now, he is, as he was then, honest, amiable, the pink of politeness. In 1883, he was again elected Surrogate, the only Democrat on the ticket who was elected. In fact, the Republican candidate for Surrogate was "traded off" abominably. Another piece of Parker luck. In 1885, still another piece. Mr. David B. Hill, the Democratic candidate for Governor, thought that Parker was a good manager and asked him to be Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Democratic State Committee. So the Surrogate did what execution he could for his illustrious patron. In October, the lucky-stone was at its old tricks. In October, died Justice Westbrook, of the Supreme Court and Kingston. In November, Surrogate Parker had become Justice Parker.

FROM LUCK TO LUCK

In 1886, he was nominated by the Democrats for the full term of fourteen years. The Republicans, hastily assuming that they couldn't "carry" Ulster County, "indorsed Parker for Justice." The vote received by other candidates on the ticket proved that Parker would have been beaten if the Republicans had been less weak-kneed. In 1889, Governor Hill made him a member of the Court of Appeals, Second Division. In 1897 the lucky-stone surpassed itself. Judge Parker was nominated for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals by his patron. Nobody else wanted the nomination. Nobody believed that it was more than a barren compliment. In 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, the Democrats had been defeated, two or three times by enormous and preposterous majorities. There was no reason to expect that Judge Parker would be elected, as there was no reason except Hill's preference why Parker should have been led to the slaughter, rather than twenty-five or thirty other judges at least as able. But what can fight luck? The Republican vote in New York City was divided. The Citizens' Union named no candidate for Chief Judge. Parker was elected by a majority of some 60,000, a glorious surprise to him and a lugubrious one to the Republicans.

NEVER HAS BEEN BEATEN

Once more let us salute the adorable caprice of Fortune. If Parker had stayed on the Supreme bench and been a candidate for re-election in 1900, when his term would have expired, he would have sunk in the McKinley general deluge. Many explain these escapes of his as mere accidents. The superstitious—and most politicians are superstitious—may see in them the miracles of good luck. Parker is the "Man Who Has Never Been Beaten"—yet. Will the Democrats, "hoodooed" so long, take him as their amulet and talisman and rabbit's hind foot? It is as good a reason as another.

Mr. David B. Hill roosted and brooded darkly in Wolfert's Roost. A cruel people had "thrown him down." They had tried to cover him up under a majority almost too large to count. In 1902, he might have made Judge Parker the Democratic candidate for Governor. Probably Parker would have been elected. Instead, Mr. Hill named that philanthropic financier, Mr. Bird S. Coler, and round the neck of that unfortunate he tied a platform that called for Federal ownership of the anthracite coal-mines. Some dyspeptics deny that Mr. Hill is a statesman. It cannot be maintained successfully that he is not a humorist. That platform showed it. The wicked said that Judge Parker wished to be nominated and that Hill refused, because he had a boom of his own and didn't want to be overshadowed by his candidate. Time has done justice to Hill. A boom or boomlet of his own is now inconceivable. He must have been true

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to Judge Parker in 1902; and the judge has declared himself satisfied.

A THRUSTER-AWAY OF OFFICES

Judge Parker has been a great, almost a chronic, decliner of office. He has stuck to the law or the bench, and waved away several gilded invitations. He wouldn't be the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor in 1883 or 1885. He wouldn't be First Assistant Postmaster-General in the latter year; Governor in 1891; Senator in Congress instead of Mr. Hill, who was then forced to take the job. This last anecdote requires a sweet, unquestioning faith. So Judge Parker, busy, smiling, put the office by. But who is ascetic enough to turn up his nose at the Presidency? As to that, Judge Parker is in the "receptive" stage. He will not dodge the golden apple. Even the tunic of Themis may have a pocket.

Judge Parker will have to resign from the Court of Appeals if he is nominated. He can afford to resign. If he is defeated, he is in the prime of his powers and a fortune at the bar awaits him. Political advertising pays. For twenty-seven years his lines have fallen in pleasant places.

The Republicans and some Democrats have been calling upon Judge Parker to speak. He knows better. Silence is his strength. The "dignity of the bench" is his screen. In 1885, he jumped straight out of politics to the bench. In 1904, if delegates enough cleave to him, he will jump straight from the bench to politics. Meanwhile, the fiction of serene aloofness from the vulgar world of primaries and conventions can be continued. The theory of the Parker movement is so sensible that Mr. Hill must have borrowed it. Here is our young friend, Roosevelt, who never "shuts up." Here is the judge, who never talks politics, for publication. Roosevelt is capering wildly on his bronco, shaking his fist, and yelling until poor Henry Watterson is almost frightened off his hobby-horse. There is Judge Parker, nestling peacefully among his flock of law-sheep. Roosevelt is a sulphur-match. Parker is a "safety." Yes; safety, thy name is Parker. It may be true that little is known of his capacity as an administrator, but that little is to his credit. He has been an executive on an executive committee. He keeps eight farm-hands in order. He administers successfully his Shropshire sheep and Poland-China pigs. He is a thrifty man of business, just "well off," but not guilty of the unforgivable sin of being rich. Besides, Andrew Jackson was a judge. And, besides, Judge Parker is the "still, strong man." Some of us may be weary of Mr. Roosevelt's everlasting religious, moral, political, and physical good advice, and his ubiquitous, megaphonic roar. Some of us may long to be taken to

> Somewhere East of Suez, where there ain't no talk of Hearst;
> Where Jerome has quit jeroming and the Roosevelt boom is burst.

Roosevelt is all emphasis. Parker is all silence. Roosevelt is the sound of innumerable trip-hammers. Parker is quiet, occasional, and refreshing, like the gentle rain or a cool drink in July. From the Democratic point of view, Roosevelt is rash, unadvised, and sudden; full of usurpation, violent, arbitrary, an exemplar of personal government. Judge Parker is the exact opposite of this actual or mythical figure. He has been nursed on precedents and authorities. He feeds on year-books and reports and digests. As a judge, he approaches a subject with tranquil deliberation and an open mind. Inconsecutive thought is not to be expected of him. Is it not fair to assume that he is unlikely to be drawn into impulsive action? If it be true that there has been a divergence from the old paths of government according to the Constitution, who is fitter than a judge to set that crooked straight?

"JUST RIGHT"

In a renowned New York beanery you hear the waiters roaring, "Coffee, just right!" Not too strong, not too mild. So is it with Judge Parker. Though he voted for Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900, he comes from a conservative State; as a judge he is naturally conservative, and his candidacy is approved by Mr. August Belmont. Conservative-liberal, his heart beats warmly for the "masses," yet he has a proper appreciation of the importance of those great commercial, financial, and industrial interests with which the prosperity of the Empire State and of our common country is indissolubly associated, and so forth. So the patter of the Democratic "barkers."

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HIS OWN PLATFORM

The usual political platform is an *olla podrida*, a conglomerate hash. It is composed of solemn platitudes, of flamboyant rhetoric, of ambiguous generalities, of unrelated and irrelevant particulars. This year, especially, it will be difficult for the Democrats to join issue directly and effectively against the Republicans. "Imperialism" is a dead duck or goose. Tariff revision has been rather ludicrous since the mutilation of the Wilson Tariff Bill by Mr. Gorman and his Democratic brethren in the Senate in 1894; and the Protectionist element of the Democratic Party grows more powerful as Southern manufacturing grows. As to the trusts, each party insists that it is "the only original Cohen." Who killed Cock Robin? *I*, says the Sparrow. Each party will have affecting resolutions, inspired or written by trust lawyers, reciting its own ferocity against trusts and the subserviency of its opponent to those dreadful institutions, which have been tumbling down rather faster than speeches and resolutions against them could be piled up. In the "Extravagance" of the Roosevelt Administration, there is nothing to invite any Republican, or Mugwump, or Independent citizens, not already headed for the Democratic corral. The United States has decided to be a world-power and to pay the piper. "Extravagance" is only a graft on that withered sour apple-tree of "imperialism." What vital issue is there left other than that between the personal characteristics of the two candidates for President? Here is where the talk of "usurpation" comes in. Is Roosevelt the Man on Horseback or Wild-Assback? Is he whacking away at the Pillars of the Constitution?* Then the man for the Democrats should be the Constitution in breeches. Joe Bailey would be the man if he were not a Southerner. Parker must be the man. The Great Unknown against the Great Know-it-all! Parker luck against Roosevelt luck!

A BORN VESTRYMAN

The physical configuration of Judge Parker has been thoroughly described by the Hill "press-agents." He is some five feet ten inches tall. He weighs nearly two hundred pounds. Tom Reed taught us that no gentleman weighs more than that. He has a good, intellectual head, especially in the upper part, where baldness has been friendly. His "great jaws" impress some of his admirers, but a man doesn't need a great jaw to hold it. Leave great jaws to Roosevelt. Indeed, the lower part of Judge Parker's face looks, to the impartial eye, merely amiable, even rather sugary, and he sings tenor. He is a vestryman, and he looks like a born vestryman. That is, he is thoroughly "respectable," large, imposing, a model of decorum and good behavior and the social graces, and impressive to "pass the plate." He more than fulfils all the physical requirements of a candidate. Now, it is no small help to a statesman to "look his part." Judge Parker is a courteous and agreeable gentleman, who makes a fine appearance on horseback, or in evening dress, or morning dress, or in his robes of office. He has a mien of dignity and beauty. Here again he is "just right." Fortune has been kind to him. General Scott was too big. Mr. Tilden wasn't big enough. Judge Parker is the golden mean, and he is as much superior to General Scott in intellect as he is to Mr. Tilden in bulk.

A BROTHER TO THE OX

Too much stress cannot be laid upon Judge Parker's devotion to the field and farm. Some hundreds of thousands of rapturous words have been written, describing his agricultural interests at Rosemont, his poetically named "place" in Esopus-on-the-Hudson. The purpose of these rhapsodies must be to soothe the Tammany agriculturists in New York City. How can "Charlie" Murphy and "Tim" Sullivan and the other sturdy yeomen hold out against Judge Parker, since Mr. James Creelman, beating his warrior blade into a pastoral pipe, sang how the judge "strides through the sorghum and hay fields, visits the great barns, tends the sick cow or fondles the latest calf?" Is there a sachem who will not soften at this Troyon landscape?

"He is modest enough, save when he stands among his great, red-poll cattle, the pride of his heart. Then he swells with conscious comradeship, for they are like him—big, strong, and genuine." Indeed, how can Mr. Bryan, a farmer himself, help withdrawing his veto and coming meekly into the Parker herds? A Brother to the

NOTE.—The Pillars have been "tottering" for 105 years. Curious how a change of administration restores them.

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Ox! The socialists and the sentimentalists, with Mr. Edwin Markham, the Brooklyn poet, at their head, cannot but join the fancy-cattle fanciers in hurrahing for Parker and poll-cattle. The bulls of Wall Street and State Street and the cattle on a thousand hills—there is a combination indeed. Only the cow-punchers will be true to the cow-puncher.

WISE RETICENCE

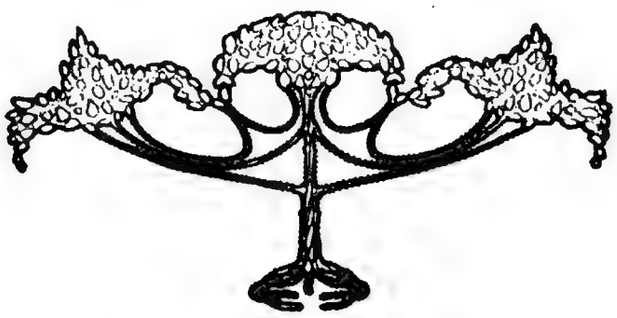
These poetical embellishments may sadden or amuse Judge Parker according to his humor. To be praised slobberingly and barbarously abused, is a candidate's fate. It used to be said when he became Chief Judge that the law was his sole ambition and life passion—no casual mistress, but a wife. He is fortunate to have a useful and honorable career behind him and before him, whether St. Louis declines to ratify Albany or not. He seems to be a smooth, polished character, with no knobs, warts, protuberances, in short, a perfect portrait of a gentleman. And really, whatever necessary, harmless affectation there may be about the "judicial dignity" that so enwraps a judge a-candidating *per alios*, Judge Parker must be regarded as conscientiously and sincerely attending to his business. But into what grimy hands the whitest boom may fall! Dark, perhaps baseless, suspicions have been whispered. Has Judge Parker been used as a club to strike at Mr. Hearst, and will he himself be struck down in turn? Will the Democrats dare to nominate a candidate unpalatable to Mr. Bryan? It is dangerous to be the favorite. Some person as yet unguessed at may be the choice of the convention. A few days will show whether Judge Parker can continue to be true to his books and his bulls, or whether he must cease to be the Veiled Prophet and become the Sage of Esopus.

Judge Parker, having consented to be the shrine of Mr. Hill's adoration, has here been treated in his political phase with something of the irreverence that is the natural reaction from and protest against the foolish laudation with which every candidate is bespattered. He is an unknown god, politically speaking, and all virtues are attributed to him. He could not hold his post as a judge with distinction or credit without having intellectual qualities that raise him high above the ordinary swarm of candidates. His merits as an opportunist candidate consist in "hailing" from New York, being the supposed exact opposite of Roosevelt, not having "bolted" the two Bryan tickets, and having practically no enemies. These are rather mild as positive qualifications, perhaps. An ox-wagon against an automobile, some cynics say of a "race" between Parker and Roosevelt. They forget that, inevitably, Roosevelt has made a great many enemies, and that Democrats, in Democratic and doubtful States at least, are sick of the old quarrels, itching for victory, willing to vote for almost anybody who is not actually in the insane asylum. Do you like your politics wild or do you want them tame? That would be the "issue" between Roosevelt and Parker.

BUT

The political dreams and disappointments of Chief Justice Chase and Justice David Davis, of the Supreme Court of the United States, are still freshly remembered. As a young lawyer, timidly appearing in the Court of Appeals, Judge Parker was encouraged by its illustrious Chief Judge, Sanford E. Church, the Democratic "favorite son" of New York. Yet what do precedents amount to in politics? Why shouldn't "Lucky" Parker be lucky to the end?

Judge Parker's youth was incorrupt and studious. Success came to him early, and has stayed with him long. In referring to his "luck," no slur is thrown upon his abilities. He has risen high. Should he be nominated at St. Louis, the triumph will be more brilliant than he is aware, perhaps. Slow rises worth, by David B. depressed.



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"YOU'VE COME TO SEE ME ABOUT PAT, HAVEN'T YOU? I'M GLAD OF THAT."

The Father of His Son

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

THE little school-teacher had a sense of humor so keen that when William Fayne made an important announcement in regard to Pat O'Quinn's father, she was able to see the matter from his point of view. She realized that his unfeigned joy in the tidings he bore was only the exudation of a boy's instinctive delight in a row, not a malicious pleasure in her coming downfall. That announcement was the following, delivered in a breathless voice, the words, because of his haste, slightly run together:

"Say, teacher, Pat O'Quinn's father's comin' up to school this mornin' with Pat. He's dead mad with you. He says he's going to break your slats."

The little school-teacher stared blankly for a second down into William's irradiated face, and William stared with guileless glee back into hers. But it was evident that under her absorption, she was thinking hard.

"All right, William," she said, after a long pause, "you may clean all the front blackboards and water the plants."

William set to work on the boards with a zest that threatened to dislocate all the bones in his body, and soon covered everything in sight with a fine white chalk-dust. The teacher, with less ado, went about the work of arranging her desk and getting out the materials for the day's lessons. It was perceptible, however, that her mind was not on what she was doing.

It was the first year of her teaching, and her lines had fallen in difficult places: in a congested Boston school. The district was a poor one, the population largely Irish Catholic. The other teachers in the building were old. Most of them had been teaching for periods running from twenty-five to thirty-five years. They had become the machines that such a routine, and years of it, is bound to make of the most ambitious mentalities. They had little sympathy for

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her youth, and even less with the new ideas of teaching and discipline that she was gradually introducing into her work. She had not had much trouble with the children themselves, with the exception of Pat O'Quinn, but he had become a veritable thorn in her flesh. He was idle, disorderly, insolent, and maliciously so, it seemed to her. She had tried all the tricks and devices of her slender experience to bring him into line with the rest of her well-disciplined little class, but as yet she had not succeeded. In fact, she had very definitely failed. Pat's surly insubordination had culminated yesterday, when he had refused to obey her, and she had sent him home with the admonition not to return until his mother came with him.

Pat's father was one of the local heroes. He had been a good average working-man until the unlucky day dawned when in a bar-room scrap he had had the felicity to knock John L. Sullivan down. From that time onward he lived in the fame of his great blow. He gave up his work and lived a furtive saloon existence, sinking gradually into deeper and deeper strata of idleness, unnoticed except when a sudden visit to town of the famous pugilist revived memories of his great moment and brought him into prominence again. He was, it happened, and rather unaccountably, a favorite with the famous man. During the pugilist's brief stay he lived a splendid life, moving grandly from saloon to saloon, in one day's-long protracted spree.

The little teacher thought all this over, and it is not surprising that her face sobered. For a moment she wondered if she had better ask the advice of some of the older teachers in regard to the matter. But her pride came to her rescue, urging her to meet the difficulty unaided. Finally her sense of humor got the upper hand, and she smiled.

Simultaneously, a line of dimples, that lived a subsidiary existence about her mouth, flashed into prominence. She went to the closet-door and looked at herself in the mirror hanging there. She was a little round person, curly and dimply, with a dewy mouth, and soft brown eyes that seemed to grow vivid when she laughed. She had no features to speak of, but to make up, her complexion was fresh, and her expression changeable. She was glad, as she surveyed herself in the scrap of looking-glass, that she did not happen to be wearing her regular school uniform, that she had dressed thus early for the tea she expected to attend late that afternoon. Her brow lightened as she turned away, the little figure was so dainty in the soft pearly-gray gown with the globe of fluffy white chiffon at its neck.

. . . . . .

The children came into the room when the quarter-of bell rang, in the orderly way in which she had trained them, but there was an air of subdued excitement about them. They glanced eagerly at her where she stood at the hall-door, watching the filing, and their sense of the importance of the things they knew was only rivalled by their recognition of the fact that teacher was wearing some pretty new clothes. They examined her curiously before they exchanged the knowing looks of their secret delight.

The nine o'clock bell rang. The class come to position, each pair of hands folded on the desk, every back as straight as if a ramrod had, without warning, been run into it. The teacher closed the door, walked deliberately to her desk, took from the row of books there her Bible, opened it and sat down. And then suddenly there reverberated through the room the tattoo of a stern and commanding knock. Every child in the class jumped, although each one of them had been secretly anticipating this summons, and their unalloyed joy in the prospective row ran out over every face.

The teacher went to the door and opened it.

Mr. O'Quinn was short and thick-set. He had a burly figure and burly battered-looking features. A nose, several times broken, had destroyed all his pretences to a classic profile; and linen which it is a kindly euphemism to call soiled, a skin that might be charitably described as swarthy if it had not had to accommodate itself to blond coloring, a pervading odor of whiskey and cheap tobacco put him, at once, out of the category of the well-groomed. But to her surprise, the teacher discovered at the back of all this, and in a sense apologizing for it, a pair of blue eyes that looked, if their expression had not been angry, as if they might be bluff and jovial. He was holding Pat by the shoulder, and the little teacher, translating the boy's face by means of the father's, found to her surprise that his eyes might be jolly too if they had not happened, as at the present moment, to be openly impudent in expression. He had red hair and so many

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TIPTOED UP TO MR. O'QUINN AND HANDED HIM HER BOOK.

freckles that further discovery in regard to his features was virtually a work of excavation. She recognized vaguely, however, that the expression that Pat's mother had once used in her presence was fairly descriptive. She had said that Pat was "the spit of his father." At the time the teacher had gathered that the similarity was not confined to physique. She had, in consequence, not until yesterday bothered the mother again.

"Oi'd like Miss Perry," Mr. O'Quinn commanded grandly. His utterance was a little thick, but his manner was that of one descended from kings, as indeed they were, according to Mrs. O'Quinn.

"I am Miss Perry," that lady announced composedly.

Mr. O'Quinn stared. "Shure, Oi t'ought youse was one of the little gurls in the furst class," he muttered. "I t'ought Miss Perry was another wan of thim old maids that's been here since God knows whin."

"I have only been here a year," Miss Perry conceded graciously; "you've come to see me about Pat, haven't you? I'm glad of that. Won't you come in and sit down? I shall have to open school first, and give the children something to do. Then I shall have plenty of time to talk with you."

Mr. O'Quinn's brow had darkened at the suggestion. His lower jaw was protruding in imitation of that of the most correct type of bull-dog. Miss Perry's heart sank. She wondered if the "slats" episode was about to come off.

"Shall I send Pat to his seat?" she insinuated gently; "it was good of you to come." She looked straight into his eyes, dimpling brightly.

Mr. O'Quinn's brow cleared a little. He dropped his hand—it looked like a bunch of sausages, imperfectly separated and a mottled yellow-blue in color—from his son's shoulder. The released Pat, taking this apparently as a command, slouched into the dressing-room and out to his seat, his expression that conventionally assigned to the cock of the walk. He threw himself into his chair and sank down into it, his legs sprawling out in the aisle, his hands in his pockets.

Miss Perry took no notice of this. "Won't you have a seat?" she begged her visitor, prettily.

Mr. O'Quinn assented with a grunt, and she followed in the wake of his lordly stride to the platform. He compressed his bulk into the visitor's chair. From this altitude he surveyed the class haughtily.

Miss Perry took her seat at the desk. She opened the Bible and read in her soft young-girl voice, "The Lord is my shepherd." Then she said: "Take out your singing books, children. One! Two! Three!"

The fifty-six statues that were her class came to life. The one hundred and twelve hands unfolded. In a flash fifty-six blue-bound books flew into the right-hand corners of the desks, and the one hundred and twelve hands folded themselves again.

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"Page 86," Miss Perry commanded.

The fifty-six books and the one hundred and twelve hands formed an instant's combination. There was a rapid flutter of leaves. The little girl in the front seat tiptoed up to Mr. O'Quinn and handed him her book, print painstakingly toward him. Then she tiptoed to an empty seat at the back of the room and took the book from it. She passed Pat on the way and he, with no pretence of concealment, tripped her so adroitly that she fell in a blushing heap against little, correct, pompadoured Michael Vincent. The latter virtuously ignored the incident.

"Take out your book, Pat," Miss Perry commanded sweetly, ignoring it also.

Pat looked at his father and, extracting encouragement from his haughty mien, drew his book with a jerk from his desk, pulling onto the floor in indiscriminate chaos pencils, pens, and papers. He slammed it onto his desk, and then with an air superbly *dégagé* he collected the scattered articles and put them back one at a time. After this he leisurely found the page and the position he considered most comfortable. This brought his body across the width of his desk and the upper corner of his book into the neck of the little girl in front of him. She turned and frowned on him. Then indignantly she craned forward out of his reach. Miss Perry waited carefully. Mr. O'Quinn contemplated his son.

The children sang the song through in their earnest, sweet voices, their little faces sobered to suit the occasion. Pat kept up a droning monotone through it all, trailing in the rear of his mates by an exact two beats. Miss Perry said nothing, but she waited ostentatiously at the end of each verse for Pat to finish. Mr. O'Quinn contemplated his son.

The hymn sung, the song-books disappeared again. The little girl who had given Mr. O'Quinn her book, making this time a wide detour that put her out of Pat's reach, tiptoed up to him and whisperingly relieved him of it. Miss Perry took up a volume of poems that lay on her desk.

It was one of her new-fangled notions to read a poem to the children every day, and afterward they talked it over. They had taken Longfellow and Whittier in this way. They were on Lowell, and Miss Perry hoped to complete Bryant and Emerson before the year was out. She liked poetry-work particularly. She was convinced that it was bound to have on the children of poverty an uplifting influence. The children liked it, too. They knew nothing about uplifting influences, but they knew it was "easy," and that they did not have to take examinations in it.

Miss Perry read the poem on the dandelion, but first she told the children that each one of them must remember and quote from it some line that he liked.

When she began to read, Pat with an elaborate air of unconcern put his head on his desk and appeared to fall into a swift and unnatural torpor. Miss Perry stopped. "Come to position, Pat," she said tranquilly.

Pat lifted his head. He gave one glance at his father, scowling in lordly possession of the platform. The glance encouraged him. "I don't like poitry," he announced loudly.

"I think you'll like this," Miss Perry informed him politely; "come to position." Pat dragged himself slowly to a spineless reproduction of the attitude of the other children. He dropped his under jaw, half-closed his eyes, and listened to the poem with an excruciating expression of ennui. Mr. O'Quinn contemplated his son.

After she had finished her reading Miss Perry called for questions, for comments, for favorite lines. Inspired, perhaps, by the presence of a stranger, the children responded generally, and with considerable animation. Even Michael Vincent's enigmatic choice, "nor wrinkled the lean brow," cast no perceptible gloom on the occasion. In return, Miss Perry told the class the lines she liked and why she liked them. She made many references to the bunch of dandelions in the squatty ginger-jar on her desk.

"Now, Pat," Miss Perry concluded pleasantly, "what did you think of it?"

Pat stole another glance at the lowering visage on the platform. "I think it was r-r-rotten," he promulgated calmly.

The silence of the instant that followed was death-like. Then Mr. O'Quinn turned to the teacher. "Youse haven't anny such t'ing as a club laying round here loose-like, have youse, miss?" he asked briskly.

There was no thickness in his utterance now. His tones were as clear as a bell.

"I haven't a rattan in the school-room at present," she explained. "I don't keep one because I have no use for one. I don't believe in corporal punishment." She paused and her voice sank a little. "I can borrow one though," she added gently.

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"Oi'd be that obliged to youse for the lend of wan," Mr. O'Quinn pronounced inflexibly.

"Dottie," Miss Perry requested in her most dulcet tones, "go in Miss Hall's room and ask her if she will kindly lend Miss Perry her rattan." Still tiptoeing, her face very serious, Dottie went.

There was dead silence. The class sat so still that the clock's ticking could be plainly heard. Miss Perry looked politely non-

ye young divule," he called louder, waving a hand in Pat's direction.

Pat's face had been rapidly losing its look of bravado. He burst suddenly into tears. "I won't do it again, father," he promised futilely.

"Come on out of this," Mr. O'Quinn thundered. And Pat came slowly "out." In fact, he may be said to have crept as he came down the aisle, and he snivelled as he moved.

IN ONE POWERFUL HAND HE CLUTCHED THE LIMP REMNANT OF PAT.

committal. Mr. O'Quinn looked grimly determined. Pat looked puzzled, but gradually and noiselessly he pulled his feet out of the aisle, put them together, and conjured from somewhere a ramrod for his back. Dottie returned apace. She started toward Miss Perry with the rattan, a sinewy-looking wand about a yard in length.

"Give it to Mr. O'Quinn," the latter said blandly.

Mr. O'Quinn examined the temper of his blade. It bent sinuously under the urge of his thick fingers.

"It's a young club," he muttered, "but it'ull do, Oi'm thinkin'. Come on out of there,

His father seized him by the shoulder and looked inquiringly about him.

"In the dressing-room," Miss Perry assisted him. She added a directing motion of her hand.

Mr. O'Quinn dragged his son into the dressing-room and shut the door. An amateur pandemonium ensued. Miss Perry said nothing. The class listened in silence. There was the steady sound of blows: some that whistled through the air and apparently missed Pat's writhing figure, and others that found with neatness and despatch the spot where they would do the most good. These last were in the majority. Howls, screams,

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and sobs, in Pat's familiar accents, reached them in a continuous stream; but O'Quinn senior was grimly silent.

After a while Miss Perry talked to her awed little flock. She pointed out to them that the way of the transgressor is hard, and that punishment is bound, sooner or later, to come. She called their attention to the fact that Mr. O'Quinn had come to school that morning feeling that Pat's teacher had been unjust to Pat, but he had had only to stay a little while to see what a naughty boy Pat really was, and how wickedly he was wasting all his time in play. And like all good parents, he realized that the best thing for Pat was to be punished, and punished in the presence of those who had seen how naughty he had been.

Once she was interrupted. The master of the school came in, raising inquiring eyebrows in the direction of the howls. Miss Perry explained the situation. He made no comment, but left immediately. The children observed that his shoulders were shaking. A theory gained ground, when they discussed the matter at recess that day, that he was too afraid of Mr. O'Quinn to stay and see him.

That gentleman emerged from the dressing-room after a while, his blue eyes no longer lowering, but jovial in expression. In one powerful hand he clutched the limp remnant of the cocksure Pat, and in the other the collection of splinters that had been the rattan. The former displayed to the class, when at his father's command and dictation he faced it and apologized in much detail for the way he had treated his teacher, a tear-stained and dirt-grimed face. The children listened breathlessly, and the effect of the episode was not destroyed when, with a resumption of his grand manner, Mr. O'Quinn harangued the class in regard to their duties as pupils of Miss Perry, as future voters of Precinct 14, and as embryo aldermen of the city of Boston. Miss Perry was not confused when he alluded to her as "the purtiest young jool of a teacher in the length and breadth of the whole war-r-rd."

"And as fer whalin'," he concluded, "if there's anny whalin' to be done here sure O'im her man and glad to do it, son or no son." That last phrase seemed to please him. "Son or no son," he repeated, glowering fiercely at the class. But he did not glower when he turned to Miss Perry. His blue eyes twinkled, and suddenly one of them screwed up into an elephantine wink.

"When the Afternoon is Old"

By LLOYD MIFFLIN

WHEN the afternoon is old
And the tree-tops are a-flush,
When the deepening dying gold
Lingers on the sunset thrush;

Then beside the hidden stream
In the solemn evening air,
Nora, standing in a dream,
Gathers wildings for her hair;

Thinks, how when the gloaming deep
Dims the pastures far away,
Wending with the homing sheep,
What her lover's lips will say:

So, beside the wimpling stream
In the solemn evening air,
Nora, standing in a dream,
Wreathes the wildings in her hair.

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When the World Was Young

By EMILY WATSON

Decoration by Ernest Haskell

THE Prince of Illyria, attended by a single equerry, was riding along the forest road that formed the boundary between his kingdom and the duchy of Arden. It was spring. Through the tracery of young leaves the sun's rays came slantingly, flecking with light and shadow the carpet of innumerable greens and of blue hyacinths which April had spread out beneath the trees. In the air were the scent of apple-blossoms and the sound of trickling streams.

It was spring also in the heart of the equerry, so that he caused his horse to caracole after the most approved method of the *haute école*, and sang aloud a merry tune.

"You seem excited," observed the Prince, who was of melancholy aspect; "is it permitted to ask the reason?"

"I am excited, your highness," the equerry explained, "because it is April, and things are growing."

"A curious reason for excitement," mused the Prince. "If it were April now, and *nothing* were growing. But alas! life has no surprises."

At this moment the Prince's horse put his foot in a hole, and came down, bringing his rider with him.

. . . . . .

The Prince sat up and looked about him. Then he rubbed his eyes. Gone was the forest road, with its overarching trees; gone his cheerful equerry; gone his disconcerting steed; gone the light of day. In their place, between blinding flashes of red and black, the Prince vaguely perceived a long, low-raftered, shadowy room—lighted only by the glow from some logs that smouldered in a blue-tiled fireplace with a great overhanging mantel.

"Where am I?" cried the Prince. "How do I come to be here?"

From behind him stepped a girl.

"This is the royal dairy-farm of Arden," she said. "Your highness had a fall from your horse, and were carried here. Your equerry has gone for a doctor."

"And who are you?" asked the Prince, too dazed to remember his manners.

"I—oh! I—am the dairy-maid," replied the girl.

The Prince looked at her. The dizzying flashes came seldom now, and as the girl stood in a bright patch of firelight, he could see her clearly. What he saw was a little, proud head, with yellow hair piled high; a pair of merry brown eyes; a charmingly sensitive face; a slim, dainty figure, clad in a gown of some soft white material; he glanced at her hands—they were slender, with turned-

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back taper fingers; at her feet—they showed small and very arched, in their high-heeled, buckled shoes.

"The dairy-maid," he repeated, sinking back onto what he discovered was a cushioned settle, "the dairy-maid! I was wrong," he acknowledged with humility, "life has its surprises." Then he again became unconscious.

. . . . . .

In the cool, blue-tiled dairy the dairy-maid was making butter. A white mob-cap covered her curly, yellow hair; her sleeves were rolled high up her strong white arms; the slimness of her figure was lost in the folds of a capacious apron, below the voluminous circumference of which her feet in their buckled shoes looked absurdly small. Very intent on her work was the dairy-maid. She pounded and kneaded the gleaming yellow mass on the marble table; she washed it in the pebbly little brook that ran through the dairy-house; she salted it, and weighed it, with a perfect industry. But a keen observer might have fancied that her glance strayed persistently to the wood-path, visible through the open window, and that her face wore the alert look of one who listens. Yet strangely enough when the morning silence was broken by the short, excited barks of dogs who have raised some quarry, followed by a loud and peremptory whistle, the dairy-maid did not hear the sounds; nor did she notice a tall figure that presently lounged slowly into sight. Indeed, so intent was she on the disposal of her butter in a great brown glazed crock, that the figure threw open the door of the dairy and entered, before she perceived it. Then she started quite violently, and gave a little scream.

"I am afraid I startled you," said the Prince of Illyria, for it was he.

"Anyone is startled," said the dairy-maid, crossly, "when a person steals on her unexpectedly."

"But I whistled," the Prince pointed out.

"I was busy, and did not hear," said the dairy-maid, "and oh! do shut the door before those abominable dogs get here and upset things."

"Now, I wonder—I very much wonder," mused the Prince, "how if she did not see or hear us, she knows that I had my spaniels with me?"

The question seemed addressed to no one in particular, and so the dairy-maid, who was once more absorbed in her brown crock, very properly did not answer it.

The Prince seated himself on a corner of the white marble table, and fished in the little stream with a switch which he had cut for himself on his way through the wood. Also he watched the busy dairy-maid. The rakish mob-cap, and the rolled-up sleeves he evidently thought well of, but he gave the clumsy apron a frown of disapproval.

"Why do you wear that checked thing?" he asked.

"Don't you like my apron?" asked the dairy-maid in a hurt voice. "It is a very nice one."

"I suppose so," agreed the Prince; but he sounded unconvinced.

"And dairy-maids always wear them."

"That settles it," said the Prince, and he fell once more a-fishing.

"Please do not make the water muddy," cried the dairy-maid, sternly.

The Prince dropped the switch and moved closer to her.

"Thank Heaven," he cried, "that you have come back. I began to fear you had disappeared as mysteriously as you came. Do you realize," he went on, "that you have been gone a week, and that my botanical education has got shockingly behindhand? A wonderful, intricate, cobwebby flower has appeared in great quantities by the roadside, and I do not know its name."

"Queen Anne's Lace," answered the dairy-maid, unhesitatingly.

"In the ditches," the Prince tried again, "I see an untidy-looking plant that is covered with small orange-colored, pointed pockets."

"The jewel-weed, of course," the dairy-maid informed him.

"Yesterday morning, passing by the river," continued the Prince, "I noticed, floating on the water, a curious white blossom."

"Large or small?" asked the dairymaid.

The Prince hesitated. Then—"Oh! large—very large," he told her, "one of the largest flowers I ever saw."

"Dear me," cried the dairy-maid, "a large, white flower—that is strange. I wonder what it can be?"

"Come and see," the Prince suggested.

"But the butter," the dairy-maid protested.

"It looked to me as if the flower were about over—very faded and crumpled," said the Prince, "and that was yesterday."

"Well, in the interests of science," the dairy-maid conceded, and assisted by the Prince, she removed her apron.

Over the August fields, gay with corn-

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flowers and summer golden-rod, the Prince passed with the dairy-maid down a grassy slope to the shining little river.

"Where is your plant?" asked the dairy-maid. "Why, it is an arrow-head! Do you call that a large flower?"

"No, I do not," answered the Prince, brazenly, "but you wouldn't have taken off your apron, and come to see it, unless I had said it was."

"That is true," agreed the dairy-maid, "and after all," she added, philosophically, "the butter was really finished."

"And now," said the Prince, after he had collected numerous flat pebbles, and piled them beside the dairy-maid, near the edge of the water, "tell me where you have been all this long time."

"I have been," answered the dairy-maid, as she skipped one of the pebbles very lamely across stream, "on a visit to my father."

"Your father!" echoed the Prince, incredulously.

"I am so ignorant," said the dairy-maid humbly, "tell me, is there anything unusual in the possession of a father?"

"Not exactly unusual," answered the Prince, "but inappropriate, in your case. It is quite absurd for you to have belongings like the rest of the world. Don't you know that you are a wonderful fairy Princess? Why, just think of it!" he went on, "I am riding over my own road one day in the most commonplace way in the world. Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, I find myself transported into a mysterious chamber! A radiant lady appears to me at the sight of whom I lose consciousness. Then follows a confused period of misery and darkness, during which I am attended by an aged hag, who presses her finger on her lips and nods non-committally whenever I ask her a question. At all too-infrequent intervals the radiant lady comes to my couch and lays a cool hand on my head, when the pain and fever leave me and I sink into a refreshing sleep——"

"And at the end of some days," interrupted the dairy-maid, "you recover; you find out that the mysterious chamber is the parlor of a farm house; that the aged hag is the housekeeper, whose silence is due to the fact that she is very deaf; and that the radiant lady is a dairy-maid."

"A blind—a mere blind, to conceal the truth from the outside world!" cried the Prince. "Whoever heard of a fairy Princess whose real rank was not concealed scrupulously from all about her!"

"But you have just seen me making butter," protested the dairy-maid.

"Blondina's Prince saw her keeping turkeys," triumphed the Prince of Illyria, "and you know whom she turned out to be, I suppose."

"I could explain," began the dairy-maid.

"Not for worlds!" interrupted the Prince. "The mystery is the charm. Why, after all these months I do not even know your name."

"You might find that a little awkward if you had to address me in the presence of others," observed the dairy-maid.

"Which only goes to show," said the Prince, "that we must always be alone together."

"Are you ever serious?" asked the dairy-maid, after a little pause, during which she devoted much attention to the selection and aiming of a very desirable pebble.

"Often," said the Prince, regretfully, "I have to be. I was very serious this morning before I found you, for instance."

"Why?" asked the dairy-maid.

"My Ministers informed me," answered the Prince, "that I was shortly to marry the Princess Dorothea of Arden."

The dairy-maid directed another pebble toward the water.

"That does sound serious," she admitted, at length. "Is she pretty?"

"I have never seen her," said the Prince, "but the Prime Minister has. He has just come from the Court of Arden, and he says she is young and agreeable. Of course, it is an excellent alliance for Illyria."

"So," said the dairy-maid, slowly, "you would marry without love?"

"Love!" cried the Prince, irritably. "What is this love that poets make so much of?"

"'Life is a sleep—love is the dream!'" quoted the dairy-maid.

"The nightmare, more likely," retorted the Prince, morosely.

The dairy-maid, with her hands behind her head, leaned back against a fallen tree, and half closed her eyes. Passing summer clouds for a moment shadowed the brightness of the morning sun; a little cold wind ruffled the water of the river up against the current. From far, far up above them, came the song of the rain-bird, lonely and heart-broken.

"Love," said the dairy-maid again, "is the answer to the eternal 'Why?'"

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"I am not," said the Prince, "a very good judge, but that sounds a wise definition."

"It is wiser to feel love than to define it," replied the dairy-maid.

"A sovereign is not allowed the luxury of love," explained the Prince of Illyria. "His only thought must be the welfare of his kingdom."

"A Prince is first of all a man," retorted the dairy-maid, "and love belongs to every man by divine right. One who permits circumstance to deprive him of this right is a coward."

"But if he prefer wealth and power?" asked the Prince.

"Then he is also a fool," said the dairy-maid, rudely. "And now, let us go back. I am tired of the river."

"When may I see you again?" asked the Prince, when they were once more at the dairy-farm.

"Never!" said the dairy-maid.

"That is nonsense," cried the Prince of Illyria, angrily.

"When the Prince plighted his word to the false Princess, Blondina disappeared," the dairy-maid reminded him sadly, and she shut herself into the blue-tiled dairy before the Prince could answer her.

. . . . . .

The dairy-maid rose from her bed and made her way to her vine-wreathed window. Shadowy and dim the yellowing forest lay before her, motionless. In the fields where the cattle pastured was no faintest stir of life—the very song of the little river came to her muted and mysterious. All the September world was held in the listening hush which precedes the dawn.

"How still it is," murmured the dairy-maid, "how still!"

Imperceptibly on the air grew a faint, regular throbbing which seemed to belong to the tense silence—the pulse-beats, it might be, of the waiting earth.

"What is that?" asked the dairy-maid, in an awed whisper, and listened.

Fuller and louder grew the sound, and at last resolved itself into the rapid gallop of a horse far away on the hard forest highway.

"So recklessly might a lover ride on his way to his mistress," commented the romantic dairy-maid.

She sighed, and "a month is a very long time," she said. Then she smiled and leaned far out of the window, opening wide her arms as though she would take to her breast the quiet woods and fields. "Oh! but it's good to be back," she cried.

Nearer and nearer came the hoof-beats of the galloping horse. "It's coming here," exclaimed the dairy-maid, startled, and drew back behind the curtain.

Into the court-yard of the farm rode the Prince of Illyria. His horse showed traces of hard going, and the face of the Prince was haggard.

"Something is wrong," said the dairy-maid, turning very white; and throwing on a loose gown, she made her way downstairs, and flung open the heavy bolted door of the old house.

"Oh! what has happened?" she cried. At the sound of the voice, the Prince started, and stared at the somewhat dishevelled figure, as one disbelieving his eyes. Then he leaped from his horse, ran toward her, and falling on one knee, caught both her hands to his heart.

In the east the ball of the sun rose slowly above the horizon, and at his long-expected coming, with a sigh and a stir, the life of the world began once more. One level ray of golden light made a glittering path for itself through the trees, and reached the kneeling Prince and the trembling dairy-maid.

"I have found you again," whispered the Prince. "Oh! I have found you!"

"It would seem so," said the dairy-maid, tartly—she had been very frightened. "But I could wish that you had reserved your discovery till a more seasonable hour." But the Prince paid no heed to her ill-humor.

"I thought I had driven you from me forever," he went on. "Day after day I have been here. I have haunted the woods and the fields—the desolate woods and the fields. I made a thousand inquiries and could learn nothing. No one knew of your whereabouts, nor even of your name. You had vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed you up."

"What did you want of me?" asked the dairy-maid, softening.

"I wanted," said the Prince, humbly, "to assure you that, however much appearances might be against me, I was neither a fool nor a coward! That I had discovered that nothing in the whole world mattered except love, and that I would die before I would yield up my right to it."

"You have grown much wiser and more valiant since I last saw you," said the dairy-maid, mockingly. "Absence has proved an excellent instructor."

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"But a cruel one," he murmured.

"To-night," he cried, "I wakened up suddenly with a feeling in my heart that you had returned. I stole to the stable, and saddled my horse, and rode alone through the sleeping night. The stars looked down on me, and twinkled, 'She is there;' and the little winds as they passed whispered, 'You will find her.' "

"Kind stars," murmured the dairy-maid; "dear little winds."

"All the world knew," said the Prince, "that you were waiting for me at the end of the forest road, with the morning sun shining on your face—but I—I doubted."

"But you doubt no longer," the dairy-maid comforted him.

"Do I not?" cried the Prince. "Oh! heart's dearest, do I not? I am trembling with fear at this very moment that I shall wake from this dream to find myself alone in my room in the palace."

"Does this," asked the dairy-maid, "convince you that I am real?" And she stooped down and kissed him.

"It tends to," admitted the Prince. "Another," he said, hopefully, "and I believe I should feel sure."

But the dairy-maid blushed and shook her head.

Gently the Prince kissed one of her hands, and then the other. Then he rose to his feet.

"How soon will you marry me?" he asked.

"Marry you," cried the dairy-maid, nervously. "Oh! you must surely see that I cannot possibly marry you."

"There is no fact in life," returned the Prince, "to which I am so completely blind."

"But you know nothing about me," said the dairy-maid. "I might be—anything."

"I have told you from the beginning," the Prince reminded her, "that I believe you to be a fairy Princess."

"The difference in our rank!" replied the dairy-maid.

"A Prince is no more than a man," said the Prince of Illyria, "and a dairy-maid no less than a woman. Besides, if you cling to social distinctions, permit me to point out that you are a Queen."

"A Queen?" questioned the dairy-maid.

"My Queen," said the Prince, and once more he kissed her hands.

"But the Princess Dorothea!" expostulated the dairy-maid.

"The Duke of Arden has already been informed that that preposterous arrangement is impossible," answered the Prince.

"Think of the welfare of your kingdom," implored the dairy-maid.

"It may be selfish," returned the Prince, "but I find my own welfare a subject of more engrossing thought."

"Imagine the reception I should receive from your subjects," urged the dairy-maid.

"I think I can promise," said the Prince, grimly, "that the Princess of Illyria will meet with all due respect."

"Fortunately," said the dairy-maid, "you will change your mind."

"Come with me now," implored the Prince, passionately, "my horse can carry us both."

"Oh!" whispered the dairy-maid in wonder, "can it be true? You would risk everything for love of me? You would take me just as you find me, with never a question asked, never an explanation given? You would really do this?"

"*Would?*" cried the Prince; "nay, beloved—*will!*" and he took her in his arms.

But the dairy-maid held him a little from her with her hands on his two shoulders. "Listen," she said, impressively, "'and when the Prince kissed the poor turkey-girl and swore before his whole Court that she, and no other, should be his bride, lo! Blondina's rags fell from her, and she stood before him all clad in a silken gown that glistened in the rays of the noonday sun, and in her hand was a shining sceptre, and on her head a diamond crown.'"

"I remember," said the Prince, but he looked puzzled.

"Oh! my dear," cried the dairy-maid, between laughter and tears, "cannot you guess? I am Dorothea of Arden!"

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Donaldine Cameron and the Chinese Slave-Trade in America

By WILL IRWIN

THE Presbyterian Chinese Mission of San Francisco occupies a hillside street-corner just where dirty, picturesque, iniquitous Chinatown abuts on the American quarter of the city. It is a strange house, suggesting even in its externals its strange mission. In architecture, it is square, solid, respectable. Flowers blossom along the window-ledges; there are glimpses of chintz curtains and of feminine home-touches. Yet these windows are barred like those of a jail. The one entrance is a heavy oak door, double-locked and bolted. Before you enter, the guardian of this door scrutinizes you through a lifted curtain and then opens a tiny crack to ask what you want. It suggests some of the mysterious, terrible convents of Eugene Sue and the anti-Jesuit novelists.

These bolts and bars and precautions are not to keep the occupants of the house within, but to keep its enemies without. This Chinese Mission is a castle besieged in the time of peace. For twenty years it has been fighting the unwritten law of the Chinese and the written law of the land, in obedience to the higher law. For thirty years it has waged a war relentless and vigorous against an institution which the people of the United States believe in their blindness to have been wiped out by the Fourteenth Amendment—human slavery.

Stranger still, it has been a woman's war, and most strange of all, its Napoleon, its victorious general, is a young, gentle, and attractive woman—Donaldine Cameron, not yet in her thirties, and head of the mission. She has taken more than a man's chances against Chinese vengeance. Weekly, sometimes daily, she has gone into places where only she and the police have dared to go, and taken slaves from their masters by force—the only law that is final with the Chinese. And in the end, she has broken the back of the vilest evil in evil Chinatown.

Others have helped in the work, but it has centred about this gentle-mannered, well-bred slip of a Scotch girl. Among all the people of the Far West, cast as they are into individual moulds, there is no more curious figure than she. Among all the strenuous, adventurous Western lives, there is none more deeply imbued with the True Romance. The East does not know her at all. The Far West has forgotten her—partly, perhaps, because all prophets are without honor west of the Rockies, and partly because the conditions under which she works are a part of Californian life. To understand what she has done, it is necessary to understand these conditions.

In the first place—and this is a thing that few Americans understand—slavery is not prohibited in the United States. It is merely not sanctioned. A slave may be bought, sold, and held, subject to his own consent. Refusal of consent is the only legal bar to negro slavery in the South.

In China, on the other hand, bond-slavery of women is a deep-rooted institution. It was transplanted to America early in the Chinese occupation. It has always been; that, to the Chinese mind, means that it will always be. Our objection to slavery is one of the most bewildering among the incomprehensible ideas which the Chinese find prevalent in America.

Usually, the Chinese slave-woman in America enters bondage in China, being sold by her parents, seized as an orphan, or stolen. To-day most of the slaves held in San Francisco are domestic servants; but at the time when Donaldine Cameron began her work, two out of three were held for immoral purposes. The free Chinese woman who chose such a life was the exception; the slave was the rule.

In the complex, mysterious, underground life of Chinatown, these slaves kept the place they had always held in China, with the exception that they were infinitely more valuable, especially after the passage of the Chinese Exclusion Act in 1882. In early

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Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

MISS DONALDINE CAMERON.

days, a slave was worth less than $1,000. After 1882, the price was doubled. Now, with their entrance still further restricted, the market price for a girl of fourteen is about $3,000, for a baby, $2,000. The last transaction of which the Mission people have any certain knowledge is the sale of a four-year-old girl for $2,050.

When, twenty years ago, the Home Missions began their work in Chinatown, it seemed easy to break up this traffic. It was supposed that slavery in the United States had been killed by the Emancipation Proclamation. The missionaries rescued a few girls from brothels by force and the "king's keys," and then ran against the problem of consent. Though a woman were in the life against her will, though her body, when they found her, was bruised and broken from the violence of her masters, she would struggle against her rescuers and go back to slavery at the slightest threat from the Chinese.

The Mission people learned, in time, a bit of the curious Chinese psychology which ever opens, like one of the Chinese puzzle-boxes, on something new and unexpected. The cement of Chinese society is fear. Afraid of their masters, the slaves were still more afraid to leave them. The familiar stock lie of the Boxers—that missionaries are people who boil babies' eyes for their incantations—these and other stories of the same nature were told daily in the brothels. Also the slaves were made to believe in the absolute power of their masters. Years later, Miss Cameron heard one of the proverbs from this lore of fear: "If you escape to heaven, we will drag you down by the feet. If you escape to hell, we will drag you up by the hair."

The early missionaries had first to seize the girls—reach them by sudden raids on their quarters. In the beginning, this was not so hard as it became later, for the Chinese had

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not yet learned that they had anything to fear from the white women. The real trouble came when the missionaries and their charges were summoned into court by the Chinese masters and their smooth, unscrupulous white attorneys. There, the slaves were confronted by their masters. Again and again, after declaring privately that they wished to leave the brothels and stay at the Mission, the girls would begin to tremble when their owners faced them, would break down on the stand and swear that they wanted to go back; would go back, indeed, to a slavery hopeless from that time forth, since such girls were given no second chance of escape.

This for the grown girls. Soon the missionaries found that they could not count on keeping even the babies. An owner would swear that the child was his daughter or his niece and ward; and to support this he would present a swarm of perjured witnesses, bought at the union rate for Chinese testimony—$5 for a safe job, a little more for a dangerous one. Ruling in accordance with the law, an honest judge had only one thing to do—give the baby back. Now and then, when it was shown that the child had been abused, and when she had the childish nerve to go on the stand and say that her "relatives" lied, the judge would rule out the Chinese testimony on the ground of unreliability and hand the child over to the Mission. In the nature of things, such cases were rare.

The work was begun by several women, notably a Miss Culberson, remembered in San Francisco as an unbeatified saint; and ten years ago it passed on to a young girl of twenty, just off a Southern California farm — this same Donaldine Cameron.

Photograph by Chas. Weidner.

A HIGHBINDER IN SAN LUIS ALLEY.

When the sudden death of Miss Culberson put the work in her hands, Miss Cameron had been involved in only one or two Chinese cases. The managers of the Mission were doubtful about her capacity; the white watchmen of the Chinese, who were becoming a little anxious over the frequency of the rescues, laughed in their sleeves. Within the year, these watchmen were being discharged because of the great number of girls lost to their employers. Miss Cameron's campaign was aggressive from the first. Where the other workers had depended upon a police force not above suspicion of graft, and always half-hearted, she depended upon herself. Knowing that the legal problem could be solved in time and that the slave business, being strictly a business, could not stand uncertainty, she made rescue work her first concern. She became lawyer, detective, and above all, raider.

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Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

CHINESE MISSION GIRLS RESCUED FROM SLAVERY.

When, out of the secrecy of Chinatown, came news of a slave who wanted to be free, Miss Cameron would work in the dark until the girl was located, and then strike suddenly. Sometimes she went all alone on these raids; more often she depended for help upon woman associates, or, if the Chief happened to be friendly, upon trusted policemen. She was always there in person, and always in the lead.

Not one attempt in four was a success. Chinatown of that time was built three stories above the ground and from two to four stories beneath it. Even now, when the Board of Health has cleaned out the cellars in great measure, one who knows his way can go through subterranean passages from one end of the Chinese quarter to the other. Every house has its sliding door, its false passage, leading into this maze.

In this stage-setting, Miss Cameron had a hundred adventures, most of them melodramatic. One of these has been told as a short story, with a few high lights added to give it artistic value. The samples given here are the sober truth.

Two years ago, Miss Cameron, with Sergeant Christensen, of the Chinatown Squad, raided a den in St. Louis Alley, a narrow thoroughfare in the worst depths of Chinatown. They eluded the white watchman and made for the door of the marked house. Christensen, putting his shoulder against it, gave a heave; the hinges broke. The screaming and chattering of Chinese women, which had begun with the attack, sounded farther and farther away. The raiders found the lights burning, a tea-urn singing in the corner, a guitar with its strings still quivering, but there was no one in sight and neither was there any visible exit to the room. Experienced in these things, they knew there was a secret passage somewhere, and they went over the wall foot by foot, pressing and tapping. They were about to give it up and the sergeant had stepped outside, when Miss Cameron, rummaging under a couch, found a place that sounded hollow. She pressed with all her might and a rough panel fell away. Beyond it was darkness.

Too excited to think of consequences, Miss Cameron rolled bodily through and fell six feet. Christensen heard her call from the bowels of the earth, and ran to the hole. He handed down a lighted candle. There was a passage, stretching farther away than they could see, and so narrow that to thread it one must stoop and present his shoulder side-

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HERE THE MISSION GIRLS ARE TAUGHT BOTH CHINESE AND ENGLISH.

wise. Where it widened, they found a Chinese hag, lying face downward. Without ceremony, Christensen rolled her over. She was the mistress of the house. Under her was a trap-door, padlocked.

Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

AH CHING, AN ORPHAN, WHO WAS SEIZED BY A SLAVE-TRADER AND RESCUED BY THE MISSION.

Snatching the keys from this woman's belt, Miss Cameron opened the trap and she and Christensen dropped into the foul-smelling blackness. They found another passage, more scanty than the first. It sloped downward for a story, turned two or three times, ascended by two flights of stairs as steep as ladders and ended in a deserted room with a door in the farther wall. Against this the sergeant threw his shoulder. It gave way, and the fresh air poured in on their faces. They were on the street, only six feet from the door by which they had entered in the first place. A casual watcher told them afterward that two minutes after they broke into the house six Chinese women and two men had come through this last door, run across the street, and disappeared. The girl they were seeking is still in the hands of her Chinese masters.

Once Miss Cameron followed a five-year-old slave to a Chinese camp in the foot-hills of the Sierras. She drove ten miles by night with one Healey, a country constable. They hitched their horse outside the gambling-house where the girl was known to be, and peeped through a hole in the screen which shielded the door. The child was

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THE PRESBYTERIAN CHINESE MISSION BUILDING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

sitting on a table, rolling cigarettes for six gamblers, who were playing fan-tan. Overthrowing the screen and rushing on the little girl, Miss Cameron snatched her up, and Healey held back the gamblers at the point of his revolver. As they backed through the door, a Chinese seemed to rise out of the ground. He drew a revolver and fired point-blank at Miss Cameron. The Chinese slowness with a gun, traditional in the West, saved her, for Healey had time to strike it up so that the bullet splintered the ceiling. They drove ten miles to civilization, and all the way Healey kept his revolver in hand against pursuit and attack. That was probably Miss Cameron's closest call.

On another raid Miss Cameron looked through a grating into a house whose door her police assistants were breaking down. She saw a girl rush out of the screaming, chattering crowd of Chinese women and run toward the rescuers with her arms outstretched. It was a fatal blunder. The mistress of the house saw that this was the girl who wanted to be rescued, knocked her down before Miss Cameron's eyes, dragged her away by the hair. When the rescuers broke in, the house was deserted—that secret panel again. They saw the girl no more, but a month later a rescued slave brought news from the under-world that the slave-master had beaten her to death that night;

Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

SUEY LEEN, WHO WAS SOLD BY HER MOTHER TO PAY A GAMBLING DEBT; ESCAPED ALONE TO THE MISSION.

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had, in his anger, destroyed that valuable piece of property as one in a fit of passion might smash a costly vase. This murder went unavenged. The police could do nothing. They cannot convict a highbinder who does open murder in broad daylight, such are the dark and devious ways of Chinatown. How then could they reach a crime like this?

After that, whenever a Chinese messenger, at peril of his life, brought news of a girl who desired to be rescued, the Mission people always sent back warning that she must make no sign, that she must cry and seem to struggle when they took her away. As a further precaution, they adopted the system of sending back with the informer some token for identification, such as a handkerchief of peculiar pattern or a flower to be worn in the hair.

In time, the Chinese began to spirit away marked girls, taking them to the country or to other Pacific Coast cities. Then the work broadened and became dangerous. Making rescues in Chinatown called for nerve and quick, decisive action, but it was not, after all, especially dangerous. The twenty thousand Chinese in San Francisco, surrounded as they are by nearly four hundred thousand whites, half of them Chinese haters, know that the quarter would be torn down were they to offer violence to a white woman. In the rural settlements, this fear is slighter. The incident of the foot-hill camp is an example of something that did happen more than once and might have happened every time Miss Cameron went out on a country rescue.

On one occasion Miss Cameron fell afoul of the highbinders — the blackmailers and paid murderers—of Chinese society. She rescued a girl belonging to one of their companies or "tongs." It was, perhaps, the most troublesome case she ever handled. One morning, in the progress of the legal fight over this girl, she found on her window-ledge a dynamite bomb whose fuse had gone out.

Photograph by Chas. Weidner.

WHERE SLAVE-GIRLS ARE KEPT IN BONDAGE THIS PRECAUTION IS TAKEN.

This case, by the way, involved a romance and a tragedy. Generally, information of a girl who wants to escape is brought by some Chinese man who has fallen in love with her. The man in this case was Jim Len, a cook in a family hotel, a respectable Chinese and a heathen. The girl was located, identified by means of a marked handkerchief passed to her by Jim Len, and rescued. The owners were rich, and they made a stubborn fight in the courts. This slave turned out to be a woman of character. Her masters could not terrify her. She swore that she wanted to leave the brothel, and the Mission won. A year later, Jim married her. By this sign, the Tong knew who had carried the information that robbed them of a $3,000 piece of property.

They caught him one night a few doors away from the Mission and shot him twice in the back. He

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crawled to the door of his friends, rang the bell, and lay down to die.

"Don't let them spoil my wife," he said to Miss Cameron before he lost consciousness.

He recovered, however, although the wound will kill him in the end, for it brought on consumption. When he could be moved, his wife took him home and sewed to support him until he got to work again. He is cooking once more and awaiting calmly the end of his disease.

Now these are strenuous doings for any woman in this latter age of peace; and one might suppose that they had made of Donaldine Cameron a strenuous woman, probably a fanatic of the Carrie Nation type, undoubtedly masculine. Imagine instead a slim, dainty gentlewoman, of quiet and simple ways, a touch of old-fashioned quaintness in her manners and a bit of a Scotch lilt in her voice. There you have her externals. Of all the strange things about this unusual woman, none is stranger than her resistance of masculinity and fanaticism. Through it all, she has kept herself for herself. She had been making her daring rescues for seven years before she ever let a newspaper have her photograph for publication; even then she did it under pressure that amounted to compulsion, and she speaks of it yet with horror. She, who has faced down the highbinders—she tells as her most harrowing experience the time that she appeared before the Police Commissioners on a busy Saturday night to ask that Jim Len might have permission to carry a revolver.

Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

FONG SEEM, NICKNAMED "TEA ROSE," THE BEAUTY OF THE MISSION.

And some day, after you have seen her in the Home, surrounded by the love of the Chinese girls who call her Mother, seen her in court fighting for their freedom and their virtue, seen her on her rescues, doing brave things with the quick decision of a soldier, her type dawns upon you. She once explained herself in a rare moment of confidence.

A friend said to her:

"I believe that you enjoy the rescue part of your work."

"My dear," said Miss Cameron, "my ancestors were Highland cattle-thieves. It's the spirit of them in me. It's the real, true, love of adventure. I've tried to make myself believe that I love it because I'm doing the Lord's work, and I suppose that I have a good deal of the missionary spirit or I couldn't bear the burdens of this place; but really, it's the cattle-raiding Cameron does it!"

That is the type; the adventurer, lover of brave deeds for their own sake, of danger for the song it starts in the blood. Love of

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adventure is common among moral heroes; there is a bit of it in every noble character. Livingstone did not let the light into Africa for pure love of Missions, nor was it sheer devotion to Calvinism that made Cavalier and his Huguenot hill-men defy all France. The faith of such people may be as fierce as that of a devotee, but where another prays, they act—and for the love of action.

This leaven in her character, with the nobility that it implies, has done a great deal for Donaldine Cameron. Nowhere is mission work more sane than in her Mission. In keeping it sane, she has experienced at times trouble, only second to her trouble with the Tongs. From twenty to fifty girls are housed in the institution. To educate them, to guide their queer, Chinese impulses, to bring them, in the end, and if they wish, to Christianity—these make up the daily grind of her life. The occasional raid has been for her only an exciting diversion.

In the very beginning, she laid down this rule, expressed in her own way:

"I will never make Christianity go with shirt-waists."

This rule she has never broken. The girls are dressed and fed and housed in their own fashion, with only those modifications that make for health.

Says Miss Cameron again:

"I am not sure that our ways are at bottom any better than theirs. Christianity is different, but I have sentiment enough in me to see that this world will be pretty dull when we're all alike. The Chinese have a sense of beauty in common things which most of white people lack. Besides, I'm caring for their bodies as well as for their souls. They are never well when they wear our clothing and eat our food."

Once more she says, concerning the aim of her work:

"If it should ever be that one of the girls wanted to become a missionary, either here or in China, I would do all I could to help her. For the rest, my object is to see them married to good, self-respecting Chinese men, either Christian or heathen. Their religion doesn't make much difference, if they are good to their wives.

"When a man wants to marry one of the girls, I am careful, just as a mother would be; if he is a good man, I am glad to let her go. Twenty of the girls have been married from our Mission. We have never had a mixed marriage. I do not believe in them.

"I never try to rescue a grown slave-girl, who is living the life willingly. Why should I? There are good women and bad among the Chinese as well as among the whites; some like the life because of the pretty clothes and the sweetmeats and the leisure and the excitement of it. I *do* try to rescue every girl who wants to leave, and every baby held for slavery. I never touch a domestic slave who is well treated. They are well housed and fed, and worked no harder than an American servant. They will be allowed to marry and go free when they grow up. With these, slavery is only a name and is none of our business. It is different with domestic slaves when they are abused."

I have said that the slender hands of Donaldine Cameron have throttled the slave-trade in San Francisco. Her raids and her continual battles have made it unprofitable as a business. A slave-master is chary of taking the risks that she has created with a $3,000 piece of property. Moreover, there is a clause in the new Exclusion Act providing that no woman leading an immoral life shall be admitted into the country under any pretext. This does not cover the whole case, but it helps. Interested as the people of California were in the anti-Chinese legislation, few knew that Miss Cameron and her sister missionaries were behind that clause. They worked for it for two years, carrying the case even to the White House.

There are still slaves held in the brothels of Chinatown, but the number is small and will decrease constantly. The shame of Chinatown is past.

That shame of Chinatown stood for half a century. Tourists, going through the quarter to admire its picturesque beauty, heard of the traffic from the guides and held up Pharisee hands; but they passed it by on the other side. The police knew of it, lived near it day after day, but they, too, passed it by. The rulers of California and of San Francisco knew it, but slave-women and rescue-workers have no votes, so they debated on railroad oppression and passed it by. The Federal Government heard of it, but Washington is a long way from San Francisco, and Washington passed it by. Only a few women, chief among them a young Scotch-American gentlewoman, paused on the Jericho road and faced down the thieves and gathered in the unfortunates of Chinatown—and behold! the slave-trade in America is no more.

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"WE'LL BE DROWNDED—ALL OF US—LIKE RATS!"

Yanto the Waster

By JOSEPH KEATING

Illustrated by Power O'Malley

THE night before, in the "Collier's Arms," Yanto the haulier, an elaborate composite of good and evil—some said mostly of evil—prophesied disaster.

"I tell you straight," said he, handing the pint to the next man whose turn came to drink from it, "they're drivin' into Jerry's deep in the old worrkings, and the old worrkings is full of waterr. We'll be drownded—all of us—like rats!"

As Yanto, before his mother died, had studied these things—she wanted to see her son a manager—no one felt justified in calling him a fool for hinting at such a horrible possibility.

The next day they wondered why they ever doubted him.

About noon, Prince, the excellent collier who "drove on" the level in the Glamorgan Company's No. 2 pit, found the coal suddenly become soft.

"Funny!" he exclaimed.

Prince—being a collier—did not frequent the Collier's Arms. He left such places to scamps of hauliers—like Yanto: so he knew nothing of the haulier's prognostications.

Prince put his lamp close to the coal.

"Oh, *Arglwyd* [Lord]!" he shouted, very much alarmed; "water! comin' through."

He called to his boy down the lower side. The boy, frightened, scurried up.

Even before he reached his father the coal in the upper side burst, and the water came breaking through. The boy screamed and

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ran back through the face of the coal down the lower side. The water followed him. But he kept ahead. His father tried to run to him. But the whole face of the coal came tearing away from its place and water filled the open road.

For many days, it would seem, only a thin barrier of coal had remained to hold back the water. Now it broke through in a yellow, roaring flood, big enough to drown every man, boy, and horse in the whole district.

Prince leaped back and ran. The water rushed after him. His little light threw back long rays of red upon the yellow death, roaring and muddy like a torrent rushing down the mountain side after a storm. He could not hope to keep ahead of that flood.

He knew every turn of the workings; and he thought of a way of escape. A little way out, a road turned to the left—upward. He felt that he could reach it, and perhaps evade the water for a time. But thoughts of the boy interfered with this plan.

His light flashed upon an opening on his right hand which led to the lower workings and the double parting—the distributing junction. If he took that road he knew he could get to his boy and take care of him. A door stood at the top to guide the air-current down to his own working-place. Well aware that this door opened *against* him, he thought that if he could reach it, and get inside, the door itself might hold back the water for a time.

As he reached the door the flood reached his heels. He pulled at the door; it opened a little way; then the flood rushed against it and closed it with a crash, before the man could get through.

The water swirled around him. He screamed and held up his lamp to keep it alight. The water rose and drowned the little light; the darkness of the pit followed; then came the greater darkness; and poor Prince never saw his boy again.

Water filled the place—from the tram-rails on the ground to the timber across the top, but the plank door with its framework of sturdy wood pillars and side-walls of compact, well-beaten turf, held it back so that it could not get down that way.

So our prophet Yanto going down the heading behind his horse Warrior, with his lamp swinging on the corner of a full "tram" of coal—the last tram filled by Prince and his boy—went on singing his Welsh love-song.

His swinging lamp threw grotesque shadows of horse, tram, and haulier over the sides and roof.

The horse kicked up a thick black dust and made Yanto cough. He broke off in the middle of a line to resent this.

"Warrior," said he, "you're the clumsiest, laziest ——. Pick up your big feet. Come up, *yr hen ceffyl!*"

As the road ran down and their direction went downward, too, Warrior could not "Come up." But he took the spirit of the paradox; and after a toss of the head and a wild gleam of the eye—a look that wondered whether corporal punishment would follow—enlivened his pace and stirred up a thicker dust than ever. He swished his tail vigorously, and the black, glossy hair gleamed in the lamplight. His harness jingled, and the tram rumbled; and to this accompaniment Yanto sang his love-song as he sat on the "iron" behind Warrior.

If the door at the top gave way to the pressure of the torrent, the love-song would end with a flourish and a tragedy, as a love-song should. And Marrgat of the "Collier's Arms," the wench with Celtic black eyes, dark red cheeks, and ample bosom, who preferred serving pints to Yanto rather than to any other scamp, would cry bitterly, hiding her face in her apron.

Then Yanto noticed in the roadway, between the tram-rails, something which flashed under his light. He stared down at it.

"Water," said he, reflectively. "Now, where is *she* coming from?"

From under the rumbling tram the water trickled. It travelled a little faster than the horse, and Warrior's hoofs began to splash in it, while Yanto's light flashed on it.

"Oh," quietly said Yanto, in the tone of a man accepting a miracle as quite an ordinary matter.

He could not know that this little stream represented the bulk of water which had escaped through the door at the top when Prince had tried to go that way.

"Come up," said he to Warrior.

He could think of nothing more apt at the moment.

Warrior, annoyed by the splashing, willingly hastened. The increased speed bespattered Yanto with mud; and the mud deepened his perplexity. Down ran horse and tram with Yanto on the iron. They reached the beginning of a short turn which joined the heading to the main road, and Yanto

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saw something ahead which gleamed in his light like a wall of flame.

"Woa!" he shouted, and leaped cleverly off into the side.

Owing to the speed, Warrior could not stop, and horse and tram rushed into the water that filled the bottom road from floor to roof. It had gone around Prince's road, and come back through every opening in the main road, from which the heading branched.

Yanto found himself in it up to the waist.

"*Arglwyd!*" said he, spluttering and gasping. Half swimming and half wading, he worked his way back up the heading to dry ground. In the dark—the water put out his light before he could guard it—he heard Warrior floundering, struggling against drowning, and squealing with terror. Then the struggling ceased.

"Poor old Warrior!" said Yanto. "He's drownded—an' I'm in a nice pickle, ain't I?"

"I wonder if I can get out through Prince's road," he questioned himself.

He knew he must be swift, for the water would soon rise and fill the headings.

"THE WATER SWIRLED AROUND HIM."

But he did not get flustered. He went calmly up the incline. The darkness did not hinder his movements. He knew the road—knew every yard of the workings.

His out-stretched hand touched the door. He pushed against it, trying to open it. It did not move. He heard hissing noises; the escaping of water through little cracks in the door.

"Oh," said Yanto. "Tons of water against her. I'm blocked by there, then."

He thought a minute.

"Come you," said he. The phrase means: "I accept the situation just exactly as it is."

"If I don't get out of here quick," he added, "the water from top and bottom will meet, and I'll have too much to drink. A drunkard's death is awful, mind you."

Yanto laughed. He seemed to take a sardonic pleasure in the situation.

He turned back, feeling the side of the passage with his hand. Presently the hand found nothing to touch. He had struck an old disused stall-road, which led in toward the coal.

"I thought it was hereabouts," he said.

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"HIS SWINGING LAMP THREW GROTESQUE SHADOWS."

"I'd rather it led out, but I can't have everything my own way, I s'pose," he added.

Stones, fallen timber, and rubbish obstructed the way. Stumbling, and swearing every time he stumbled, Yanto covered the ground with remarkable speed for a man travelling in utter darkness.

His foot kicked against something yielding. The touch sent a thrill over Yanto.

"Who is it, I wonder," said he.

He bent down and touched a human body. He passed his hands over it.

"It's a boy."

He shook him vigorously, and a sound came from the boy. So Yanto repeated the shaking until consciousness came back, and the lad sat up in the roadway.

"Ain't you Prince's boy?" asked Yanto.

"Yes."

"Where's your father?"

Young Prince whimpered.

"I don'—know."

"Where's your lamp?"

"I ran away without it when the water came."

Yanto knew the rest. The boy had got lost in the dark and had frightened himself into a faint.

"Well, come with me, *wassy* [lad]," he said. "The water'll soon be in this way."

The boy began to cry.

"How can us get out?" "Out" always means "home" in the pits.

"Never mind that for a minute. Let's get away from the water. Let's get into Jimmy's heading. We might do something worth there."

He took the boy's hand. They went a little way on until Yanto's out-thrust arm once more poked itself into nothingness.

"Here it is, *wassy*."

"There's a light," shouted the boy.

Yanto turned to look up the roadway.

"Five of um," said he. "They're in the same trap as us. Hoy-y!" he shouted.

"Hoy-y!"

The five lights shook wildly, because those who carried them came rushing down the hill.

"They're runnin' well," remarked Yanto, laughing. "But they'd better not go far at that rate—or they'll run into the pool at the bottom and drownd like poor old Warrior."

"What—is poor old Warrior drownded?" demanded young Prince, suddenly.

"Ahy."

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"Oh, poor old Warrior," said the boy, with overwhelming tenderness, and he began to cry; for horses and boys in the pits cherish a real friendship for one another.

Presently five men came abreast with Yanto and the boy.

"Hoy!" said Yanto.

"Hoy!" they replied without stopping.

"Hold on," said Yanto, catching the first one.

"Come on, come on!" they all cried. "Don't stop. The water's come through Prince's place."

"Ahy, ahy," returned Yanto, easily. "An' it's waiting for you at the bottom of Jimmy's place. It drownded my horse at the bottom of the next heading."

"Is it there already?" they asked, horrified. "Then we're shut in forever."

"Let's try another road," said Yanto. "Give me your light, Lewis—I'll lead you." He reached for the lamp in the hand of the man he held.

"No!" shouted Lewis, drawing back. "What does a waster of a haulier like you know? I'll try my luck in the main road!" And he broke away and ran down the heading.

The other four seemed inclined to try their luck in the same way. They tried to push by.

"Don't be fools," said Yanto, calmly. "You'll never see Lewis again."

The sarcasm in his tone made for conviction. The men stopped.

"What are you goin' to do?" they asked, with their lights up to his face.

"Who'll give me a light?"

"Here."

One of the men put a lamp into his hand.

"Ah—somebody's got a bit of sense then," remarked Yanto, as if highly gratified by the discovery. "Come on with me, Rees," he added to the man.

With the light he took the lead and started up the heading. His right hand held the lamp; his left still held young Prince; and the boy clung to him with perfect faith in Yanto's omnipotence. Rees followed with equal confidence. But the other three held back, doubting.

"You can come if you like." Yanto shouted back by way of invitation.

"But what can you do going that way?"

"I don' promise nothin'."

"But tell us—tell us," they pleaded. "What's your plan?"

"*Get behind the water an' see if we can't scheme into the return to the upcast.*"

A revelation of the other world would cause less excitement among the three doubters than did Yanto's words. The men ran up and joined him, following him with childlike eagerness and delight, talking—babbling—as if they had just had an invitation to heaven.

The leader laughed. He drew the boy level with him, and bent down to say quietly in his ear:

"I knew they'd come. Now, we'll make these beauties work for their escape—and ours."

The boy laughed because Yanto seemed to consider the matter quite an excellent joke.

They came to an opening on the right hand side and Yanto turned briskly up the heading, and after some minutes stopped before a door which opened from him.

"Hsh!" said he. They stopped. Silence of death fell upon them all.

"No water comin' through," he announced.

He put his hand to the door. He pushed gently. The door yielded. It opened slightly.

The lights sent yellow rays into the black space.

"No sign of water. First class!"

He flung the door wide and went through. The others followed. The last man gave the plank door a push. It closed with a hollow bang, and the black dust of the road, disturbed by the rush of air, rose up around the men's lights in red rings.

A little way on, a road turned to the left, going downhill now, in consequence of a fault or break in the coal seam.

"Now we can cut into Prince's place, and get *behind* the water," said Yanto, and he began to sing. He took up his Welsh love-song from the point where the water first interrupted him by drowning Warrior. And the boy sang with him; because, hearing Prince's place mentioned as their destination, he thought Yanto intended taking him straight to his father.

Yanto went steadily down a little way, and soon they stood in Prince's place.

"Here's where it broke through."

The men, with much excitement and many exclamations, examined the great gap in the coal. Everything dripped yellow water.

"It's all flowed into the lower roads," said

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Yanto, "and blocked the way out. Come on—try my way."

"Where's my father?" demanded the boy. His father's dead body lay in the mire not fifty yards away.

"Waiting for you on top," said Yanto, lying with ease for the good of the boy's health. "You ought to have gone with him."

"I couldn't, indeed," stammered the lad.

"Most likely you'll get it when he ketches you," added Yanto.

This convinced young Prince. The others mercifully held their tongues.

They went back along the track of the flood, Yanto leading till they came to a sheet of water which flashed into golden flames under the lamps. He stopped. The water rolled sluggishly toward him and rose under his feet.

"Oh," said he, with his careless inflection. He apostrophized the water. "Comin' back, arre you?"

"What?" cried his companions, with angry surprise.

"The worrld is turnin' upside down, I s'pose, and the water's havin' a run round for the fun of it," explained Yanto. But he made a grimace to himself that expressed neither fun nor indifference, and he shook his fist at the water.

"What's the meanin'——?" asked the others, in a fluster.

"It's the reeyaction," said he. "We've bin a long time gettin' here, and the water's comin' back to say she's sorry for intrudin' so 'bruptly."

"Don't make sport," said a grave voice from the tail.

"An' can't we go on to the return?"

"No, indeed," Yanto answered, with too much earnestness—like a boy promising his teacher not to "mitch" any more.

"What can us do now?" the men asked in a panic.

"Best us can," said Yanto, laughing.

"Shame!" they cried. "Mockin' us like this, when we might all die in here."

"They are only pretendin'," said Yanto, soothingly, to the boy who clung to him terrorstruck when the men spoke of death. Yanto's declaration made him laugh. The boy believed in the man to an alarming extent.

But the others held Yanto responsible for their lives.

"You brought us here," they cried. "Get us out of it."

"Oh," said Yanto, "I'm God Almighty, am I?"

"More like the devil himself," blurted out one of the men under the shock of Yanto's inquiry.

The others laughed at the incongruity—a little wildly and hysterically, perhaps; yet they laughed; and the ring of their laughter among the hollows and the timber did them good. In good-humored remonstrance one said:

"Now, Yanto, *machgen i* [my boy], what's the next move?"

He made no answer but led them down a new heading which terminated in a wall of coal.

"You'll have to cut through into Jimmy Preece's place," he said, coolly, as he examined the face of the coal with his lamp.

"What!" came a chorus of mingled doubt and faith. "Can we do it?"

"It's not far, I should think. When they stopped work here they left a pillar of coal—the surveyors said about twenty yarrds. But they never know what they are talking about."

"Or they wouldn' have let Prince cut into Jerry's Deep," put in one of them, furious.

"I reckon," Yanto said, his light still on the shining coal, "it's not ten yarrds. Then from Jimmy Preece's old stall we can get into the return and go home, boys—in a couple of weeks," he added, dropping his voice, like a man who feels that his company will not care about the joke which he can't help making.

"You an' Rees go down to Prince's road an' the other places and pick up what tools haven't washed away," he continued, turning to the man nearest him. "An' be quick, or the water'll cut you off an' leave us here with nothin' to do but starve for a bit."

Nothing but swift obedience could follow this. Away they went. The others watched the two lights swinging, and growing smaller, till they vanished at the bottom of the road. They quickly reappeared, and the two men were back with mandrels, bars, wedges, and sledge-hammers. Their clothes dripped.

"We had to wade through it," said Rees. "It's at the bottom of this road."

"Risin' up here, I s'pose," said Yanto, calmly.

"Yes."

"Oh. Then you'll have to cut more coal in the next few hours than you ever cut

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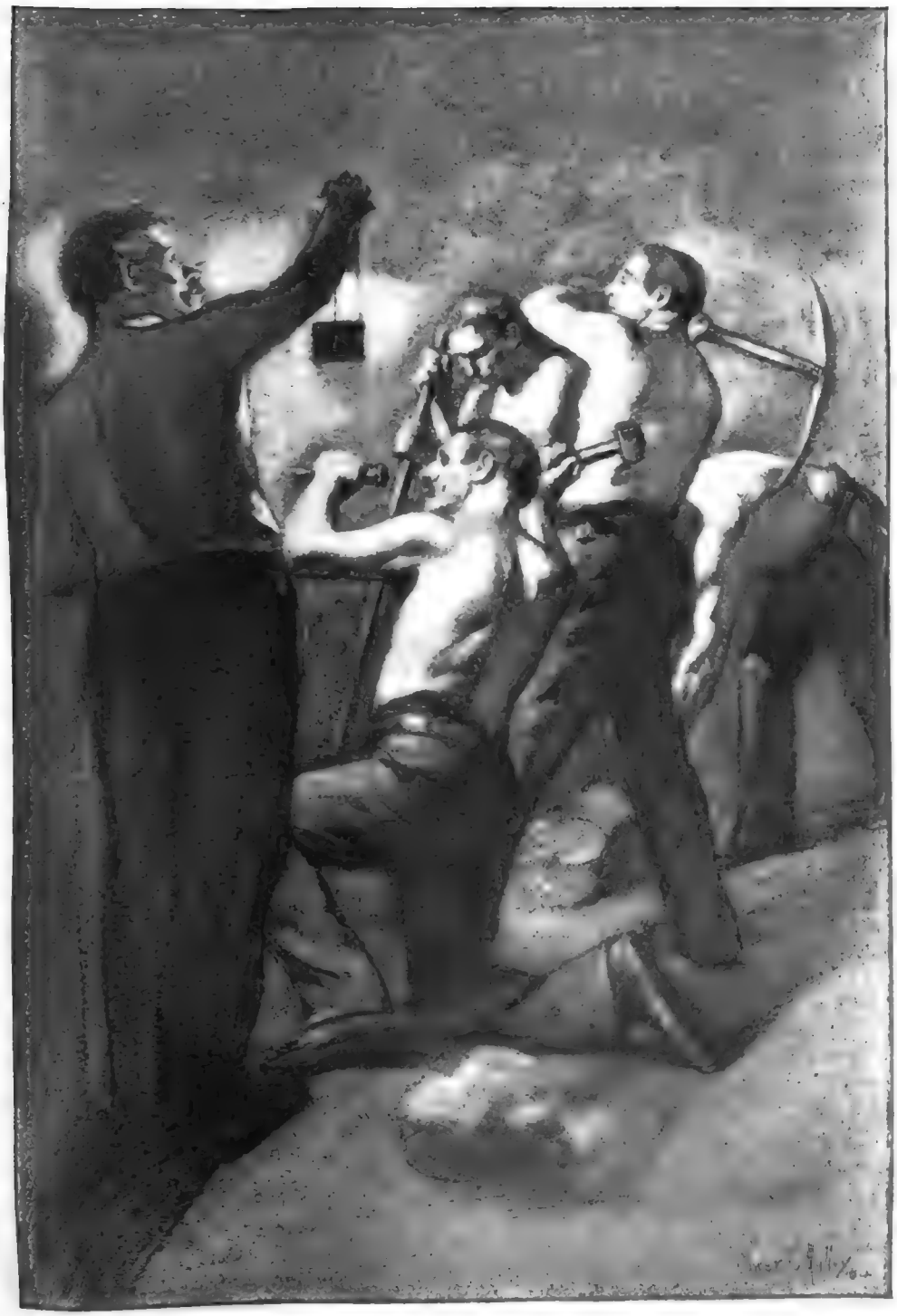

"THE MEN, BY THE SOLITARY LIGHT, CUT AND HAMMERED."

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in your worthy lives. Now tamp," said he to the men, meaning "hurry." They leaped to the coal. Yanto organized them. He put two to cut, two to draw the loose stuff out of the way, and one to hold the light.

"Change about when you want to," he added. "But cut only a hole big enough to crawl through. And, mind, above all things, cut on the slant to the right."

The work began briskly. He picked up four lamps out of the five, and deliberately extinguished them.

"The oil won't hold for long," he explained. "If you burrn um all, they'll all go out. But if you burrn one at a time they'll last longer. The wind is strong and there's no gas, so we can light one from the other."

The men, by the solitary light, cut and hammered for their lives; choking with the dust, shining with the sweat of their labor, trembling with the fear that the water would rise and drown them like rats in a hole. Yanto, after a mere glance at the operations, went back to the place where he had put young Prince to rest. He found the boy lying in the dust fast asleep, tired out with all the marching and counter-marching.

"He'll get cold," said Yanto. "The water is forcing all the air of the pit up to this road. I'll get some bedclothes for him."

He went to the men, picked up the clothes they had thrown off—they worked with bare bodies—came back and put the garments carefully over young Prince. Then he lay down beside the sleeping lad, took him in his arms, and with the ring of the hammer and mandrels in his ears he went to sleep himself.

You will notice that in organizing the cutting-out operation Yanto left nothing for himself to do. Yanto, a real leader, hated real work: he used his brain and left the labor of carrying out his ideas to lesser mortals. So while the others worked frantically, Yanto forgot all about the danger, and slept as peacefully as if in bed in his lodgings with no work next day to harass his slumber.

He woke at the sound of the boy, crying. He sat up shivering in the cold, abnormally strong wind.

"What's up, *wassy?*" he inquired.

"I'm hungry," sobbed the boy.

"Oh, you're hungry, are you? Well, where do you think we're going to get any grub for you—before the shops are open?"

"I'm as hungry as—as anythin'," said the boy, crying more piteously. Yanto grumbled.

"Well, I s'pose I must ask um to pull the shutters down somewhere," said he, rising. He took up a dark lamp, went to the man who held the lighted one and lit his own.

The men worked without a moment's stopping, like lost souls trying to cut their way out of hell. Yanto muttered something in a dissatisfied tone as he looked at the work.

"I'll have something to say to them when I get back," said he to himself.

But, as if the mission of getting something to eat for the boy exceeded all other things in importance, away he went down the road, his lamp swinging its light on the rough sides and top. He felt certain of finding some scraps of bread in the victuals-boxes left behind by colliers in their rush to escape the water. He came back soaking from head to foot. The water streamed from his hair—from his neckerchief—from every particle of his clothing. But under both armpits he carried a small tin box full of bread.

"I had a nice long swim for um," said he, putting down the lamp, and opening a tin for the boy, who pounced on the food greedily.

The wind was blowing up the road with terrific force. The water, after closing all other outlets, drove all the air up this last opening with the fierceness of a gale. Yanto shivered with cold; his clothing clung to him as if he were swathed in ice-folds.

"I shouldn't be surprised if I ketch my death of cold," said he, laughing as he walked up in the dark toward the men.

"Funny them blows sounds," he said, listening to the dull thuds coming from the "cut." "Seems as if they're just through."

"The water's risin' quick—not twenty yarrds from us now," said he, affably, as he joined the other five.

"Oh, *anwyl!*" they exclaimed in consternation. And under the horrible incentive, the two men then using the cutting tools picked and hammered faster than ever.

Yanto listened to the sound of the blows carefully. They struck dull and heavy. He looked puzzled.

"Stop a bit," said he, very quietly.

"Stop!—with the water just on us?" cried the men.

"Stop, I tell you," said Yanto, still quietly, "or, if I don't make a mistake, you'll be blowed to pieces up against the coal."

This alarmed them more than the water. They dropped their tools.

"Come out," said Yanto.

The four men shuffled back. Sweat poured from them in spite of the intense cold

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in which they worked. Yanto took the light and examined the face of the coal. In front and on the right it shone under the light. But on the left side he noticed that the coal wore a feathery, dull black look and gave no reflection from the lamp rays.

"Ah," said he.

He touched it: the soft coal crumbled and fell like mould down to his feet. He struck his knuckles against it: it sounded hollow.

"Ah," said he again.

He looked back at the men, who watched every one of his movements.

"Measure," said Yanto.

One man paced the length of the gap made.

"Six yards."

"Good goin'," remarked Yanto. "But I told you to slant to the right. You have slanted to the left."

"It cut easier that way."

"Oh. And was it easier to make the cut so big? You've made it big enough for a horse and tram to go through."

"It kept fallin'."

"Oh."

"We've done our best."

"Oh, indeed."

His tone wounded their feelings. One said, complainingly:

"Anyhow—you didn't do much more."

"No, I s'pose. Only, *machgen i*, you've made this hole big enough to be my grave. Good job it isn't yours, too. I s'pose there was somethin' in the boy wakin' me up."

"What do you mean, Yanto?" they asked, bewildered.

"Light the other lamps from this one and —keep back," answered he, once more sounding the coal on the left side.

They took the lamp from his hand. The wind blew so strongly—they felt its unlifting pressure as if it were a solid force thrusting itself upon them. With such a breeze no gas could exist; therefore, protecting the flame, they opened the lamp and succeeded in lighting two of the others.

"Now," said Yanto, with his back to the coal at the extreme end of the cut, "the pillar wasn't so thick as anybody thought—and it was thinner on the left than anywhere and nobody knew nothin' 'bout that."

He stopped. They looked at this leader of theirs in silence. His tone now put into their hearts, strangely, a feeling of terror. The light from the three lamps shone straight in upon him, and the rays reflected from the coal behind him gave his head a golden halo.

Yanto had not forgotten the things of his student days, when his mother wanted to see him a "maniger." She died and so did the ambition she inspired. But some of the "things to be remembered" remained with him. He knew well what a rush of compressed air would do when it found an opening.

"The atmospheric pressure in this here headin'," said he, smiling at the sound of the opening phrase, "is enough to smash six big elephants, let alone six little men like you an' me. But—before I strike—one of you go back to that boy, and let him cling to him."

The rear man doubled back to the lad.

"And you others—cling fast to the sides—hold on tight or the wind will come through here like an explosion and carry you through this hole like dead leaves in a March wind."

The men threw themselves down, clutching at projecting stones and slips of coal in the sides.

"If you didn't make the hole so big, I'd stand a better chance," said Yanto. "Now I must take all the risks. But I s'pose the leader must lead in the risks like in everythin' else. I wonder," he added, whimsically, "will Marrgat of the 'Collier's' like me when she sees me next?"

He took up a mandrel. With the lightest possible blow he touched the coal. The point of the tool went through into space. He drew it back. The wind shrieked through the aperture. The men clung tighter to the stones and buried their faces in the dust, terrified by the screaming wind. Yanto struck the coal again. He struck again—(may the Lord have mercy on poor Yanto!). A crashing, tearing sound followed. The outrush of compressed air tore away the whole side of the coal and smashed it into a million pieces against the opposite wall of the road of escape these men sought. A human body added to the heap of *débris*.

When the fury spent itself the five men rose and came fearfully to the gap. They examined it with their lamps.

"Where is he?"

One crept over the ragged edge at the bottom and looked around. He came back, and the others held their lights to his terror-stricken face. First he said, whispering:

"We can get into the main road from here and be home in less than an hour."

Next he said, whispering still:

"We'll come back with something to wrap around him. We can't carry him. He is all mangled."

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The Pine Street Revival

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Illustrated by B. Cory Kilvert

THERE had been a feud in Pine Street, for some months, between Dorothy Carlyle and her new neighbor across the road, a Mabel Perry. Judge Carlyle lived in the finest red-brick residence on the street; the Perrys had moved into a single-story frame cottage that spread itself over the greater part of the two town-lots. A comparison between the houses had been inevitable, and Miss Carlyle, being used to the distinction of her three stories, had undertaken to forestall the stranger's envy by conceding that the Perry cottage was the larger. Miss Perry, so far from appreciating the spirit of the concession, had replied with an unexpected show of spite that her house was the prettier, too; that her father, to move into it, had left a much better brick house than any on Pine Street; and that her mother had declared she would never live in a brick house again.

Miss Dorothy Carlyle felt that she was in the presence of a rival. Heretofore her reign among the little girls of Pine Street had been absolute. She had chosen her friends and ostracized her enemies with a quite regal assurance. She had been courted and flattered by everyone, from Flossie Wood, the doctor's daughter, down to little Mary Tupple, whose father was a tailor. And never before had anyone dared to insinuate that she was not in all things *distinguée* and *de rigueur*.

She decided that for the future she would not be conscious of the existence of Mabel Perry; and the Pine Street feud began. Mabel Perry formed a faction—comprising all the disaffected elements that had failed of recognition under the old *régime*—and drew them away from Miss Dorothy's aristocrats and their following of social aspirants, whose fathers, if they were not either professional

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men or wholesalers, were at least not engaged in retail trade. The line once drawn, no member of the Perry set was allowed to play with Miss Dorothy's companions. The opposing camps would not "speak." Then they spoke, but only in sneers. The sneers grew into tag-rhymes and insults until Mabel Perry, who was studying French, called Flossie Wood "an ugly little *fenêtre*," and made any fit reply impossible. The aristocrats returned to a haughty silence; and when they were *fenêtred* from across the street, they replied that sticks and stones could doubtless break a person's bones, but that names could hurt no one.

They were consoling themselves with this materialistic philosophy when Flossie Wood, the doctor's daughter, announced that she had a perfectly beautiful plan for revenge. Their party had a scurrilous retort in verse which none of them had dared to cry across the street, being restrained by delicacy and the fear of their parents. Flossie Wood proposed that they should write this unspeakable insult on a piece of paper, wrap themselves in sheets, and deliver it at the door of the Perry cottage in the dark. Accordingly, they wrote out in a disguised hand, for the daughter of Peter Perry—who was a flour and feed merchant—this:

> Peter Perry stood on a stump
> Selling porridge a penny a lump!

And having slipped out into the night from a side-door, they scurried across the street to the Perry veranda with it, hooded and shrouded in white.

But instead of Mabel Perry, her nervous aunt answered the door-bell. She screamed and went into hysterics at the sight of the sheets. Her cries roused the whole Perry household, and all took up the trail of the fleeing ghosts. These were seen to disappear behind the three-story red-brick house of the Carlyles. Complaint was immediately carried to the judge, and Miss Dorothy was searched for and found with a swollen forehead. She had tripped on the hem of her sheet and fallen on her face.

The social advantages of having a judge for a father had been great in Pine Street; Miss Dorothy learned now the domestic disadvantages of having that father for a judge. She was spanked and sent to bed weeping, with the knowledge that Mabel Perry was gloating over the official report of her punishment—as sent across the road with the judge's apologies—and that the whole faction of anti-Perryites had been disgraced.

She cried herself to sleep.

In the morning—it was Saturday—she was told that she must remain in-doors all day. Why? For being all things that were bad and nothing that was otherwise. Could she ask Flossie Wood to come and play with her? No. Whom could she ask? No one. What was she to do? She was to stay in her room and study her lessons for Monday.

From the height of unquestioned leadership in Pine Street to the condition of a defeated exile, imprisoned in an upper story—this was her fall! If Miss Dorothy had been as proud as Lucifer, it would have humbled her. But she felt that she had not been proud. She felt that she had done nothing to inspire the hatred with which Mabel Perry had pursued her from the first. She had been the social queen of the Pine Street pinafores through no ambition of her own, and she had borne the accidents of her superior birth and housing without self-consciousness and inoffensively. The malice of the Perry cabal had surprised and pained and shocked her. In her hour of misfortune, she felt that she had done nothing to deserve it. She threw herself on her bed and wept tears of self-pity.

Some day, she told herself, the world and her parents would regret their persecutions—some day when she lay breathing her last on her little white cot, and she had forgiven them all, and they stood around her, weeping! She held her breath; she stiffened; she lay horribly still. And then she sprang up and ran to the door in a panic, remembering the story of the little girl who had made a play of pretending that she was dead, and who had died—who had died in the midst of it, lying on the floor, with her hands crossed, in sacrilegious make-believe!

She had read that story in the opening pages of a book which she had taken from the Sunday-school library a week before. At that happier period of her life, it had seemed a work of morbid literature, and she had not finished it. The memory of it came to her now as sweetly as a tale of unregarded love to the forlorn of heart. She turned to it with tears.

It was the history of "Millicent Vernon," a pious child who had suffered persecution for conscience' sake at the hands of erring parents; who had gone many times supperless to bed because she would not play "Yan-

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kee Doodle" on the Sabbath day for her irreverent father; who had converted her elder brother from reprobation by her argument and example; who, in short, had lived a life of sanctity that had been crowned at last by the bringing of her whole family repentant to church and the receiving of the almost public congratulations of her minister.

To Miss Dorothy the spirit of this girl spoke a word of emulation. She too had been abused and persecuted. She too had been misunderstood. Her parents had betrayed her to her enemies. Her enemies had hooted and jeered at her before her friends.

By mid-day she had finished half the volume, and she went downstairs to her luncheon with a reflected light of martyrdom on her face. She ate in silence and returned to her book without a word to anyone. At dinner, she bore neglect with proud humility. After dinner, although she had finished her story, she went back to her room to spend the evening preparing her Sunday-school lesson for the morrow. And when she heard her father, below stairs, inquiring for her, she looked up at her door with shining eyes and felt that he could never be again what he had been to her. She understood that forever, in that house, she must live a life apart—a sweet and solitary child.

"Dorothy," her mother asked at breakfast, "are you well?"

She answered humbly: "Yes, mamma—thank you."

Her father caught his wife's anxious glance over the top of his Sunday newspaper. He looked at Miss Dorothy. She was austerely eating an egg.

He offered her the puzzle-page of his paper, in what was plainly a clumsy attempt to win back her good-will. She declined it without raising her eyes. He did not know that "Millicent Vernon" had never read anything but her Bible on the Sabbath day.

At church, she applied herself to worship with such devotion that her eyes did not once stray to the other side of the aisle where Mabel Perry sat watching her with an exultant grin. On her way to the door, she passed the pew in which Flossie Wood was fidgeting, and she did not so much as glance at that companion in misfortune. Feuds and friendships were all one to her. She felt herself meekly superior to them now.

She arranged to arrive at her Sunday-school class after the others were seated; and after the others were gone, she remained in her place on an invitation which the teacher had extended to all who wished to speak privately to her. And when Miss Dorothy came out to the street, she had another volume of the "Millicent" books under her arm, and she was resolved to break up the Pine Street feud.

She caught up to little Mary Tupple, the least considerable member of the Perry faction. She said: "I'm sorry you didn't know about Joshua. Next Saturday you can come and get up the lesson with me, if you like." And the blushing Mary was so overcome that she ran all the rest of the way home.

Farther up the street, a squad of Perryites spread to let Miss Dorothy pass through their snickers. Instead of trying to face them down, as Flossie Wood had done, she looked at them with mildness. They caught the look and backed off uncertainly. She remarked to the eldest that it promised rain. They gaped at her as if she had been another Noah predicting a second flood. She passed them, unscathed, leaving them in an amazed silence.

Waiting for her at the gate was Flossie Wood herself, kicking sulkily at the border of the lawn, her heart set in hardness. Miss Dorothy approached her gravely. "Come over and read with me," she said. "I've a lovely book."

Miss Wood mistook this for a broken resignation. "I wish I was a boy," she said. "I'd slap her face."

Miss Dorothy replied: "You shouldn't talk like that on Sunday;" and left her—dumb.

By nightfall it was known to both sides of Pine Street that Dorothy had suffered lapse of spirit. Mabel Perry was sarcastic; she guessed Miss Dorothy had had some of the stuckupedness taken out of her by her father. Flossie Wood was disgusted; she had thought that Dorothy Carlyle had more self-respect than to lie down and let that Perry girl walk over her. Miss Dorothy, in her upper chamber with her "Millicent," was at peace with all the world.

Now "Millicent Vernon" had been not more distinguished for her piety than for her powers of conversion; and it seemed to Dorothy, as she read, that the work of evangelism was easy. "Millicent" had formed among her young friends a "Society of Little Sunbeams" of which the chief objects were the protection of bird and plant life, the consolation of the sick and the conversion of the heathen, the latter purposes to

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be effected by visiting the hospitals and contributing to the Foreign Mission Fund; and Miss Dorothy decided that night that, as the first step in reconciling the enemies of Pine Street, she would found a local branch of the Sunbeams.

She began, next day, with the least difficult members of her own coterie, inviting them one by one and at different hours to come to the big play-room at the top of the house. It was an honor which they accepted proudly enough; and the curiosity of the others being aroused, they waylaid the favored ones with envious inquiries. But Miss Dorothy had pledged her neophytes to secrecy, and it became understood—in default of better information—that she was forming a band of sworn sisters to oppose the Perryites. By Wednesday she was followed everywhere by applicants for admission to the conspiracy. She did not understand the worldliness of their motives, and by Saturday the circle of Little Sunbeams included every anti-Perryite on the street.

Each session had to be opened with audible prayer, and the blushing efforts of the sisterhood to conform to that rule are not to be described. They had to sit then and listen to Miss Dorothy while she read them some pages from the life of Millicent Vernon. Ten minutes of silent meditation followed before the meeting was thrown open to discussion. And though at first Miss Dorothy failed to keep that discussion within the bounds which she had set for it, her enthusiasm slowly infected the others, and she succeeded. They, too, became conscious of grace. They found themselves looking down on the unregenerate Perryites with contempt. In vain Mabel Perry *fenêtred* and even *charpentier'd* them from across the road. They smiled at her proof of her own inferiority.

"THEY CUT UP NEWSPAPERS FOR THREE DAYS."

But the crux of the movement came when Miss Dorothy tried to introduce little Mary Tupple, the tailor's daughter, to the sisterhood, and Flossie Wood refused to be associated with the renegade. She announced

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that she would have nothing to do with any member of the Perry party—nothing whatever. She was bound, of course, to divulge none of the secrets of the society, but she would attend no more of its meetings. Persuasion, argument, even prayer were used, but the indignant Flossie could not be kept in the fold. Dorothy was reluctantly compelled to let her go.

In three days she was forced back by the fact that all her companions belonged to the society, and she must either associate with them or no one. The society rose, at once, to the height of its success. Lulu Bond followed Mary Tupple from the ranks of the Perry faction. Cissie Goodby was in turn nominated by Lulu Bond and accepted by the sisterhood. And the once-dissatisfied Flossie Wood, seeing the consternation of the enemy, smiled across the street at the sparse gatherings of the Perryites, like the elder of a church on the dwindling of a rival congregation.

Miss Dorothy decided that the time was ripe for the open prosecution of the work of the Little Sunbeams. She proposed that they should give their next Saturday afternoon to visiting the hospitals and comforting the afflicted. Accordingly, in the heat of the day, they set out two by two in solemn procession, each carrying some gift of charity. Miss Dorothy bore a bouquet of garden pansies and a volume of the life of her spiritual guide, from which she intended to read to the convalescent. Flossie Wood carried a bottle of boracic acid which she had obtained from her father, the doctor, without letting him know what she intended to do with it. Little Mary Tupple had a red apple so large that she could scarcely get a hold on it with her chubby fingers. Lulu Bond had a sheaf of cheap lead-pencils which her big brother had given her for school use. The others had flowers, old picture-books, and even some broken toys for the children's wards.

They passed unmoved through the gibes of the Perrys who ran out to the gutter to see them go by—unmoved except for the fact that Flossie Wood changed her boracic acid to her "off" side, where it would be concealed from the sight of the enemy by her skirt. They proceeded down Pine Street to the main thoroughfare, marched along the crowded sidewalk nervously before the public, and came triumphant to the arched entrance of the hospital. A porter answered Miss Dorothy's ring. She explained the purpose of their visit, while the Sunbeams fidgeted and looked at their feet. The porter grinned and called into the hallway. A young doctor in a white uniform came out of the cool shadows. He too listened and grinned. He called a nurse. She stared and giggled.

By this time all the Little Sunbeams were the color of Mary Tupple's apple. The doctor began to explain jocosely that the wards were not open to visitors under age, but Flossie Wood did not wait for him to finish. She thrust her pickle-bottle of boracic acid into the hands of the porter and retreated down the walk to the street. Lulu Bond promptly dropped her sheaf of pencils on the door-step and followed. Mary Tupple abandoned her apple and took to her heels. When the doctor had finished his explanation, Miss Dorothy was alone. She gave him shyly her bouquet of wilted pansies, accepted his profuse apologies, and followed her deserters.

There was no further meeting of the Little Sunbeams that day.

But Miss Dorothy was not of the type of mind that is discouraged easily. She had read in a newspaper that pillows stuffed with paper clippings make very comfortable head rests. She had a pile of old newspapers and a supply of scissors for the next meeting of the sisterhood. "I think we ought to cut them up," she said, "to make pillows for the sick. We can work for them—if we can't visit them."

They cut up newspapers for three days, and found it slow work. When they had enough of the tiny squares to fill a hat, Flossie Wood rebelled. "I've got blisters on my thumb," she complained. "I bar to make pillow-cases instead." And with that, the whole circle turned to sewing; and while Dorothy read aloud to them from her Sunday-school volumes, they pricked their fingers and tangled their threads, making pillow-cases out of cheese-cloth.

"It's really pathetic," Mrs. Carlyle told her husband. "I've been listening outside the door. The poor dears! they can't do anything—except pray. And oh, their prayers are so funny!"

It was this report that moved the judge to contribute a dollar to the treasury of the society, "to buy blankets for the heathen." Miss Dorothy blushed. "Or if you have any other use for it," he said, "it makes no

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"SHE HAD ANOTHER VOLUME OF THE 'MILLICENT' BOOKS UNDER HER ARM."

difference to me. It's an absolute grant. Do what you like with it."

Miss Dorothy reported the contribution at the next meeting. What did they propose to do with it?

"Have a picnic, of course," Flossie Wood said. "Like a Sunday-school picnic, only just for us! We could go to Rosebank on the street-cars, and take baskets and buy ice-cream, and——"

"We shouldn't use it on ourselves," Dorothy interrupted, mildly. "It was given—to do some good with it."

"Well, I think we deserve it," Flossie protested. "We've been shut up here every day. And mother says I don't get enough exercise, too."

"We could buy flowers for the hospital," Cissy Goodby suggested.

But weren't they doing too much already for the ungrateful sick?—making pillows and cutting up papers, and being shut out of the hospitals!

Well, then, why not turn the money over to the Foreign Mission Fund?

Because here was an opportunity for the society to establish itself by an act of signal charity. Why waste it? Anyone could give money to a mission fund——

And then Lulu Bond—who had been loitering on the outskirts of Salvation Army meetings to gather material for public prayer—proposed that they should buy tambourines. Flossie Wood jumped up with a protest against the taste that could propose such a thing. Lulu Bond replied with personalities. Flossie Wood remarked on Lulu Bond's birth and breeding. Cissy Goodby defended her. The old anti-Perryites made common cause against these two. Little Mary Tupple piped up in shrill support of them. Even Dorothy herself lost her temper and cried out against tambourines as instruments of propaganda. And before the discussion could be brought to order, Lulu Bond had thrown her pillow-case at Flossie Wood, and Flossie Wood had smacked her face for it.

After that, all was revolt and secession. Flossie Wood pursued Lulu Bond downstairs and across the lawn to the Perry camp. Cissy Goodby called the Little Sunbeams a lot of stuckups, and was ordered out of the room. Mary Tupple went with her. The

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sisterhood followed in confusion to see what had become of Flossie Wood, and were just in time to rescue her from the hands of Mabel Perry. The weeping president of the society remained alone with empty chairs.

Was this, then, to be the end of her evangelism? If the truth is to be told, she was willing that it should be. Since the first flush of her success—when the circle of Little Sunbeams had grown so mightily—she had met with nothing but discouragement. Millicent Vernon had had the proper sort of material to work with, but these Little Sunbeams were shallow hypocrites. They had pretended to be what they saw she wished them to be, but there had been no true conversions among them, and no public recognition of her work. Her parents, in spite of their preternatural gravity in the matter, had most obviously regarded the whole thing as a joke. She had been pushed to the limits of her invention in her efforts to find work for the impatient sisterhood who began everything half-heartedly and dropped it at the first difficulty. Her own enthusiasm had wearied with the daily monotony of services which had become hardened into a sort of ritual because none of the girls could think of any new prayers to say or any new sins to lay claim to. She was tired of the whole business.

She decided to make one last effort to preserve the society from disruption. She decided to write to Lulu Bond, Mary Tupple, and Cissie Goodby; and with the aid of "Millicent Vernon" she composed the following:

DEAR GIRLS:

The regular meeting of the Society of Little Sunbeams will be held in the usual place. We ask your forgiveness for all our meanness. We forgive you We hope you will accept the apology and be friends again and that by our means you may be led back into the ways of peace.

But it was too late. The three deserters had betrayed all the secrets of the order to the Perrys, and next day Pine Street rang with profane illusions to the arcana of the sisterhood. Miss Dorothy went up to the play-room and waited. No one came. The sisters, before this storm of public ridicule, had deserted her.

After a moment of ineffectual tears, she went resolutely to work on the disorder of the room, carried out the useless chairs, folded up the unfinished pillows, swept out the clutter of paper clippings, and threw the minutes of the society into the toy-closet. There fluttered from the leaves of the book, as she tossed it into the corner, the forgotten dollar bill.

She picked it up thoughtfully. She smoothed it out. She doubled it up. She opened it. She twisted it. She folded it again. And then she put it in her pocket and hurried downstairs for her hat.

The Pine Street revival was at an end; the Society of Little Sunbeams was dissolved; and the president was going down town to squander the funds of the treasury.

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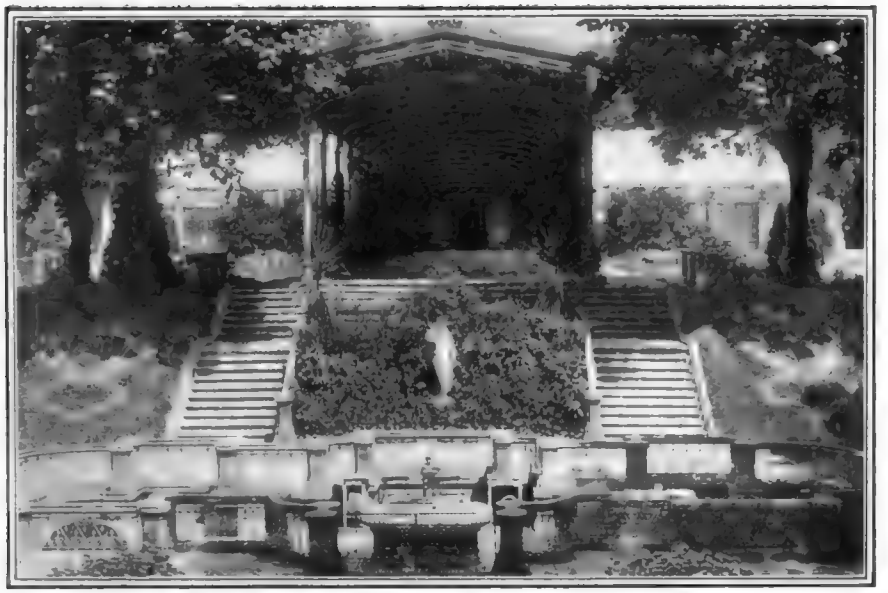

THE ELIZABETH SPRING AT HOMBURG, WHERE KING EDWARD IS A FREQUENT VISITOR.

The Millionaire's Hunt for Health

By S. M. WILLIAMS

EVERY summer an increased number of Americans go to the noted watering-places of Europe, where they are regarded as most welcome and most profitable visitors. The passion for work and the tremendous struggle for wealth seem to produce mysterious, unclassified diseases in the American millionaire. His physician, knowing that the first remedy is to check the business fever in the man's blood, gives some perfunctory prescription, and says: "You ought to go abroad. Why not try one of the cures?"

"Which one?" queries the patient; "and what and where are they?"

The physician recites the list—Aix-les-Bains, Homburg, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Karlsbad, Marienbad, St. Moritz, and a score more of less known places. A combination of symptoms and inclination settles the choice, and the patient goes aboard an ocean liner, pursued to the gang-plank by his business.

There is nothing new in this health pilgrimage. The ancient Romans frequented Baden-Baden; the Gauls went to Aix; the savage Goths drank the waters of Karlsbad, just as the Americans and the English do to-day.

The treatment at these resorts is simple and is practically the same at all. You get up early in the morning—between six and seven—you walk to a spring and sip glasses of more or less distasteful water as you slowly march up and down the promenade, while a band plays to awaken your drowsy spirits. Fifteen minutes' promenade for each glass is the rule. After two or three glasses you walk back to the hotel with an appetite for breakfast that is curbed by diet restrictions to certain queer kinds of bread, boiled eggs, cold ham, and coffee.

Two hours after breakfast the doctor calls. There are dozens of his kind at the more frequented resorts. He begins practice with a knowledge of broken English and his subsequent studies are largely devoted to the peculiarities, the vagaries, the eccentricities, and the imaginations of that strangest modern hybrid—the American millionaire. There

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is no language like the German to compound medical terms, and the patient is solemnly told in words of many syllables that he is afflicted with some unpronounceable disease that will require careful treatment.

After the particular spring for drinking-water is selected, the visitor and the doctor go to the bath-house. This building is invariably the most imposing in town, with stately façade and inviting entrance. Inside are long corridors—ladies to the right and gentlemen to the left — lined with dozens of little cell-like rooms, each containing a bath-tub, a couch, and a thermometer. At the door is a strong-armed masseur. There is much conferring between the doctor and this attendant, repeated testing of temperatures and mixtures of water in the tub.

The bathing-waters give a variety of sensations. Some bubble like champagne, some soothe, some tickle, some electrify, some enervate, some are insipidly tepid, but the climax is perhaps reached in the hot mud-baths. After the patient gets into his tub, the doctor waits outside the door, watch in hand, timing the immersion. Then the masseur gets to work with vigorous rubbing, still timed by the doctor. Finally the patient appears, dressed and refreshed. The doctor talks diplomatically on favorite symptoms, sympathizes a little, flatters a little more, and with a sweeping bow hands his victim into a carriage.

For six weeks this routine is supposed to be repeated daily, with trifling variations of temperatures, massage, and diet; and this constitutes what is known in every resort, regardless of country or language, as the "cure." Each place has its specialty—Aix for rheumatism, Homburg for gout, Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden for stomach troubles, Karlsbad for bad livers, Marienbad for fat, and St. Moritz for the convalescent after-cure.

Karlsbad is all down in a little ravine, a hot, stifling cavern in midsummer, crowded with the polyglot of the world. Brahmins from India, Jews and princes from Russia, yellow men from the Far East, royalty from Vienna, spectacled professors from Germany, pretty duchesses from Paris, society leaders from London, bankers from New York, iron kings from Pittsburgh—all these and hundreds more are mixed in an unrecognizable hash of humanity.

The narrow valley is just wide enough for a little spring-fed brook called the river Tepl and the one winding street of town. On

MARLIOZ SPRING, NEAR AIX-LES-BAINS, MUCH FREQUENTED BY PROMINENT AMERICANS.

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GOING TO THE BATHS AT AIX-LES-BAINS.

either side rise steep, wooded hills converted into forest parks and threaded with delightful drives. The main thoroughfare curves and twists, first on one side, then on the other, of the river. Squeezed along it are the hotels, pensions and lodging-houses, with breathing-space as scarce as in an east-side tenement of New York. Out in the roadway are the tables of the cafés, for the rooms under roof are too small to contain them. The street cuts in half the restaurant of the leading hotel, and waiters dodge across the pavement with mugs of beer and plates of *poulet en casserole*.

In this crowded, narrow gorge are the Karlsbad springs, more than a dozen of them in a radius of a stone's throw, all warm, varying in temperature from tepid to boiling, and each differing in its taste. Most of them ooze in a small, lazy flow from the rocky hillside and trickle away to the tiny river. The king of the springs is the Sprudel, the largest, hottest, and most active—a miniature geyser, coughing up spurts of boiling water and steam. Around the fountain basin stand pretty girl-attendants, cloaked in white rubber garments, holding drinking-cups on the end of long sticks to be filled with falling spray.

At the other end of the glass-covered promenade a band began playing at half-past six. It is seven now. Up and down with slow, measured pace walk the hundreds of early morning drinkers. Each has a china cup filled with hot salt water. Sip, sip, walk, walk, back and forth they go. Fat old women, short of breath; dissipated young men with bleared eyes; old roués yellow with disordered livers; queer Polish Jews in long cloaks and curled ringlets; gaily uniformed officers with clanking swords and clinking spurs and waists laced in corsets; society women from London and Paris showing signs of hasty dressing and no make-up; nervous Americans gulping the water and walking faster than anyone else—how they all work over the cure trying to atone in a few days for misspent years.

Near by is the Muhlbrunnen colonnade, an open piazza along the sidewalk of the main street, where other hundreds of drinkers are marching the same path to renewed health. At the smaller springs little groups of people gather, heedless of weather, regardless of public gaze.

Eight o'clock. The bands stop playing. The continentals march off to breakfast, their drinking-cups slung like haversacks

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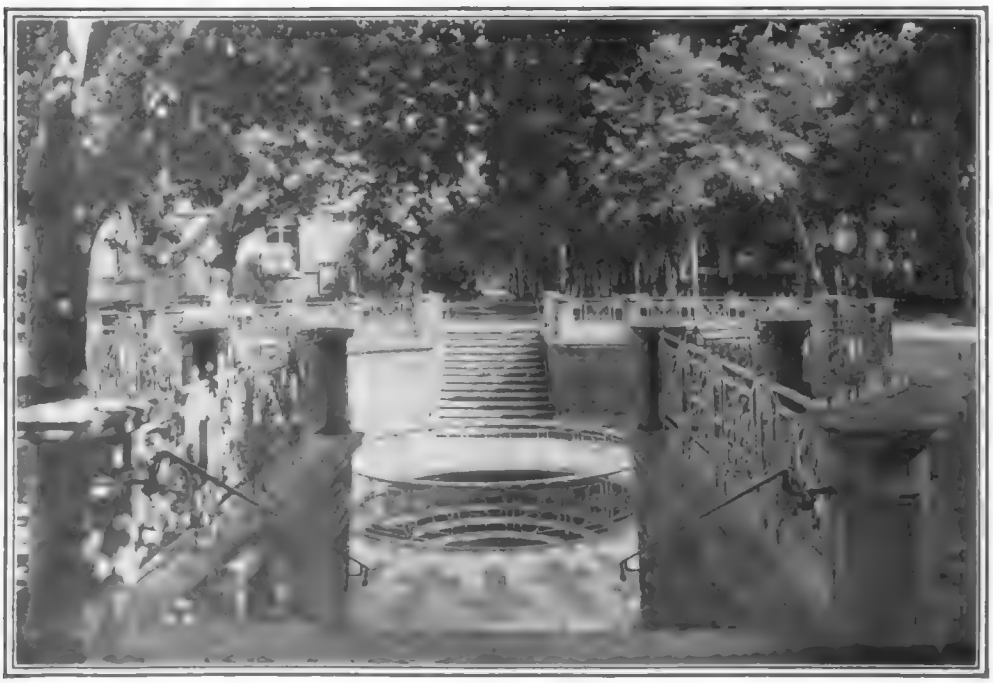
ST. MORITZ, THE HIGHEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE OF ALPINE RESORTS.



THE KAISER'S SPRING AT HOMBURG, CONNECTED WITH THE ELIZABETHAN SPRING BY A BROAD WALK THROUGH THE PARK.

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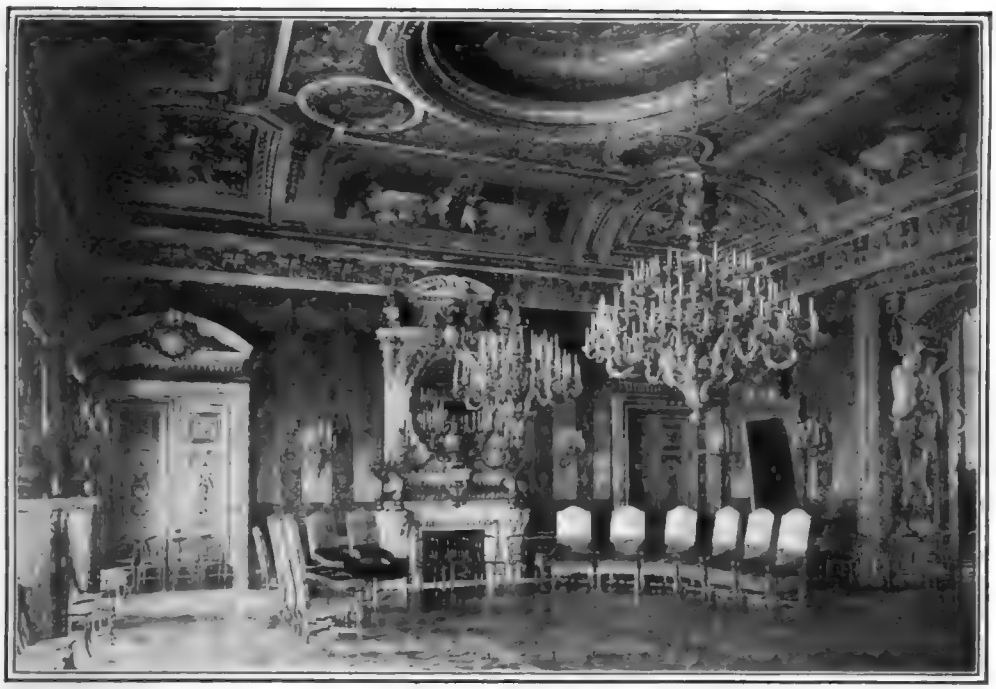

THE LOUIS XIV. SALON IN THE "CONVERSATIONHAUS" AT BADEN-BADEN.

KARLSBAD, THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL EUROPEAN WATERING-PLACES. THE SPRINGS VARY FROM LUKE-WARM TO BOILING.

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THE FAMOUS CELESTIN SPRING AT VICHY.

with long straps around the shoulders. Some go to hotels, some to pensions, but most to the open-air cafés that block the roadway.

All the best rooms are occupied by rich Americans, English of high social class, and Continental nobility. Few of them can be induced to get up at six o'clock. It is nine now. The gay little duchess from Paris in careless morning dress comes out of her hotel just in time to meet her American friend whose name figures so often in the society news of the capitals. Together they hasten to one of the deserted springs and quickly swallow their portion of water while discussing social plans for the day.

It is a long jump across Europe from Karlsbad in Bohemia to Aix-les-Bains in southeastern France. It is more than a mere change of country and climate; it is a transformation of peoples and customs. In the former gather all races and all classes. In the latter society and wealth maintain a more exclusive state, and fashion sets up a certain precedence over the cure.

Aix acquired exceptional fame in America a few years ago when the Northern Pacific stock-corner threw Wall Street into a brief panic. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the one man who could straighten things out, was reported to be in Aix. Its location was vague in the public mind and there ensued much questioning of travellers and searching of guide-books. Meanwhile the cables were crowded with messages to the king of finance and the little telegraph-office at the French end of the line never before knew such a rush of business.

Every year Mr. Morgan goes to Aix. The waters, the baths, and the air do him good. His pilgrimage has drawn many other financiers there, so that at certain seasons Aix fairly abounds with American millionaires. The town is proud of them, and some people call one of the streets the Avenue Morgan.

Nowhere does the sun seem to shine more brightly than on this valley of the Savoy mountains. The skies above take on a brilliant blue that finds reflection in the clear waters of the little lake. The warm days of midsummer are tempered by the breezes that come over the mountains. On every side wild flowers bloom in profuse beauty. Nature was in her most generous mood when she made Aix.

Early in the spring the advance guard of American and English visitors arrive. The

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first comers usually are regular patrons limping with rheumatism and gout. No gayety nor social dissipation for them. They drink the water, try innumerable baths, and practise the prescriptions of the cure with Spartan severity. But as summer approaches Aix takes on a different aspect. The butterflies of fashion flit from Paris, titled Russians migrate from St. Petersburg, heavy swells move over from London, and rich New Yorkers pour in by ocean liners. The hotels fill to their roofs and the pretty villas on the hillsides are all taken. The baccarat-tables in the Casino are crowded with players. The orchestra renders most entrancing music. Women in gorgeous gowns are on every side. Some of them have titles and some of them have pasts. Some of them, both. In the theatre there is amusing comedy or tuneful opera. At the Cercle des Fleurs there are gay dinner-parties. In the daytime the smooth Roman roads are thronged with carriages, coaches, and automobiles.

Truly Aix, though a health-resort, is not a gloomy hospital, yet all the time there is the pleasant little make-believe that this gayety is part of the cure. It is almost a joy to be ill for such a course of treatment. Expensive? It is bad form to question cost in Aix. A gouty old Englishman might growl over charges, but an American millionaire, never! You may complain of losses at the Casino gaming-tables or at bridge, but not a word of the bills that seem to be multiplication-tables instead of simple addition. We all try to appear millionaires in Europe, so at Aix are content to endure the rapacity of natives for the sake of our American vanity and the bounteous joys that Nature has scattered in the mountains of Savoy.

Some three centuries ago Monsieur de Montaigne, a gentleman of France who had lived well and suffered thereby, finding no relief in the cures of his own country, visited the watering-places of southern Germany. In a curiously written journal of his travels he told the gay world of Paris of some now famous springs. The place that pleased our literary traveller most was Baden-Baden, concerning which the journal says:

"The practice of bathing here is of high antiquity and is remarked by Tacitus who searched to the utmost to find the chief spring, but could get no knowledge thereof, but apparently the springs rise from great depth below the level even of the river. The water is less clear than those of other springs

THE TRINKHALLE AT BADEN-BADEN.

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THE "CONVERSATIONHAUS," FORMERLY THE CASINO, AT BADEN-BADEN.

THE THEATRE SQUARE IN WIESBADEN, THE LARGEST RESORT IN GERMANY.

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we have seen, and when drawn from the springs, shows certain minute fibres. The people of the country, who stay all day in the bath playing and drinking, stand only up to the middle in water, but M. de Montaigne lay full length and was covered to the neck. Ladies who are fain to take their bath with daintiness and decency can repair to Baden with confidence, for they will be alone in the bath which is like an elegant cabinet, light, with glazed windows, painted panelling and clean flooring. Everywhere are chairs and small tables for reading or gaming while in the bath."

Throughout the Middle Ages and down to recent times, Baden was the most noted place in Europe for its curative waters and for its gambling. What Montaigne saw was but a continuation of what had been going on since the days of the Roman Empire. The waters still attract hundreds of visitors, but the gambling no longer flourishes. With the formation of the German Empire, thirty years ago, it was forever abolished. Until that time Baden was the Monte Carlo of Europe. There M. Blanc had erected a palatial Casino, on which every art of decoration and luxurious furnishing was lavished. There the play ran recklessly high. Money poured over the tables. Large sums were expended in making the town and its environs the most beautiful of resorts. Nature gave richly of forests, mountains, valleys, and climate. Royalty erected castles, authorities made parks, roads, and paths, hotel-keepers provided everything that man could desire for comfortable living.

To-day all these luxuries remain save the gambling-tables. The gorgeous Casino is now merely the Conversationshaus where visitors freely wander to read, gossip, and listen to music. Only the click of the little ball in the roulette-wheel and the cry of the croupier are silent.

In the excellent hotels are to be found during the summer season many American visitors. Baden is a favorite resort for Germans who have made their fortunes in America and have returned to enjoy the luxuries of a fatherland that was unkind to them. There they can live as well as kings. What could be more royal eating than the Rhine salmon, the mountain trout, or the Black Forest venison that Baden offers to epicures? Many Parisians have followed Montaigne to this charming resort, and enliven the heavy German atmosphere with their gayety. The gambling may have gone, but Baden still remains one of the charming spots of earth.

The star patient of the Homburg cure is King Edward of England. For many years, with only occasional exceptions, he has visited the little German town and made it one of the most fashionable of midsummer society resorts. Near by is the castle of Cronberg, favorite resort of Kaisers, and there the King's sister, the Empress Frederick, died a few years ago. The nearest city is Frankfort-on-Main, and a little farther away is Wiesbaden and the beautiful valley of the Rhine.

The adjournment of the English Parliament in July marks the beginning of the Homburg season. Earnest seekers after health have been there weeks earlier, but people with society ills time their arrival with the appearance of royalty and fashion's leaders from London and New York. On rare occasions the German Kaiser comes too, and the old fortress-like *schloss* with its ancient towers and battlements, that stands in the centre of the town, is prepared for his occupancy.

In the public park are half a dozen small, bubbling springs, each differing in taste and analysis. Around them are beautiful flowers, grassy lawns, shaded promenades, and odd little buildings for shops and shelter. Very early in the morning, when the sun is shining with quickening brightness and thousands of birds are singing, as only German songsters can, the drowsy guests of the hotels and villas hear the music of a band mingling with that of the birds in the park. It is the signal to arise and hastily dress. Before seven o'clock the park pathways are filled with people on their way to the springs. In the vanguard in days past was the King, accompanied by a single equerry. Russian grand dukes, British peers, German barons, rich New Yorkers, society queens, stout dowagers, dainty débutantes, and all sorts and conditions of the upper classes soon assemble. The Elizabeth spring is the favorite. Here the band plays and the promenades are broadest and coolest. King and commoner alike hand their glasses to the sturdy peasant-girls to be filled. Here is true democracy, all distinctions and barriers levelled save perfect politeness and well-bred courtesy.

Glass in hand, the promenading and sipping of water begin just as at every other cure. The music of the band, the exercise, the meeting of friends, soon awaken the people to animation. The men pick up the

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London and Paris papers from the news-stand. The King buys a rose from the pretty black-eyed flower-girl who looks like a Spanish beauty. The ladies discuss social plans for the day. It is all so picturesque, so free from stilted form, so foreign to the preciseness and cares of city life, that this early morning hour is one of the most charming of the day. At eight o'clock the concert ends. Already there has been a scattering, and now the last of the drinkers disappears for breakfast.

Until luncheon-time society is not in evidence. It is closeted with its doctors, its baths, its masseurs, its correspondence, and its details of toilet. It straggles in for luncheon any time between twelve-thirty and three, finished for the day with the cure and ready now for the social gayeties of the afternoon and evening. There are beautiful drives in the forests for the indolent; shaded walks and nooks in the park for seekers after seclusion; fast tennis-courts and slow golf-links for the athletic, and picturesque excursions to castles, old ruins, and neighboring resorts for those who would see sights.

Late in the afternoon the Kurhaus orchestra gives a concert in the gardens. How one lives on music in Germany; not coon-songs and rag-time, but the beauties of the great composers, the sonorous harmonies of Wagner, the weird rhapsodies of Liszt, the fantastic dances of Chopin, the exquisite symphonies of Beethoven, and the melodies of many masters. All these orchestras of German water-cures play with studious care and excellence. Laughter or loud talking, even out-of-doors, is rebuked by low hisses and frowning looks. The same respect for music that Metropolitan managers try to enforce with locked doors and strict regulations is the voluntary daily practice of these German resorts. Thus on warm summer afternoons you sit on the terrace of the Kurhaus, sipping your Pilsner or your English tea, dreaming in idle luxury under the spell of the music and the beauty of the scene.

Inside the building are the decayed remnants of what was once a gilded gaming-palace. Lofty rooms with decorated ceilings, mirrors set in golden frames, floors polished to slippery perfection, banqueting halls that once accommodated hundreds of guests and long marble corridors that in former days were filled with gay promenaders. Now not a card is turned nor a roulette-wheel spun. Drowsy readers nod over the papers from many parts of the world in rooms where gold coins used to clink over tables, and an occasional new-comer wanders through the deserted corridors.

At night the scene changes. The open-air restaurants of the hotels are crowded with finely gowned women and correctly dressed men. The Kurhaus terrace is the favorite, for its cooking is good and its surroundings charming. That corner-table at which the King often dines has been reserved these many days in advance. As the silence of the cigar and the slow sipping of the coffee comes, the orchestra begins its evening concert in the gardens. The illuminated fountains play in kaleidoscopic colors, the trees and the flower-beds glow with myriads of little lamps in festoons, and a search-light brings into relief distant towers and castles against the background of night. Every evening is a fête of music and beauty and good eating and drinking. In one hotel the New York matron is giving a dinner; in another the English countess receives the guests of her fancy-dress ball; on the balconies of villas people lie back and look at the stars. Rheumatism, gout and all kindred ills are forgotten in the pleasures of life. Morning brings the pains and renewed penance at the springs and the baths.

When life at these resorts has begun to grow monotonous and their waters have toned down bodily disorders, the health-seekers sigh for a change of climate and scene. The diplomatic doctor or the suave hotel proprietor has a suggestion: "Why not try the after-cure at St. Moritz? The mountain air is just what you need to tone you up." The alliances of European health-resort physicians and of hotel-keepers are perfect unions. The American visitor with money is passed on from one to another so smoothly that he does not realize how easily he is being handled. His likes, dislikes, and means are well known in advance, and he sometimes innocently marvels at the supposed cleverness in filling his wants before the asking. But, rest assured, it will all be charged in the bill.

St. Moritz is the loftiest of Alpine resorts. There is an old-time joke that it is the highest place in Europe, in prices as well as in altitude. Until last year it was accessible only by a long stage-journey over the Julier Pass. Everything and everybody had to be hauled two days' journey up the mountains; even the daily bread, for Nature has given St. Moritz only two things—scenery and air.

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But what grand air it is, clear, pure, invigorating, and so rare that for the first few days you feel a buzzing pressure in the head. But that passes away and there comes the passionate desire to breathe it into your lungs in deep draughts and to hold it there like a precious gift.

The completion of the railway from Chur to St. Moritz has opened up the wonderful Engadine valley to easy access of tourists. The two days' trip in diligence has been shortened to a four hours' ride over one of the most picturesque routes in the world, twisting through deep gorges and tunnelling under lofty mountains until it finally attains that Alpine paradise of which St. Moritz is the centre, 6,000 feet above the sea level.

Here, flanked by snow-capped mountains, is a long, narrow valley, seldom attaining the width of a mile, through which flows a little stream continually widening out into ponds that the natives call lakes. Dotted along in a row between the lakes are tiny villages that stretch up and down the valley until hidden by its distant windings. At the southern extremity is Maloja, where all the world seems to come to an end, until you peer over the precipice and see away down, thousands of feet below, the beginning of a lower earth, another land where there is life instead of bare rocks and warm verdure instead of eternal snow. It is the beginning of Italy, and the road that can be faintly seen like a twisting thread leads to beautiful Lake Como.

But up here in the lofty mountains the industrious Swiss have built great hotels, made perfect roads, and supplied many luxuries for visitors. Around the little lake at St. Moritz are a dozen excellent hotels, not built like the flimsy structures of an American seaside resort, but solidly with stone and cement to last many a generation. The summer season is short—a scant two months—when the temperature is mild. But even in August snow sometimes falls in the valley at night. The sun is the life of St. Moritz. The moment it appears over the mountain-tops it assails the frost and the cold of night like a devouring flame. It sends the mercury in the thermometer chasing up the tube twenty degrees in an hour. Where there had been snow at midnight, ladies in lawn dresses and men in cool flannels are lounging about at noonday. Then late in the afternoon comes another change. The life-giving sun drops behind a mountain peak. Instantly a chill shivers through the valley and it is winter again.

There are springs at St. Moritz and baths, but they are not patronized with the regularity of lowland resorts. The air is a better cure than the water. Mountain climbing is more beneficial to the muscles than massage. Long drives through the valley, excursions to glaciers and diligence-journeys over the passes take the place of doctors. Out-door life is the cure of St. Moritz.

With the first approach of autumn the visitors fly down the mountains. September brings chilly, disagreeable days, but when the snows of winter have fallen deep and the little lakes have frozen over with ice another season begins at this lofty resort. It all seems so inconsistent, but medical science gives the order and up the mountains come scores of invalids—not the gouty and the rheumatic of midsummer, but the delicate sufferers from consumption and those whose weak lungs cause them to live in perpetual fear of the dread disease. The hotels open their storm-doors and receive the new visitors in cosy, steam-heated rooms. The huge glass-enclosed piazzas radiate with the glistening reflection of the sun on the snow outside. The wind sweeps the frozen lake clean and the more hardy invalids have merry times skating. Again the sun is life. At mid-day it shines so warmly in wind-sheltered spots that no outer wraps are necessary, and the inconsistency of men skating in shirt-sleeves is often seen. The toboggan-slide is the most famous in Europe. The winter days are more filled with gay enjoyment than those of the summer season. The wonderful air, so clear and dry, goes steadily on working its cures free of charge until the damp days of spring, with melting snow, drive away the last of winter visitors and St. Moritz waits for its midsummer crush.

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Supreme Moments at National Conventions

By EDWARD G. RIGGS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Edward G. Riggs has a national reputation as a writer on politics. He is the political editor of the *New York Sun*, and has attended every National Convention of the two parties for the past twenty-five years,

SOMETIMES one seems to hear the cheers of other years as one recalls the dramatic clashes of national political conventions. The exciting scenes of the thousands who participated, the howls of approval, the roars of anger, and the thunder-bursts of applause come vividly back to the memory. Many of the directing forces in those scenes have gone, while others are enfeebled by age, and still others have been borne down by the discipline of that most brutal of all sciences, politics. What did the scenes amount to after all? And what great purpose in American politics did they serve? There is but one explanation—they gratified the all-pervading hunger of the Anglo-Saxon for distinction and power, blended with that most unholy of all passions, vengeance.

Never was there more substantial warrant for this conclusion than the events that occurred in the Republican National Convention at Chicago early in June, 1880: James G. Blaine and Roscoe Conkling, of New York, were the Titans of the situation. Associated for years at Washington, these dominant political intellects and masterfully ambitious men were never in accord. Blaine by inference and insinuation had questioned Conkling's personal integrity. Moreover, he had held Conkling up to public scorn and ridicule in the famous turkey-gobbler speech. The New Yorker, opinionated almost to the last degree of insolence and arrogance, went up in the air, as the saying is, at the mention of Blaine's name. Blaine had influenced President Hayes and John Sherman, his Secretary of the Treasury, to turn out of his place as Collector of the Port of New York Chester A. Arthur, who for years had been Conkling's chieftain of the Republican Party in New York City; furthermore, Arthur had been turned adrift with a taint on his officiai name. The Hayes-Sherman-Blaine combination in Washington had also tumbled out scores more of Conkling's men from their lucrative and powerful federal places in New York State and elsewhere. In a word, Blaine, a candidate for the presidency during the Hayes administration, had used the Hayes administration machine in an effort to smash Conkling and to utterly wreck his machine in New York State.

But John Sherman was himself a candidate to succeed President Hayes. Both were Ohio men, and only those experienced in national affairs can even remotely understand and appreciate the political consanguinity of the Republican sons of the Buckeye State. Hayes was quite agreeable to the plan adopted by his Secretary of the Treasury, to wit, that Blaine, of Maine, should be used to damage Conkling, of New York—calculating that in the *mêlée*, Sherman, of Ohio, would run off with the prize.

CONKLING'S TACTICS

Thus the battle-lines were drawn. Conkling was convinced that in the great struggle at hand between himself and Blaine both would be either utterly crushed, or at best the result would be but a drawn battle. With this conception of the situation he decided in February, 1880, to force the Republican State Convention which assembled at Utica to adopt resolutions instructing the New York State delegation to the National Convention for Ulysses S. Grant, who had been twice President of the United States, and had just returned from his triumphal tour around the world.

The flower of the Republicans in those days were delegates to the National Convention. Men who became Presidents of the United States, Governors of States, United States Senators, Cabinet Ministers, foreign ambassadors, and ministers were there as delegates. Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, was both temporary and permanent chairman. From the first hour the convention assembled, the fight be-

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gan between Conkling for Grant and Hale for Blaine. Conkling's tactics were for delay, and Hale's for quick action. Conkling, though, was far the better tactician and the more masterful spirit. Whereas he held his forces in the hollow of his hand, as it were, Hale and his lieutenants were forced to resort to all sorts of tactics, cajoleries, and promises to keep their men in line.

Few have ever forgotten the cyclone of cheers that burst over the convention as Conkling, tall, majestic, imperious in his bearing, strode upon the platform and faced that great audience of 20,000 souls. It was a convention of fighters that loved a fighter. It was fifteen minutes before he could be heard. The mighty thunder of those 20,000 throats, from friend and foe, rolled and crashed and rumbled on. At length Conkling, swinging his arms above him, brought them down, down, down, by graceful moves as if to soothe the tempest. He did this a dozen times. There was silence at last. In a voice broken by four days of battle in committee-rooms and on the floor of the convention, yet sonorous in its very hoarseness, he began his speech by declaiming:

> And when asked what State he hails from, our sole reply shall be,
> He hails from Appomattox, and its famous apple-tree.

No scene in any National Convention of either party since has rivalled that which greeted Conkling's use of Miles O'Reilly's famous lines. Even now, after twenty-four years, it is joyously and triumphantly recalled by men who then harbored dislike of the New York Senator. It was half an hour before he could proceed, and through it all the multitude cheered and roared interruptions.

GARFIELD NOMINATED

Conkling's dramatic effort was followed by James A. Garfield, the leader of the Sherman forces, who, in a most impressive oration, put Ohio's favorite son before the convention. The other nominating speeches got but perfunctory attention, for all knew the real contest was between Blaine and Conkling and that only by balloting could victory be determined. For thirty-three ballots the result was in doubt. On the thirty-fourth there began a break to Garfield and on the thirty-sixth the man who had been entrusted with the candidacy of Sherman was himself nominated.

Fearful that the harmony of the Republican Party had been seriously injured by the Blaine-Conkling feud, Garfield and his friends insisted that Chester A. Arthur, Conkling's lieutenant, should be held as a hostage for the electoral vote of New York State, and Arthur was nominated for Vice-President.

Little of sensational interest characterizes the Democratic Convention which assembled at Cincinnati three weeks later, when General Hancock was nominated amid the waving of the standards of the States and the singing of war melodies.

ARTHUR ANTAGONIZES CONKLING

Early in June, 1884, the Republican National Convention assembled at Chicago. Garfield had died by an assassin's bullet. Arthur, who had served all but six months of Garfield's term, was a candidate for the nomination, but as President he had quarrelled with Conkling and Platt and all the anti-Blaine men of the convention of 1880.

From the hour of Garfield's election four years before no one exercised a stronger influence over him than Blaine, whom he had made Secretary of State. The Maine statesman proceeded at once with a plot to break down the State machine in New York by appointing to office several of Conkling's bitterest enemies. The dramatic resignations of Platt and Conkling followed; Garfield died; but instead of Arthur rallying to his old chief's support in New York, he chose to regard himself as Garfield's political legatee, and as such bound to carry out his predecessor's policy in the distribution of the Federal patronage. This decision bitterly disappointed Platt and Conkling, who transferred their hatred of Blaine to the new President. The Republican organization was rent with dissensions, and Arthur's candidate for Governor was disastrously defeated by the Democrat, Grover Cleveland.

That was the situation on the eve of the National Convention of 1884, when Platt walked into Conkling's office, at Wall Street and Broadway, and said: "Senator, I am going to Chicago for Blaine." Conkling looked up and grimly replied: "Well, Senator, in doing that you can do more than I can." Platt then announced that he had determined to work for the nomination of Blaine as a punishment for Arthur.

It was in that convention that President Theodore Roosevelt became a national figure.

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He was a Republican Assemblyman for the old Twenty-first New York City Assembly District at the time, and was first delegate at large and spokesman for the New York delegation. Platt was a district delegate from Tioga County. Roosevelt favored the nomination of George F. Edmunds, and it was in this convention that he first met William McKinley, Jr., Marcus A. Hanna, and Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio, all of whom worked for the nomination of John Sherman, just as the ill-fated Garfield had four years before. Roosevelt was twenty-six years old, Hanna forty-six, and Platt fifty-one. Platt easily demonstrated that he was a far better political captain for Blaine than Hale had proved to be four years before.

Judge William H. West, of Ohio, made the nomination speech for Blaine, but the name of the Maine statesman was received with nothing like the applause which had greeted it four years before. The climax and the dramatic outburst of the Grant-Blaine convention were wanting. For that matter, many in the convention were inclined to the opinion that Martin I. Townsend, of New York, in his nomination speech for Arthur, awoke the unbridled sentiments of the convention. It was in the air that Arthur was receiving rather shabby treatment at the hands of Republicans, who should have thought more of their party's principles than the pap of patronage. "I am an old man," proclaimed Mr. Townsend, "and the people when we go back to our homes will say: 'What means this?' Mr. Arthur has had everybody's commendation. The politicians met at Chicago, and were compelled by the force of public opinion, by what we thought, to give an unqualified commendation of the administration of Chester A. Arthur; and yet he was not renominated." Profound silence was over the vast convention. Mr. Townsend, eagle-eyed and bushy-browed, peered into the eyes of the thousands confronting him. He perceived that the great audience was with him, and in stentorian tones he proclaimed:

"Our constituents will look to us. In the days of James II., that king got into difficulty with the bishops. He imprisoned all the leading bishops in England. Among them was Trelawney from Cornwall, Bishop of Bristol. The Cornishmen were very much excited because their friend was in jail; and a distich was sent out, the burden of which was this:

"And shall Trelawney die? and shall Trelawney die?
Then thirty thousand Cornishmen will know the reason why."

And in this case, strike down Mr. Arthur, and not 30,000 Republicans, but thirty times 30,000 will know the reason why.

If a roll-call of States could have been had at this juncture, Arthur might have been selected. The nominating speeches for John Sherman and Edmunds followed, and on the fourth ballot Blaine was nominated, the vote for him being 541; for Arthur, 207; for Edmunds, 41.

CLEVELAND'S FIRST NOMINATION

Just a month later, in the same city, the Democratic National Convention nominated Governor Grover Cleveland, of New York. Cleveland had been elected Governor because of Republican dissension, and he won the Presidency because of the fierce factional disturbances in the Republican ranks which were first manifested in the Grant-Blaine-Garfield convention of 1880. Cleveland himself was by no means popular with a majority of the politicians of his party. Brusk of demeanor, notoriously honest and fearless, he no more feared Tammany Hall than he did a cat in a cage. The people respected Cleveland's characteristics, and men of discernment like William C. Whitney, Daniel Manning, John A. McCall, and several others in that category, pronounced Cleveland to be the man who could defeat Blaine. Tammany Hall, however, went into that convention determined to beat his nomination. The New York delegation had been instructed not for Cleveland, but to vote as a unit for the candidate of the majority when the delegation reached Chicago. The majority favored Cleveland, and there was no recourse but for Tammany to attempt to break the unit-rule which bound them in fetters and from which they could not escape. To accomplish this Tammany put forward William Bourke Cockran and Thomas Francis Grady as its prize orators to storm the sympathies of the convention. Cockran and Grady pleaded with the convention to absolve the New York State delegation from obeying the unit-rule, and John R. Fellows, of the New York County Democracy, was put forward to reply to them. Here were three of the most brilliant young Democratic orators the Democratic Party has known from the foundation of the Government, all then in the strength of early manhood. Fellows's argument for the preservation of a State's autonomy won, and Cleveland's nomination was the result. General Edward

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S. Bragg, of Wisconsin, took part in the oratorical combat against Cockran and Grady, and paid his respects to Cleveland's enemies in the convention.

"We love him, not only for the friends, but for the enemies he has made," General Bragg proclaimed, and after the cheers which followed this utterance were stilled, a piping voice in the gallery called:

"Let 'em have a little more grape, Captain Bragg."

This shook from cellar to roof the rookery in which the convention was held. Women with waving parasols, men with umbrellas and canes, all shrieked and chanted for Cleveland.

The distressing bitterness of the campaign of 1884 is still remembered. Garfield's death, Blaine's defeat, Conkling's retirement, to be followed shortly by Arthur's death, and still later by Conkling's death, were only a few of the tragedies which are associated with that terrible convention fight for Grant and Blaine in 1880.

THE GREAT BANDANNA EPISODE

Cleveland's renomination at St. Louis early in June, 1888, was assured, though many were sceptical as to his re-election. His tariff policy, announced almost on the eve of the Presidential campaign, left little time in which to educate the Democratic Party up to that issue. Besides, the President had been severely criticised in other directions. The campaign of 1884 had developed the independent voter in national politics, and Mr. Cleveland during his administration had recognized in substantial fashion what is facetiously spoken of as the Mugwump in politics. This course had estranged the old moss-back Democrats, and it became necessary at St. Louis to bring to the front a candidate for Vice-President who would keep this wing of the Democratic Party in line. When the name of Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, was presented to the convention as its candidate for Vice-President, instantly thousands upon thousands of bandanna handkerchiefs were in the air, on the floor, and in the galleries, until over all the convention a canopy of bandannas waved and swelled, as 15,000 voices gave joyous plaudits to the Old Roman of the Democratic Party. Mr. Thurman had been known for a generation and more by the title of the "Old Roman," because of his unflinching support of all Democratic policies, and as a remembrance of the old snuff-taking days in the United States Senate, he never used other than a bandanna handkerchief. He was near the eighty-year line at the time of his nomination, but John W. Daniel, in his speech in the convention, bestowed this laurel-leaf on the Old Roman:

> Age may o'er his brow be flung,
> But his heart, his heart is ever young.

THE NOMINATION OF HARRISON

Within three weeks the Republicans assembled at Chicago to name their national ticket. A great air of confidence was observable among the delegates. Many Republicans believed that Blaine had won in 1884, just as many Democrats believed that Tilden had triumphed in 1876. The Blaine adherents wanted him nominated in 1888, but Mr. Blaine in Scotland cabled a quietus to the movement. In personal conversation he had said: "I brought my party to defeat once, and I shall not jeopardize its success a second time." At no convention in the history of the Republican Party were so many big men named as candidates. They included Alger, Allison, Blaine, Depew, Fitler, Gresham, Harrison, Hawley, Ingalls, Lincoln, McKinley, Phelps, Rusk, and Sherman. Roosevelt was not a delegate to the convention. He had taken no active part in the campaign of 1884, having retired to his Western ranch. McKinley was chairman of the Committee on Platform, as he had been in the convention of 1884. Sherman, Gresham, Depew, and Alger led on the first ballot, and on that ballot McKinley got two votes. Few gave attention to the incident, but the experienced well knew that beneath the surface there was a violent antagonism to the nomination of John Sherman. Those two votes for McKinley represented the nucleus of the opposition. Sherman had started with 229 votes of the 831 delegates to the convention, making 416 necessary to a choice. On the second ballot his vote was 249 and McKinley's three; and on the third the crumbling of Sherman's strength began and McKinley's vote was increased to eight. These tactics were identical with those used in the convention of 1880 to destroy Grant and Blaine and to upbuild Garfield.

Before the regular roll-call of States the following morning, Connecticut announced that it desired to change its ballot of the day be-

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fore and give one vote for William McKinley, Jr., of Ohio. In a minute McKinley was standing on his cheap kitchen-chair in the Ohio delegation. It was one of the great moments in his life, and he realized it as he addressed the convention thus:

"I am here as one of the chosen representatives of my State. I am here by resolution of the Republican State Convention of Ohio, commanding me to vote for John Sherman, and to use every worthy endeavor to accomplish his nomination. I accepted the trust because my heart and my judgment approved of the letter and the spirit and the purpose of that resolution. Some of the delegates in this convention have been pleased to give me their votes. I am not insensible of the honor which they would do me, or of the confidence which their action implies, but I cannot with honor longer remain silent. I cannot, gentlemen of this convention, consistently, with the credit of the State whose credentials I bear and which has trusted me—I cannot consistently with honorable fidelity to John Sherman, who has trusted me in his cause with his confidence; and, above all, I cannot, with my sense of personal integrity, permit my name to be used in this convention. I would not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to say, to do, or to permit anyone else to say or do that which would give currency even to a suspicion that I was disloyal to the State which I love, or wavered in my devotion to the chief of her choice and to the chief of mine. I do request, gentlemen of this convention, aye, I demand that no delegate in this convention who does not want to cast reflection upon me, shall cast a further ballot for me."

Mr. McKinley's manly bearing and the perfect loyalty of his sentiments brought forth rolling cheers. On the eighth ballot Harrison was nominated by the vote of 544 delegates —his two closest neighbors being Sherman, 118, and Alger, 100.

THE GREAT ANTI-HARRISON FIGHT

In the great fight at Minneapolis four years later, which ended with the renomination of Harrison, Blaine was again the antagonistic factor. Appointed Secretary of State by Harrison, he was soon at variance with his chief, and in sympathy with the rebellious swellings within the party at the President's cold conservatism. Among the malcontents were such men as Quay, Platt, of New York, Wolcott, and General Clarkson, who had informed Harrison in the spring of 1892 that he could not be nominated—or, if nominated, elected. At this juncture, the President brought over his friend, John C. New, Consul-General at London, and one of the most adroit Republican politicians of Indiana, to manage his campaign. Though retaining his place in the Cabinet, Blaine in the meantime announced himself as a candidate for the office, and New, hurrying to Minneapolis, found the Maine man's friends and the other adversaries of Harrison in control of the National Committee. The fight that followed was titanic. How New, by incessant labor, and by methods at which he was a master-genius, captured control of the National Committee, and made a Harrison machine of the highest tensile strength, is a matter of history. It was a great convention, and the friends and enemies of the candidates were wrought to a tremendous pitch of excitement.

A WOMAN SWAYS THE CONVENTION

On the third day of the convention's work, the day before nominations were to be made, Blaine resigned as Secretary of State. His retention of the place had greatly embarrassed his friends at Minneapolis, and was a source of infinite weakness in his opposition to the President. Wolcott nominated Blaine, and William H. Eustis, of Minnesota, seconded the nomination. New had adopted the policy, "Gentlemen of the Guard fire first," believing that he had the delegates securely nailed to their seats for his candidate and he wanted the Blaine enthusiasm to spend its force before Harrison was put in nomination by Chauncey M. Depew, whom the President had by telegraph offered to appoint Secretary of State in Blaine's place.

At the conclusion of Eustis's speech, there was a tremendous outburst of applause in the galleries; and it was at this point that the famous effort to stampede the convention for Blaine occurred. The leader in a scene which lasted thirty minutes was Mrs. Carson Lake, of New York City, the wife of a newspaper correspondent and a personal confidante of the Maine statesman. Mrs. Lake had a seat in the gallery just in the rear of the speakers' platform from which Wolcott and Eustis had spoken. She was in full view of an audience of 12,000, when she rose and threw open a white-silk parasol. She raised and lowered the open parasol with rhythmical precision.

She wore a light brown dress, slightly trimmed with black, the bodice covered with brown lace. Her fashionable hat of black straw was decorated with yellow flowers. She was a small woman, but all the lines of her figure were mature and well rounded.

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Her tight sleeves, reaching to the elbow and finished by a long brown lace-leaf, revealed a plump and shapely arm. Her face was a perfect oval, her eyes were large and luminous and her mouth was a Cupid's bow. She was brown-haired and brown-eyed. She made her parasol more eloquent than any speaker's voice had been, and more powerful than the chairman's gavel. With laughter in her eyes, but with her mouth firmly closed and steadfast determination in her manner, she kept on urging the people to their feet and to the utmost endeavors of their lungs.

A POLITICAL JOAN OF ARC

Never, in this country has a woman so completely mastered 12,000 persons at one gathering. She led that multitude as a bandmaster leads an orchestra, up and down with her parasol, always urged smartly on its upward course, and never failing to increase the vehemence of the noises of the now wildly excited crowds. All the people in the hall except the few who were on the platform stood upon their feet. These had their backs to her and could resist her influence. Mrs. Lake mounted a chair and her lips were seen to move. She was calling the name of Blaine at regular intervals in unison with the crowd. It is fair to presume that she was carried away by the very excitement she created.

Fifteen minutes of veritable pandemonium had passed, with the cheering growing heavier and wilder every moment, with hats, umbrellas, parasols, handkerchiefs, and even coats cleaving the noisy air. Then a man came to Mrs. Lake, bringing her a large flag fastened to a pole. She dropped the parasol and waved the flag. Standing there apparently calm amid the wild frenzy and uproar, she seemed a political Joan d'Arc summoning war and victory. The cheering changed to the old campaign chant of "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine," but long before this the enthusiasm had become perfunctory—an effort against time; and it was largely gallantry that dictated it. The band tried to play, but could not make itself heard. McKinley, chairman of the convention, took his gavel and hammered until it seemed as though he must split his desk. He was commanding silence. Instead of that he got redoubled pandemonium. The vast crowd determined to yell down the sound of his hammering.

Mr. Lake kept beckoning toward where his wife stood, as if to ask her to come to the platform. Mrs. Lake, thinking herself the object of his motions, left her place and began to wriggle and push her way through the crowd. Mr. Lake made equal progress to stop her half-way. He reached her and sent her back. That ended the scene. There were hisses, but at last the crowd grew tired of fighting McKinley down with noise, and presently order was restored. The uproar had lasted thirty minutes.

Through all the pandemonium a great majority of the delegates sat grim and determined. They were there under the direction of New to vote for Harrison's renomination, and had demonstrated that they could not be stampeded for Blaine. Harrison was renominated on the very first ballot by receiving the vote of 535 of the delegates, the vote for Blaine being 182½, and for McKinley, 182.

Mr. Cleveland had no more than welcomed President Harrison to the White House on that sleety day in March, 1889, before Mr. Whitney, William R. Grace, and dozens more of the Cleveland Old Guard, determined that he should be renominated in 1892. The renomination was more easily planned than executed, however. William C. Whitney directed the ex-President's campaign, but against him were Gorman, Hill, and other strong Democrats whom Cleveland had antagonized. The New York State delegation was pledged to vote as a unit for David B. Hill for President, so Whitney was forced to go to New Jersey to find a delegate to present Mr. Cleveland's name to the convention. The country seemed to want Cleveland, however, and when Whitney at last secured the pledge of the Indiana delegation he hastily dictated a despatch to Cleveland at Buzzard's Bay reading:

"The Indiana delegation has just promised to vote for you. This is the first break up. You will be nominated on the first ballot."

BOURKE COCKRAN'S GREAT SPEECH

Mr. Whitney's prediction came true, but it was not accomplished without further opposition and without a rancorous dispute over the nomination for Vice-President, which is still a subject for burning and unsettled argument. At the second day's session of the convention, nominations for President were made. Governor Abbett, of New Jersey, presented Cleveland's name, and William C. De Witt, of Brooklyn, was chief spokesman for

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Hill. A dozen orators followed, and spoke either for or against Cleveland and Hill. The delegates and audience were utterly fatigued and restless, and displayed annoyance over the delay in getting to a vote. The convention had been in session many weary hours, from early in the afternoon until two o'clock the following morning, when the dramatic episode of the entire week took place. William Bourke Cockran had been selected to make the last effort to break the Cleveland forces. "It is now five minutes of two," he said, in addressing the convention, "I am worn out physically, and I think the convention is worn out," and he asked that the convention adjourn until 10.30 in the morning. This was refused. Cockran then strode upon the platform to face a hostile audience. For hours the convention had listened to speeches, yet in all that vast assemblage not a whisper was heard when the New York orator confronted it. In profound silence he began the most marvellous speech of his career. In it, to perfection, was all the orator's skill of wit, pathos, irony, poesy, eloquence, and argument, and at 3.15, with the dawn just peeping into the convention wigwam, Cockran thunderingly closed:

"I say to you, gentlemen, to-night, in all candor and in all honor, that for the personality of Mr. Cleveland I have the profoundest respect and for himself I have even a warm friendship. I oppose him in this convention because he comes between my party and the light of success at the polls; I oppose him in this convention because his candidacy imperils the success of a party which is now visited with bright and alluring prospects. I appeal to you to pause now before this contemplated action be consummated, before this invasion of my State be made complete. Build, gentlemen, build your hopes of success not upon the shifting sands of political speculation and prophecy, not upon divided, discordant, and repellent forces which it is impossible to fuse together—build it upon the solid rock of Democratic harmony, Democratic unity, and Democratic enthusiasm. The people whom you have trusted will lead you to victory by majorities so decisive that the Republican prospects throughout the nation will undergo the same blight which they have received in the State whose triumphant Democracy asks you now only for the permission to assure you a Democratic victory in November."

Not a cheer greeted these closing words, and after another futile attempt to adjourn the convention, a roll-call was ordered which at five o'clock in the morning resulted in Cleveland's nomination.

The St. Louis Republican Convention in 1896 was curiously free from startling or dramatic incidents. This was due to the fact that McKinley's nomination was a foregone conclusion, for Marcus A. Hanna, the personal friend of McKinley, had organized a machine in the Southern States which in the end could have but one result. Somewhat of a thrill was caused by the appearance of Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio, as McKinley's sponsor before the convention, for the two men had never been friends; but there was no suspense, for at no time was the result in doubt.

THE BRYAN NOMINATION

About the time that Hanna started in the South the movement which was to eventuate in the nomination of McKinley, John P. Altgeld, of Chicago, began to boom William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, for the Democratic nomination for President in 1896. Bryan had been a Congressman, and was a fair speaker, and he, like Altgeld, was intensely imbued with the idea that a Democratic candidate for President could be elected on a platform calling for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. This silver policy had first been inaugurated years before by Richard B. Bland, of Missouri, and as soon as it became obvious that the silver issue was to be the potent one on which the Democrats would go before the country, the friends of Mr. Bland believed that he would be the candidate for President, and that his nomination by his Party was almost as great a certainty as was the nomination of McKinley by the Republican Party. Altgeld, however, kept Bryan in training for the great occasion at hand, and for two years previous to 1896 had him making speeches in southern Illinois. At the St. Louis McKinley convention Bryan occupied a seat with the newspaper correspondents. He was then employed on a Nebraskan newspaper, but when he turned up in Chicago at the Democratic Convention he headed a contesting delegation from his own State. The Eastern Democrats had realized for a year or more that Altgeld and his followers were making great headway in their silver movement, and the onus of the fight against them was laid on New York. A strong delegation, headed by William C. Whitney, Roswell P. Flower, and David B. Hill, went to Chicago, but when they reached there they were confronted by a Democratic National Convention dominated by the silver men, who were determined to exercise all the power they possessed, forgetting the

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old political maxim that great power is very dangerous. David B. Hill, named by the sound-money Democrats for temporary chairman of the convention, was downed by Bryan's followers, who put in his place John W. Daniel, of Virginia.

From that hour the sound-money faction played a losing game to the end, and it was apparent that Bryan, who had been seated as a regularly elected delegate, would be the nominee of the convention, although Bland's friends did not give up hope until the end, and then were utterly crushed with disappointment. Many believed that it was Mr. Bryan's speech in the convention which brought him the nomination. It certainly was a speech which the vast majority of the delegates desired to hear, and only those present can recite the tumult, the torrent, the terrific explosion of cheers which greeted the peroration, when he proclaimed his defiance to the sound-money sentiment of the country in these words:

"If they dare to come out and in the open defend the gold standard as a good thing, we shall fight them to the uttermost, having behind us the producing masses of the nation and the world. Having behind us the commercial interests and the laboring interests, and all the toiling masses, we shall answer their demands for a gold standard by saying to them, You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

Bryan and Bland ran almost even on four ballots, but on the fifth Bryan was nominated, and the furious joy of the silver men over his nomination can scarcely be depicted in ink. They seized the bannerets at the head of all the State delegations, swung them in the air, and finally joined in a triumphal march about the convention hall. One banneret remained standing, erect and defiant, that of New York State. Bryan's followers attempted to seize it, but Hugh J. Grant and James J. Martin, of the Tammany delegation, guarded it with threats of personal violence to anyone who should attempt to wrest it from them. On all essential matters in the convention the New York State delegation had remained in their seats and through its chairman, Roswell P. Flower, refused to vote.

QUAY'S POLITICAL STRATEGY

McKinley's nomination at Philadelphia in 1900 was made by acclamation amid the greatest joy of the convention. The real fight was over Theodore Roosevelt as a candidate for Vice-President. Several other names had been mentioned, Senator Hanna favoring first Elihu Root and latterly Cornelius Bliss, of New York. Senator Thomas C. Platt, of New York, and Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, however, joined in opposition to the nomination of Mr. Bliss, and finally President McKinley informed Mr. Hanna that the administration ought not to take a prominent part in naming the candidate for Vice-President. Senator Hanna arrived in Philadelphia, however, determined that Mr. Roosevelt should not be the candidate for Vice-President. Quay has always been considered a genius in Republican politics, and no greater evidence has he ever given of the fact than at Philadelphia, when, together with Platt, he submitted to the convention a resolution which in effect called for a reduction of the number of delegates from the Southern States to Republican National Conventions. It had been one of the cardinal purposes of the party for nearly twenty years to reduce the number of delegates from the South in Republican National Conventions, on the ground that those States were of no value to the party in the Electoral College. As soon as Mr. Quay's resolution was introduced the convention was hurriedly adjourned. Mr. Hanna well knew that if it came before the convention, it would be adopted and his Southern machine would be disintegrated. There was nothing for him to do that night but to issue a formal statement withdrawing his opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's nomination as Vice-President. Promptly on the following morning Mr. Quay withdrew his resolution, and Mr. Roosevelt was nominated.

Bryan's nomination in Kansas City in 1900 was a foregone conclusion. It was not an important nor a distinguished convention, and but one interesting thing occurred to redeem its monotony. This was Tammany's effort to shelve its old enemy, David B. Hill, by nominating him for Vice-President. The Tammany orator, Thomas F. Grady, with great eloquence, placed the name of the Albany statesman before the convention, but before he had finished his oration Hill was on the platform. How emphatically he projected himself at that vast audience, and proclaimed that under no circumstances must he be nominated, was a convincing evidence of the power of the man, and most effectively put an end to the conspiracy.

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His Sister

By OSCAR KING DAVIS

AT midnight word came to the hotel that the ship would sail on the morning tide, which served at three o'clock. It was necessary to go on board at once. We crawled out of our comfortable beds, shook up some baggage coolies, and marched forth into the night, railing at our luck. Twenty minutes of apparently aimless wandering through crooked, pitch-black streets brought us to the pier. There lay the old Canton, taking in pig-iron ballast! Three or four feeble lanterns hung about, giving just enough light to emphasize the darkness. The gang-plank had been hauled in and there was no sign of activity about the deck-house, but from some pocket-retreat forward a voice occasionally rasped across the blackness with a command to the working gang.

"Canton, there!" shouted Thorne, with the full-throated roar of the first lieutenant calling a quartermaster.

There was no response from the ship, but from the wall-sided buildings across the Woosung the echo flew back and smote us in the face.

"On board the Canton!" sung out Thorne.

There was a string of sounds from the pocket-retreat forward. The winch stopped rattling and comparative quiet fell over the pier-head. Then the voice from the ship rasped at us.

"Wha' d'ye want there?"

"How the devil d'you expect passengers to get aboard this hooker?" shouted Thorne.

"Fly 'f ye can't walk!" answered the voice, and lapsed into that unprintable language which moved even the pig-iron. But the momentary cessation of the din had served. A pleasant voice hailed us from the roof of the deck-house.

"Wait a minute," it said, "and I'll get somebody!"

Presently a boy came to the rail with a lantern, the plank was run out, and we went aboard. The owner of the pleasant voice greeted us as we reached the deck.

"I was beginning to wonder if I should have to travel alone," he said. "My name is Crolan, from New York."

We introduced ourselves, and the cheerful New Yorker helped hustle the native stewards while we picked out our cabins and got our baggage stowed. Then Thorne said he was going to bed.

"No use," declared Crolan, "unless you've had practice in a boiler-shop. I've tried it. Better sit out here and smoke!"

He seemed quite comfortable in his flannel pajamas and slippers, piloting himself about the deck by the red light of his Manila High Life, and I decided to join him, but Thorne went to bed. We got our long chairs up on the deck-house where we could brace our feet against the rail and watch the lights along the Bund, where the curve of the river brought them out from the black godowns, and hear the bells of the warships and merchantmen marking the passing half-hours.

"Tien-tsin or Newchwang?" asked Crolan, after a while.

"Peking, with the relief-column," I replied.

"That is if we catch it," said he.

"No fear," I rejoined. "Plenty of work at Tien-tsin first. You bound that way?"

"Yes."

"What are you for?"

"My own hand," he said, and pulled so vigorously on his cigar that I could see the gleam of his face in the glow of it. Neither spoke for a few minutes, and then he said, simply, continuing the talk as if there had been no break:

"My sister is there!"

"Oh!" I said, helpless before that cool declaration of intimate concern in the terrible business. My purely professional interest in the affair had somehow set me outside a close consideration of such personal anxiety as must be his, and the tone and manner of his speech brought it home to me with a shock. I ran over, mentally, the lists I had seen of those caught in the Boxer trap, but could recall no Crolan.

"Live there?" I asked, at length.

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"No," he replied; "visiting friends in our Legation."

"I did not see any Crolan in the lists," I said.

"No," he responded, "the name was not there."

"It's too much to hope that they should get such lists correct," I remarked.

He made no response to this, and we sat silent for a few minutes. Then a new possibility struck me.

"Married?" I asked.

"She wasn't when I left," he replied quickly, "and I hope she isn't yet."

I fancied there was a touch of concern in his tone not all caused by the peril of her situation, and it came to me blindly, as it does sometimes to men who have no intuition, that it was time to change the subject. But while I was casting about for something to say, he went on, ignoring the interruptive silence, as if the thought pleased him:

"I guess they won't be over-busy getting married up there during this row."

"No," I said, "the weddings will come later. It's a prime situation for making matches."

He turned in his chair and stared at me a minute. Then he said, with suppressed emphasis:

"I wish I had stayed!"

"When did you come down?" I asked, for want of something better.

He started up with an explosive ejaculation. "That's what makes me so hot!" he said. "It's just four weeks to a day since I left Peking for a trip up the Yang-tse. The people up there told me there absolutely couldn't be any trouble. All the talk of an outbreak, they said, was just missionary bluff, such as they had heard hundreds of times before. Can you imagine such folly? Fools! Why I knew better than that myself, a greenhorn not three months in the country! If I'd had a grain of sense I'd never have left. But I came away and saved my skin and left her there to endure God knows what!"

He tramped back and forth across the deck-house and pulled on his cigar as if he meant to burn up in his own fire. What I was wondering was why his sister should have stayed in Peking while he was on the Yang-tse trip. House-boating up the river was just the thing, I thought, to please a girl. He was still tramping when the pig-iron din forward suddenly ceased and preparations for getting under way began. There was a quick handling of hawsers ahead, a backward strain on the stern-line that swung the bow out into the stream, and we were dropping swiftly down the river headed for the maelstrom of war about Tien-tsin. The peaceful lights of Shanghai and the Woosung shipping faded away. The eastern sky began to reveal the forerunners of the dawn. A fine, fresh breeze blew across the ship. Crolan stopped his tramp and threw away his cigar.

"Now I guess we can sleep," he said, and we went below.

Crolan proved to be very familiar with the situation in North China, and he was an interesting member of the amateur strategy board that held a running session during the trip to Che-foo. He said very little about himself, however, and never mentioned his sister. At Che-foo we lost sight of him for some hours, but when we went aboard the gunboat whose captain had promised to take us to Ta-ku, there he was asleep on a transom in the ward-room.

"Where'd you pick him up?" I asked the first lieutenant, who was a friend of other, less strenuous, days.

"Crolan? Oh, he's a friend of the skipper."

After dinner, while Crolan was talking war in the ward-room, Thorne and I called on the captain.

"Did you meet Crolan?" he asked.

"Yes," said Thorne, "pleasant fellow."

"Curious how you meet at the ends of the earth," said the captain. "His family and mine are old friends."

"Tough business he's on now," rejoined Thorne.

"How's that?"

"Going up to Peking."

"A lot of people will find the job a tough one before it's finished," said the captain.

"But not many of us have sisters there, thank God!" said Thorne.

"Sisters!" repeated the captain, as if he didn't quite follow.

"Yes," I said. "Didn't you know that Crolan's sister is visiting at our Legation?"

The captain looked from one to the other of us incredulously, puckered up his lips, and whistled. Then he exclaimed:

"I should think he *would* want to go up!"

We left Crolan at Ta-ku, hurrying on to Tien-tsin, and it was a week or ten days before I saw him again. Then we met in

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Victoria Road one afternoon when the Chinese were shelling the Settlements in lively fashion. He was looking seedy and used up.

"Hello!" he said. "I'm glad to see you. Got anything to eat?"

"Eat!" I said, as we got under the lee of the building. "Do I look like it?"

He eyed me critically for a few moments. "Yes," he said, finally. "I think you do, a little. How about me?" He caught the front of his closely buttoned blouse and pulled it out to show how thin he was. "I had a square meal last week," he added, with a sigh at the recollection.

Now Thorne and I were lucky. We had half a sheep at the house we were occupying, having cajoled a man into selling it for only about fifty times what it was worth. The question was, should I invite this comparative stranger to help us eat it up when there was no telling how or where we should get more? A happy thought struck me.

"Know any Chinese?" I asked.

"Eight words," he replied, cheerfully, "I can tell the boy to open or shut the door, get chow—if there is any to get—fetch ice, and bring water, hot, cold, fresh, or for a bath."

"You polyglot!" I cried. "I'll bet you're a missionary in disguise. Come along! You're annexed to Thorne & Company as interpreter, with privilege to hustle the boys all you can. We've got a cook, two coolies, and a house-boy, and can't say a word to any of them."

So Crolan came into our establishment as general director of the home guard. He chivied the boys around in fine style with his eight words, and even learned half a dozen more for emergencies. It was easy to see that he was not used to hardship, and I admired his pluck in taking what he had to endure, in order to be sure of getting to Peking and to his sister with the first of the relief. A dozen other civilians who also wanted to get up came to Tien-tsin and went away again after one look. But Crolan stuck.

After the capture of native Tien-tsin he was kept busy preparing for the march to Peking. He was happy at the prospect of starting at last. The delay worried him a great deal, although he said little about it. He was restless and moody, except when occupied, and it was plain that he was under a heavy strain. Once, when our mess had been very short for several days and we had all felt the pinch, Thorne rapped out something sharp about our folly in being there.

"My God, man," cried Crolan, suddenly, his face going white with emotion, "think of those people in Peking! There are women starving up there, and perhaps worse!"

The occasional messages we had had from Peking had been fairly reassuring, but one afternoon a man came in with that remarkable note in which the writer—who was one of the most famous men in Peking—estimated at four days the time the Legations could hold out. Crolan's face turned gray when he heard the news, and he could hardly control himself as he said:

"Do you believe it?"

"No, I don't," I said, with what show of assurance I could make. "The man's afraid, that's all. His nerve is gone."

"God bless you, old man," said Crolan, and turned away.

That was the last we heard from the Legations before the advance began. It was a great relief to Crolan to move out. He was like a new man.

No march was too long for him, no hardship enough to provoke a single comment. Delay was the only thing that disturbed his serenity. At last the column was before the walls of Peking, and the sounds of fighting in the city told us that our friends were still safe. The last assault was soon made. The wall was carried, and through two different gates the troops marched into the Chinese city. Beyond us, a mile or more away, lay the great Tartar wall, and just under it, on the other side, the Legations. The lofty towers on the Chien and Hata gates rose like huge sign-posts to guide our way.

The fighting was almost over. Only a few snipers, lingering along the wall, or hiding in the ruined huts, paid us the occasional compliment of a bullet. Once in a while a man was hit, but the column pressed on through the narrow streets without delay. The men were tired and worn, but the excitement of nearing the hard-won goal spurred them on and they marched with the old-time spring in their step.

Crolan was with the point. He would have gone on alone if it had been permitted. He was so eager he could have run the entire distance. I remember thinking, as I watched him, what a different figure he was to the stalwart young fellow who had welcomed us on the Canton two months before. He had lost a lot of weight and was

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so thin that there were angles where he had been round. His face had not known a razor since the advance began, and a stubbly, ragged growth of black whiskers almost masked his fine features. His khaki was worn and faded, and on the back of his coat there were white patches where the salt had crystallized out as the profuse perspiration evaporated under the fierce sun.

We were drawing close to the Tartar wall, where already some of the Legation people were cheering and calling to us. There was a quarter of mile yet to go. I was talking with the colonel who commanded the advance, when I saw Crolan start to run across a street that cut at right angles the one up which we were marching. As he drew clear of the cover of the houses, a burst of fire came up the cross street from the wall. Crolan was halfway over when he staggered, threw forward his hands, and went down.

"My God!" I cried, "he's killed!" and ran toward him. Before I could get to him two or three of the men had picked him up and carried him on under cover. I ran across the side street, up which some of our men were now firing, and reached Crolan. He was sitting at the side of the street, leaning against the knee of a hospital-corps man, who was working over him with a first-aid bandage. A glance showed that it was an ugly wound in the shoulder, but not necessarily a dangerous one. The poor fellow looked up at me and said in a voice that was hardly more than a whisper:

"Don't let 'em stop me now, old man! Make 'em let me go on!"

A war correspondent at the front has no business with any such human frailty as sentiment, but there was a lump in my throat that I had hard work to choke down as I went to seek my friend the doctor, whom I thought I might persuade to give Crolan his wish. He came up with me and examined the wound.

"It's big and bad," he said, with a shake of his head. "He ought not to try it."

"His sister is there," I ventured. "He has worked like the devil to get to her!"

The doctor hesitated. "The stretchers will be up in a few minutes," he suggested.

Crolan looked up at me and I saw his eyes suffused.

"I'll go along with him, Major," I said, "and help him."

The surgeon glanced at Crolan's face. "Well, go on," he snapped. "If everybody had been as keen, we'd have been here long ago!"

Crolan tried to speak as I helped him up, but his voice choked and he could only pat my shoulder with the hand that hung over it as I steadied him. It was slow work, but we kept going ahead. We had lost our place in the lead long ago, and most of our force had passed us before we made the two or three hundred yards from the place where he was hit to the wall that separated us from our friends. As we passed through the gate and saw the Legationists crowding around to welcome us, Crolan straightened up and began to scan the faces of the women. His breath came hard, and he clung to me closely for support. I saw his disappointment at not immediately finding his sister.

"She didn't know you were coming," I said.

"No," he replied. "I only hoped, that's all. But we'll find her."

We struggled along and at last passed into the British compound, where they had all lived during those terrible eight weeks. Wreck and ruin were everywhere, and many signs of the hard siege, but we did not stop. We just kept crawling on, looking at the women who were all about. Crolan's excitement buoyed him up, but the red stain on his blouse kept growing little by little, and I began to think about getting him to a hospital. Dozens of men and women spoke to us, offered us tea or something stronger to drink, and sympathized with Crolan for his wound, but still we did not find his sister. These other people only made him the more impatient to get on. A white-haired, benevolent-looking old gentleman was asking us if he could not help in some way when I felt Crolan's hand clutch my shoulder and knew he had seen her.

"Where?" I asked.

He nodded slightly to indicate a young woman who was moving slowly toward us, but looking in another direction. She was a slender, fair-haired, fair-skinned girl, with bright eyes and a flush of excitement reddening her cheeks; I remember that it struck me instantly that she was not a bit like Crolan. She was dressed all in white, and was as fresh and beautiful as if she were going to a lawn-party at home. We took perhaps three steps toward her before she saw us. Then she stopped and looked sharply at Crolan, and an expression came into those blue eyes such as I never shall forget, and I

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warrant Crolan will carry it in his heart to his grave. She sprang toward us and both hands were stretched out to him.

"Ned!" she cried. "Ned Crolan!"

It seemed to me just what a sister would be likely to do, but Crolan crumpled up like a paper man that's been water-soaked, and if I hadn't got both arms around him quickly he'd have gone flat down.

"He's wounded, a little," I said, and got him out of the path, where there was some grass for him to lie on. When I looked around the girl was gone, but it wasn't a second before she was back with brandy and water, and while I was putting the one down his throat she was on her knees putting the other on his face and hands.

"You're the sister he came up for?" I asked as we worked.

"Sister!" she cried, and then I knew.

She sat up and looked as if she were going to cry. But she got her grip on herself again and went back to rubbing his wrists. There were a lot of people moving about near by, but everybody was excited and none of them seemed to notice us. I would have got out, but I didn't dare leave Crolan yet, even to her. At last he came to, and looked up at the girl and smiled.

"I had to come back for you, Nell," he said, "because you wouldn't go the other time."

The girl didn't say a word, but she leaned over and kissed him squarely on the mouth, and then I walked down the compound a bit to admire the scenery.

THE PLAYERS

A Review of the Season

By HARTLEY DAVIS

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, the cheerfullest feature about the New York theatrical season that has just closed was the failures. The failures themselves were not cheerful, being poor, melancholy, hopelessly peccant things, without even the sorry distinction of being bad enough to be amusing; but the cheerfulness comes in in the fact that the public recognized them as such, and that each success had a legitimate cause for living.

There be managers who have raised their hands to heaven, with palms upward for the most part, crying a bitter protest against the madness that has come upon the people because they will not pay to see bad plays. For years and years the public has supported abominable stuff; it has consented to laugh at the energetic efforts of comedians whose real mission in life would seem to be a demonstration of the Darwinian theory by proving in their own persons the existence of the missing link; it has listened to endless drooling drivel in the hope that it might hear something worth while; it has endured thinly glossed nastiness labelled problem-plays. But the time came when the New York public's marvellous patience was exhausted. A point was reached where it demanded a legitimate return for its investment of time and money. There have been enough good plays in every theatrical season to prove that they could be procured.

This has been a hard year on managers and players. Storage-warehouses are bursting with scenery and costumes of shows that failed, and never were there so many actors searching for employment in the height of the season. But, the revolt of the public having started, the remarkable thing is that the theatres have not suffered more severely from absenteeism. The quickened inteiligence has displayed charity and generous consideration. It is worthy of note that the big successes have attracted extraordinarily large audiences for long runs.

The record for New York is not so bad, after all, despite the woful grumbling. There were produced approximately a hundred plays and musical comedies new to theatre-

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MAXINE ELLIOTT, A SUCCESSFUL STAR IN "HER OWN WAY."

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Photo by Coover, Chicago.

RICHARD CARLE, AUTHOR OF "THE TENDERFOOT."

goers and some dozen standard classical comedies and dramas. Of these perhaps thirty-five can be classed as successes, as distinguished from financial failures, and probably about fifteen more were continued "on the road" at a monetary profit. So excellent an authority as Charles Frohman has declared that the best dramatists do not average more than two successes out of every five plays, and one should not expect the managers to display keener judgment than the playwrights.

It requires no divining-rod to discover why certain offerings have commanded so large a degree of prosperity. As to the failures, I take it that there is little interest in them, because, with one or two exceptions, they were so obviously, not to say aggressively, bad as to make comment unnecessary. One can epitomize the successes by saying that each has some intrinsic merit of humor, wisdom, satire, characterization, or emotional force, or some of these qualities in combination with genuine melody.

Measured by the length of its run in New York, "The County Chairman" is the greatest success of the year, having passed its two hundredth performance about May 1st, and it was not until the hot weather kept people away from the theatres that the size of the audiences began to decrease. It had twelve highly prosperous weeks before it came to the metropolis. As a play it is loosely constructed, abounding in technical weaknesses, but there is substance in its satire, brilliant humor in its admirably written lines, and so sure is the delicious characterization that the people are recognized as types. The only dull thing about the comedy is the plot. It is necessary, of course, just

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as are the cords upon which the summer vines twine and blossom.

"The County Chairman" has that sharply defined merit which distinguished the comedies of the late Charles H. Hoyt—keen and sure satire that hits a mark, and it is rich in the humor that has made George Ade's reputation. It portrays with fidelity the life and politics of a small town. One reason why it appealed particularly to New York is that a very large percentage of the people in the metropolis, who have money enough to go to theatres, passed a part of their lives in a community not unlike that which Mr. Ade places before the footlights so humorously and so humanly, a fact that seems to have been overlooked by those who predicted that New York would not grasp the fun. They looked through the wrong end of opera-glasses, after the manner of croakers the world over. The acting has much to do with the acclaim given "The County Chairman." It is wellnigh perfect, even to the smallest parts.

Photo by Marceau.

NANETTE COMSTOCK IN "THE DICTATOR."

"The Other Girl," whose New York success fell a little short of that of Mr. Ade's quaint comedy, is intensely modern and urban. Augustus Thomas has satirized the physical-culture craze by introducing a prize-fighter and an athletic clergyman, a little emotion being thrown in by way of relief, with the happiest results. One has only to read advertisements and the pages devoted to the subject in the Sunday newspapers to understand how deep is the hold the physical-culture idea has upon the people of the United States. It is regrettable that the author could not give the play the title he originally selected, "The Parson and the Pugilist," but that had to be abandoned because one "Parson" Davies, a manager of pugilists, has a copyright on it. People liked "The Other Girl" because it is a comedy of contemporary manners, having a story clearly told, bubbling over with fun, with finely drawn characters extraordinarily well acted. Lionel Barrymore's portrayal of a stage "Kid" McCoy is inimitable—so carefully conceived and carried out that it appeals to women as well as men.

After three failures earlier in the season, William Collier made the greatest success of his career in "The Dictator." He is one of the least versatile of comedians and one of the most popular, but his following did not prove loyal enough to pay to see him in a poor comedy. Richard Harding Davis furnished Mr. Collier with a vehicle that just fits him, a brisk, inconsequential, clean, and howl-

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Photo by Sarony.

ELEANOR ROBSON IN "MERELY MARY ANN."

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MACLYN ARBUCKLE AS *THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN.*

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IDA GREELEY-SMITH IN "THE OTHER GIRL."

ingly funny farce that turns upon the burlesque government of a Central American republic. It is Mr. Davis's first original play—the others being dramatizations of his stories—and by far his best. There is nothing that people, seeking entertainment purely, delight in more than the spectacle of a man tossed into a succession of nerve-racking complications, meeting them with calm audacity that nothing can shatter, and extricating himself by the exercise of brilliant wit and invention. Every man likes to feel that he would be equal to any situation, and the playwright and the actor who can make us feel that we should do exactly the same thing as the hero, and plausibly explain how, are bound to have success, providing, of course, that the story itself is interesting. There is a simplicity and a directness about Mr. Davis's methods that make for naturalness and conviction. He and Mr. Collier, with the able assistance of the remarkable Edward S. Abeles, who plays the valet, and Miss Louise Allen, start their audiences laughing in the very beginning of the farce, and the interest never ceases and the fun never lags.

In another Davis play, his own dramatization of "Ranson's Folly," success was won through the cleverness and personality of the star, Robert Edeson, a wholesome, sincere, natural actor, and withal a highly intelligent and finished one. There is an honesty, a virility, a brisk, reliant Americanism in his work. The chief merit, practically the only important one, in "Ranson's Folly" is the opportunity it affords Mr. Edeson of giving these qualities full play.

That the most brilliant comedy presented in New York this season should have had a run of four months is a demonstration that the number of persons who crave intellectual enjoyment rather than emotional excitation is constantly growing. The metropolis is becoming more and more cosmopolitan. Of course, the fact that William Gillette was the star of "The Admirable Crichton" had much to do with its popularity, but it was really the exquisite humor of Barrie's conceit, satirizing a practical experiment in socialism, and the marvellous cleverness and adroitness in working out the notion that appealed to New York audiences. The comedy turns upon the fact that there is in England a class whose highest ambition is to be recognized as perfect servants, and that is something we cannot realize. The fact that Mr. Gillette seemed to be masquerading when he appeared as the butler in the English home, and only himself when he

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was king over his employer and the members of his family on the island on which they were cast away, made it easier for Americans to grasp the matter. They would not have "Little Mary" at all, although it was exquisitely written, because its satire on over-eating has little meaning in this country.

Those who have seen "Merely Mary Ann" will not need an explanation of its success. For my part, I think it the best play presented in New York this season, for I believe the best play is one which appeals directly and strongly to the emotions while satisfying the intellect. The memory of Eleanor Robson in the title-rôle makes one's eyes grow moist, while the lips curve in involuntary smiles. It is so tear-moving, so laughter-compelling, so splendidly human, this exquisite comedy, whose story is told with such rare skill, with such literary finesse, with such clear insight into character. The star deserves all the credit, for it was she who saw the possibilities of Zangwell's story, "The Gray Wig," and persuaded him to dramatize it.

One of the season's earliest new plays to win instant popularity was "Her Own Way," which Clyde Fitch cut to the measure of Maxine Elliott, and so admirably did it fit that beautiful woman that it not only made her a fixed star in her initial appearance, but also proved that she is a good actress with some emotional powers. The comedy not only entertained but amused, which are not always the same thing. The human touch, and the keen, flashing dialogue satirizing society, that cuts like a diamond, illuminated the play. Nor was there lacking a Fitch novelty—in this comedy a charming nursery scene. Mr. Fitch is really at home only in the very best

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DOROTHY TENNANT IN "RANSOM'S FOLLY."

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Photo by White.

DUSTIN FARNUM, WHO STARRED IN "THE VIRGINIAN."

society. When he enters another stratum, he flounders about hopelessly because his plot gets tangled up in the lines and his characters wander about in helpless effort to pick up the thread of it. His "Glad Of It" is illustrative of this. The dramatization of a department-store and the naked stage of a theatre was one of the most wild and fearsome things that ever called forth salt tears. It has been an off year for the remarkable and audacious Mr. Fitch, with three dire failures to one success scored against him. Not only did his "Major André" die quickly, but he was also the "unknown" author of the comedy in which Vesta Tilley made her first attempt to star, and which was so light that when it fell to earth it did not even make a thud. The criticism that he was attempting to write too many plays a year had caused Mr. Fitch to let the play appear without his name attached to it.

A more gorgeously staged comedy than "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" has not been seen in this country. David Belasco, that wizard among playwrights, presented a series of magnificent pictures illuminating a strong story that has two tremendous situations. With Henrietta Crosman as the star, and with scintillating lines, this stage version of "The Bath Comedy" has all the essentials that make for prosperity. It is one of the biggest successes of the year.

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If one should be in doubt as to the explanation for the long favor that "The Secret of Polichinelle" enjoyed in New York, let him remember that nothing appeals more to Americans than the milk of human kindness, especially if it be mixed judiciously with humor. To be sure, it is not strong—somewhat of the nature of baby-food, in fact—but that is an exceedingly popular diet in the United States. The clever manner in which a father and mother deceive each other as to the affection and aid which they lavish upon a disobedient son and his family strikes a responsive chord. We are so anxious to believe in the virtues of other folk—in books and plays.

The most astonishing success of the season, at least to managers and critics, was the triumph of "Candida," one of the brilliant, sardonic comedies of that arch-iconoclast, George Bernard Shaw, whose plays have long been considered impossible of presentation by those who provide our theatrical amusements. To be sure Richard Mansfield played "Arms and the Man"—and I would walk miles to see it again,—and "The Devil's Disciple," but Shaw's other comedies have gone begging. An actor who was an office-boy in Charles Frohman's office ten years ago, and who has commanded attention by his remarkable versatility and cleverness in character work without being considered a possible star, has demonstrated that the public was ready for plays beautifully written, admirably constructed, and which present powerful psychological situations with force and truth, despite all the polished mockery and subtle, biting irony of the egotistic Mr. Shaw. Arnold Daly deserves all of the success that has come to him for his courage in producing the play at his own expense, for the carefulness of the presentation, for the players about him, and for his own wonderful portrayal of the poet with a diseased imagination who loves the wife of the smug, matter-of-fact, always-preaching clergyman.

It is worth while noting that all of the plays I have mentioned have high literary excellence; they are worth reading as well as seeing, a test that few successes of late years will stand.

"The Man From Blankley's" pleased New Yorkers because it is a pleasant entertainment. The clever characters might have stepped out of Dickens, but the comedy had not a genuine success. It would be ridiculous to say that "The Pretty Sister of José" was a successful play; that Maude Adams drew large audiences is because her following doesn't bother about the vehicle in which she rides.

From what has been said in the foregoing it should be unnecessary to give reasons for the favor with which Shakespearian and standard dramas were received. It should be noted, however, that it has been a long, long time since we have seen such superb acting in classical rôles as that given by Forbes Robertson in "Hamlet," after "The Light that Failed" was extinguished by indifference; by Otis Skinner and Ada Rehan, in old comedies; by Edith Matthison and Ben Greet, who succeeded in making their Elizabethan "Twelfth Night" profitable, and by Viola Allen, who gave a sumptuous production of the last-named comedy. It is not impossible that if these players had given such beautiful performances in any season they would have met with success.

It has not been a very good year for melodrama, chiefly for the reason that few good ones have been presented. There is no form of dramatic entertainment that is so sure of success as a really fine melodrama and none more difficult to write and produce effectively. "Raffles" is hardly melodrama, but it is melodramatic and in it Kyrle Bellew made one of the big hits of the year with the assistance of E. M. Holland. The gentleman burglar pitted against the gentleman detective made a potent combination, and the dramatization of the Hornung stories of the amateur cracksman proved an interesting and fascinating entertainment, the skilful acting bridging the weak places. There are few players as good as Mr. Bellew.

"The Virginian" was a genuine success, with a highly prosperous run of more than four months in New York, after much writing and rewriting before it was presented in the metropolis. It was a most difficult book to dramatize, and Kirke La Shelle really accomplished wonders under the circumstances. Moreover he gave the play a remarkably fine production and a strong cast. It promises to be as profitable as "The Earl of Pawtucket" and "Checkers." "The Virginian" succeeded largely because of the prestige of the Owen Wister story, which aroused keen interest, and because of the remarkably fine acting of Dustan Farnum, who realizes the poetic possibilities of the title-rôle. He plays it with a repression that is most effective, and he is altogether so delightful in the part that he leaves nothing to be desired.

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"The Pit," another dramatization of a successful book, was exciting and strong, and Wilton Lackaye's acting in it was admirable. There are a succession of dramatic incidents and one most remarkable scene, that of the wheat pit on the Chicago Board of Trade during a panic, that made the drama talked about. The sumptuous and beautiful settings also contributed to its success.

The worst play seen in New York during winter was "Drink," and in it was seen the most powerful and impressive acting—that of Charles Warner in the character of the drunkard. His impersonation possesses the fascination of terror and the distinction of the highest art. It is an overwhelming temperance tract and a most remarkable illustration of the mimic art. When Mr. Warner was on the stage, which was most of the time, one forgot about the absurdity of the play.

Later, Mr. Warner played *Jacques*, the villain in the all-star revival of "The Two Orphans," and that great old melodrama packed the big theatre for weeks, as was to be expected because of the fine cast, which was really made up chiefly of successful stars.

As the season was drawing to a close there was given in New York an elaborate production of an old-fashioned English melodrama that met with much success because it had an interesting story, clearly, forcefully told, with much comedy in it. "Two Little Sailor Boys" is a vast improvement on many of the later-day plays which depend upon one "thriller" and much scenery to attract people.

The output of musical comedy was as great as ever, and the quality of the failures was below the standard of badness permitted even to musical comedy. The successes were unusually prosperous. "The Girl From Kay's" was presented for seven solid months in one theatre. It has a connected, plausible plot, pretty music, and bright lines. Owen Hall, the author of the book, is not, however, to be depended upon always to be interesting. He is responsible for "The Medal and The Maid," which failed utterly from pure dulness. To Sam Bernard, the star of "The Girl From Kay's," was chiefly due its long run in New York. The German dialect comedian has an enormous hold upon the public and Mr. Bernard's *Hoggenheimer* is the best thing that he has ever done. He was near-human in the part. The weakness for the "I-will-explanation-it" brand of comedian, and there are few people who can resist their absurdities, also made the success of "Rogers Brothers in London," supplemented by many remarkably pretty songs and a rapidity of movement that suggested a Gatling gun in action.

One of the very biggest successes is "The Yankee Consul," whose book was written by Henry W. Blossom, Jr., the author of "Checkers." The lines of "The Yankee Consul" are genuinely funny and the spectacle of a comic-opera star who sticks to legitimate methods, who doesn't even use a grotesque make-up, who looks and acts the normal, keen-witted, resourceful, kindly Yankee in Santo Domingo is such a blessed relief that New York fairly raved over the opera.

With Fritzi Scheff as the star, "Babette" could not help but succeed. The former grand-opera singer made a sensation in comic opera. She fitted into the rôle perfectly, and she sang with such brilliancy, such whole-hearted, delicious enjoyment, that she carried everything before her and one forgot the shortcomings of Harry B. Smith's libretto. Victor Herbert's music was charming. Yet it was not as good as that he wrote for "Babes In Toyland," a spectacular production in which Julian Mitchell showed how great and varied is his genius for creating and carrying out effects. The most elaborate of the Drury Lane spectacles ever seen here, "Mother Goose," commanded admiration for its pictures, but it wasn't very funny. Yet it was enormously prosperous in New York.

"The Three Little Maids," one of the daintiest, most delicious, and charming of all musical comedies imported from London, made a big hit in New York, but it was not so successful outside the metropolis, chiefly because the English performers slighted their work outrageously. "The Tenderfoot," of which Richard Carle is the author, producer and star, came to New York after a long season in Chicago and the West, and it met with favor because it is really amusing, with a sufficient number of catchy songs and a deal of go to it.

Properly speaking, "Piff! Paff! Pouf!" and "The Man From China" are summer shows. The former is arrant nonsense, with Eddie Foy at his best and a remarkable dance called the "Radium ballet" which made people talk. "The Man From China" has Charles Bigelow as the star; moreover, it has lively, catchy songs written by Paul West and John W. Bratton, the authors of the piece.

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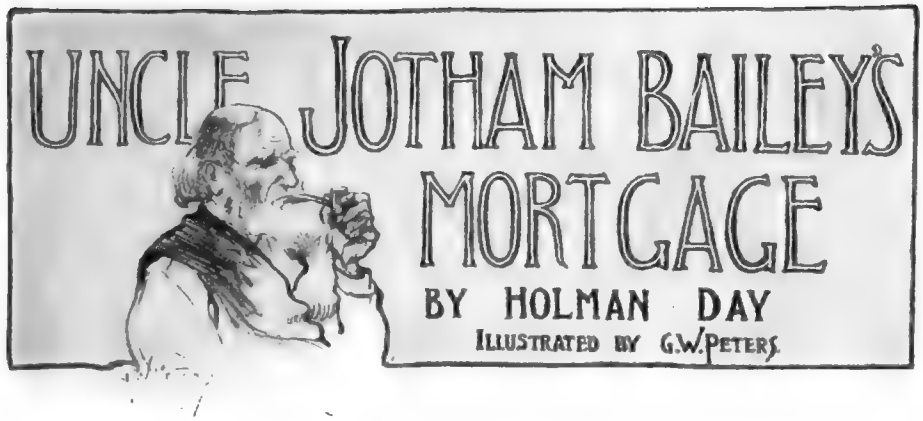

OLEANDER LOWE laid her dusty hat and her old shawl on the battered trunk. The man who brought her to the poor-farm had tugged her trunk to the bare room designated by Mrs. Briggs and had gone back downstairs, cuffing his thick hands with the relieved air of having finished a disagreeable performance.

He paused in the kitchen to gulp a drink of water from a long-handled dipper. Mrs. Briggs, the wife of the poor-farm's keeper, lifted one of the belching stew-pans to a new position on the crowded stove and paused, the crumpled flannel holder in her upraised palm.

"I s'pose Mis' Lowe finds this an awful come-down," suggested Mrs. Briggs.

"She has took on p'utty bad," huskily returned the man, his draught still trickling in his throat.

"The's good folks live on a poor-farm jest the same," said Mrs. Briggs, stiffly. From various spouts and vortices the billowing steam of a boiled dinner hissed and eddied in jets and whorls about her head. As she lifted a tin cover from a kettle, up puffed a steam bomb that exploded noiselessly against the black ceiling and rolled away in shredded convolutions. Shielding her face with her palm turned outward, she went on with the querulousness of a hard-worked and heat-vexed woman.

"Me 'n' Oleander was girls in school together, and her folks always stuck themselves a little higher'n our folks. And when she throwed over Wes Briggs as though he wa'n't good enough for her and married Cap'n Lowe, she thought she was a little better'n ever. But I've found Wes Briggs good enough for me. He hain't never drunk liquor, and run into extravagances, and got locked into county jail for debt, and left his wife to be took care of by the town. Our old cat has a long tail, but it gits stepped on at last. I hope Oleander hain't been buildin' no hopes on bein' coddled and put on a pedestal here 'cause she was something once when her folks had money. Mister Briggs was sayin' only yistiddy when he heard that the s'lec'men was goin' to send Oleander here, that there couldn't be no discipline 'thout Mis' Lowe was put right down on the same level with the other paupers."

She vindictively speared a rose-hued turnip with her testing-fork, and despite her age, her gray hair, her unlovely mouth-lines, and her faded eyes, there was a note in her voice revealing that the fires belonging with youth, beauty, and the rivalry of fresh young hearts still smouldered.

"I don't think Mis' Lowe expects anything special," replied the man, with some crustiness. Even his dull perspicacity had detected that the keeper's wife was prejudiced. "She cried all the way here, and she was about the most pitiful parsenger I ever took aboard in twenty-five years' experience in the liv'ry bus'ness. So fur's I know, she's a poor, broken-down woman, and she's a good deal this side of havin' her nose in the air. All I can say is, I pity her dretfully." Then his acerbity toward the keeper's wife melted in a queer grin. "I don't think she has come here to try to cut ye out with Wes, though they do say he was turrible gone on her onct."

He humorously rounded his back and threw up his arm with a jocular feint of dodging a missile, then went out chuckling.

Mrs. Briggs yanked the beet-kettle off the

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fire and slammed the stove-lid over the leaping blaze. In her indignation a retort had failed her. She whirled on two old pauper women who had been pottering around the kitchen, listening with evident relish.

"Mess, mess, mess!" she snapped. "The two of ye don't lift hand hard enough to lug a louse an inch. It's time for Mister Briggs and the men to come from the field. Aunt Tamson, you put your boots on and call Mis' Lowe to help me dish up. Aunt Zeruah, git the tables set."

As Oleander Lowe entered the vaporous kitchen, the keeper led his field force into the yard. There were four old men, all in faded and patched garb. They trailed in single file behind the keeper. Their mentor dragged his muddy rubber boots across the iron scraper on the step at the kitchen door and walked in, after a few brisk, backward scruffs on the worn husk mat. Each old man imitated him sedulously.

"Trackin' and traipsin' in jest 's much gurry as usual," spat Mrs. Briggs through the smother of kettle-steam. "Here's Aunt Zeruah and Aunt Tamson been scrubbin' that floor the whol', livelong, continyal forenoon." She added, spitefully, "Guess we'll need our new arrival if we're goin' to keep anyways clean here durin' plantin'."

"MIS' LOWE" ARRIVES AT THE POOR-FARM.

Her husband whirled to begin the exchange of retorts that regularly made mealtime at the poor-farm a family forum, from the riot of which the men paupers were glad to escape to the fields. Oleander Lowe was carrying to the table a stoneware bowl heaped with pink slices of turnip and pallid shreds of cabbage.

"How d'e do, Mis' Lowe?" cried Briggs affably, meeting her face to face. "I declare I'm glad to see ye here——"

Then the equivocal nature of that kind of greeting occurred to him and checked his embarrassed effusiveness. "I don't mean I'm glad to see ye here as things is," he went on. "But now that ye're here, Mis' Briggs and me will try to soften up things jest as much as we can and be consistent. The Walpole poor-farm hain't home, of course, but me 'n' Mis' Briggs is kind to paupers. Ain't that so, boys?"

The old men affirmed without enthusiasm. It was apparent also that they affirmed without sinister reservation. They had simply old men's toleration of what couldn't be helped.

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WITH YAWNING MOUTHS AND LOADED KNIVES.

"I thank you, Wesley—you and your wife. Of course rememb'rin'—" Mrs. Lowe began, but her face puckered into an ugly grimace of woe and the tears flooded her cheeks. When she strove to wipe her eyes by lifting her forearm, still grasping the heavy bowl in her hands, several vegetables rolled off the heap and spudded mushily on the clean floor.

"Mister Briggs!" called his wife, testily, "I don't interfere with your men paupers when they are about their work, and now this dinner is waitin' to be dished up. I reelly wisht you and the men would use the sink what ye want to and then git along out of the way. You and me and Mis' Lowe can talk her troubles over later."

The homely routine of the poor-farm kitchen went on in silence after that. Aunt Tamson, Aunt Zeruah, and Oleander placed the steaming vegetables on the tables in the bare, bleak dining-room. There were two plain board tables in a perpetual state of moisture from constant scrubbings.

The female paupers sat down at one table, the men at the other, and the door was closed on them. Keeper Briggs and his wife always ate in the kitchen, in order that their charges might not bestow too many "begretchin'" looks on the contents of certain special dishes that remained jealously covered until the door was closed.

Two of the old men reverently bowed their heads for a moment on their hands when they took their seats at table. The others fell to at once, with much rattling of knives on the nicked plates.

"Turnip and beet and cabbidge all the whol' time," whined Zebulon Larrabee, discontentedly. "I feel like a Durham cow in a silo."

"Good veg'tables is as fillin' as anything," gulped old Jonas Walls, walloping his mouthful of hot potato. "Them what never had

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"IT'S A MAN'S FAULT WHEN HE'S A PAUPER—BUT 'TAINT A WOMAN'S."

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nothin' to home always growls over other folks' vittles."

"The' wa'n't no better cook than Cynthy Larrabee ever kicked an oven-door to," protested the loyal widower. "I can't remember as well 's I'd like to, and so I want to ask if any of ye ever et to my house before I—wal, when things was diff'runt?" he asked.

Each of the old men solemnly shoved into a yawning mouth a knife loaded with vegetables and shook a negative head.

"Wal, 'twould 'a' been a real treat to ye if ye had," continued Uncle Larrabee. "Mother was gre'test on sour milk biscuit. It used to make me hungry when I'd hear that oven-door slam. I could hear it clear into the barn where I was doin' the chores. I used to everlastin'ly pitch into the work of fodd'rin' then, for it riled mother to have me late for supper. And when I would go in with the milk-pails, there would be the table all set, nice chiny and a table-cloth whiter'n a taller candle.

"Mother always put up damsons and greengages—some ros'b'ries—but mostly damsons. They'd shine through a glass dish redder'n a cat's-eye on a butt'ry-shelf. Way we done in the neighborhood was to butcher shotes in turn, and we always had cold pork, spare-rib or loin for supper. I tell ye, boys, when we pulled up to mother's table and got h'istin' in them biscuit just as light and soft as feathers——"

"Hain't ye got no bowels of compassion, ye old sanup?" barked Uncle Micajah Dunham. "Ye've gone and set Jotham off by talkin' about your suppers to home, and your spare-rib, and your chickle-fixin's."

Jotham Bailey had crossed his knife and fork on his plate, and tears were trickling from under his wrinkled eyelids.

"Hain't I got a right to make known that I've had good vittles in my lifetime?" grumbled Uncle Larrabee.

"Ye hain't got no right to grind the iron into a man's soul," said Micajah. "Jote's old and childish, and ye keep stirrin' up the things a man don't want to remember when he's a pauper, with ev'rything wuth livin' for laid away in some graveyard. Shet your clack! And furder 'n that, the rest of us hain't graven images. We've had homes and wives and vittles of our own."

Uncle Larrabee was silent then, and sullenly scrabbled the potato in the gravy on his plate.

But Jotham, who had apparently not noticed the conversation, pushed his chair from the table and hobbled across the room. Had the old men and women possessed as keen eyes and as shrewd wits as in their younger days, when they used to analyze emotions, they would have seen that while Jotham Bailey was weeping softly at his table Oleander Lowe was gazing at him through her tears.

Now he went straight to her and took her corded hands in his rough, brown palms.

"Oleander," he quavered, "the' hain't nothin' an old pauper can say to ye to help ye one mite. I never was no hand at sayin' things anyway. But I guess ye know how sorry it makes me to see ye here. I understand how a woman like you must feel to have Mis' Briggs crowin' over ye. Awful! Awful! It's a man's fault when he's a pauper—but 'tain't a woman's. She depends on the man that has said he will keer for her and cherish her—and—and—then don't do it."

His voice was harsh now and his eyes blazed.

"I know," she murmured, chokingly. "Ye're blamin' the Cap'n now. But he hain't all to blame."

"He is," persisted Jotham. He raised his voice, but the rest of the old people, with emotions long ago deadened, scraped knife on plate and munched with increasing physical satisfaction.

"Ye know how all the men chased the Cap'n up, and he was pop'lar and easily influenced, Joe," stammered the loyal wife.

"I know—I know," broke in Jotham, irritably. "He was pop'lar enough to cut me out, and Wes Briggs out, and all the rest. He got the best girl there was in Walpole, and then he got so blamed pop'lar he has let her come onto the town."

The woman looked up at him with a trace of the old-time fire in her eyes.

"I know what ye mean by that look, Oleander," he said; "ye mean that I'm only a pauper myself. But with the heart gone out of a man, and no one dependent on him, and no one to encourage him, ye needn't expect he's goin' to git to be a millionaire. Some men are took that way, but I hain't. And look here!"

He laid out his hands before her, turning them over and over. The joints were bulged and knotted and distorted.

"Fifteen years of rheumatiz," he explained, wistfully. "I couldn't work a mite, Oleander. Ye've knowed of it prob'ly."

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"I knew it, Joe," she answered, earnestly.

"'Twa'n't rum nor fast-livin' brought me onto the town," he declared. Then at the look of pain on her face, he added, hastily, "I wa'n't castin' no slurs on the Cap'n, Oleander. I was jest settin' myself right with ye. I reckon that little is due me. I hain't lost all pride."

He put his hand on the table beside her own and leaned to her ear.

"I reckon ye hain't thought nothin' about me for years," he went on, softly. "Ye've had plenty in your life to make ye forgit. But I hain't never stopped lovin' ye, Oleander. Hain't tried to. Don't want to try. Love ye now, Oleander. Needn't think I'm crazy, but I hain't ever seemed able to git in love with anybody else. Kind o' shiftless about that like ev'rything else, hey?"

He hobbled away, but came back.

"Take good heart, Oleander," he counselled. "Mis' Briggs is snappy and—and some prejudiced still—ye understand! But she means well. And if ye want anything of this old pup, jest whistle. P'raps I can't do nothin' but bark, but even that's comp'ny."

The lagging days went on. There was the dull routine of kitchen-work for Oleander, and the wearisome round of the fields for Jotham, who toiled as well as his crippled hands would allow. A forenoon of Mrs. Briggs's fretful nagging was always forgotten when Jotham yanked his cheery little nod at her as he came into the kitchen at noon. He beamed on her as he scrubbed his gritty hands in the basin, prolonging his ablutions until the other old men grew snappily impatient.

Once in a while of an evening, when he was smoking his pipe at the corner of the house, she would come to him and sit with her hands rolled in her apron. She talked of her troubles and found him a patient and comforting listener. He constantly interpolated soothing little exclamations, and he never failed to speak hopefully of her husband.

"Awful come-down for the Cap'n—awful, this jail bus'ness," he said one evening with wagging head. "But still it may be the best thing that ever happened. I like to figger on dispensations of Providence that way. Why, I had an old bung-down watch onct. Tinkered it more'n tew year, fussity fub. 'Twouldn't hardly go none. Got mad one day, and up and hit it a tunk that like to busted it wide open. It kind o' settled together and it has run—" he pulled the timepiece out and held it to his ear— "stiddy 's a pup's yap ever sence. I'm lookin' to see this jolt he's got fetch the Cap'n round all right."

"I got a letter from him to-day," confided Oleander, earnestly, "and he talks right along them same lines. It's a good letter, Joe, a reel good letter."

She brought the crumpled sheet from her skirt pocket.

"You bein' the only reel friend we've got." she pleaded, "I should like to have you read it and see what you think."

The letter was awkward and incoherent, but it had a ring of sincerity. It was filled with protestations of reform. He wrote that his days and nights were filled with shame and self-reproach. If only he could get out and show what he would do to make up for the past!

"Sounds tollable like a man that has seen the error of bein' too easy and too pop'lar," sagely commented Jotham, viewing the straggly characters with head cocked sidewise to avoid the wreaths from his pipe-bowl. "I should sartainly feel encouraged about him 'f I's you. Ex-cuse me, Oleander"—he spoke with a queer hesitation and embarrassment—"but I reckon ye think only of stickin' to the Cap'n clear through, don't ye?"

"Why—why—I love him, Joe," she said, leaning forward to peer at the old man's face in the dusk.

"So do—so do!" Jotham replied, hastily. "I like a woman that don't whiffle. Ye said the same thing to me about forty year ago—forty year ago!"

He slowly dug the ashes from his pipe in silence. Then he arose and limped a few steps painfully.

"Guess I'll be gittin' in out of the damp," he said, softly. "Rheumatiz has to be humored."

She clutched her hands tighter in her apron.

"Joe," she called.

"Yes, little woman."

"Joe, it's—it hain't right to say it, p'raps—it may sound—it would sound light if ye didn't know me—and I'm an old woman, too. But, Joe, if it wa'n't for him who's my husband, I would jest have to love you, for you're always good and gentle to me, and I'm sorry I didn't know you through and through 'way back there."

With a sudden movement she kissed his wrinkled cheek and went her way to the women's part, sobbing.

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WHEN HE WAS SMOKING HIS PIPE . . . SHE WOULD COME TO HIM.

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He touched his finger to his face, then regarded the finger-tip gravely.

"It's these pop'lar men who git all the best there is goin'," he murmured. "But I guess it's too late in life for me to begin to be pop'lar."

A few days later Jotham was sent with an axe to mend the pasture-fence that skirted the most distant wood-lot. After he had clumsily driven the stakes and nailed up the sagging wire he glanced all about him furtively, and then feeling secure in his isolation, sat down upon a cradle-knoll and pulled a letter from his worn jacket.

"Hain't dared to more'n peek at this sence I got it," he muttered. "Never know when an eye is over your shoulder up there, and if I hain't mistook, this is suthin' strictly private."

He cast one more searching glance in the direction of the poor-farm's roofs and bent over the letter. It was a long task for him to master even the lawyer's curt explanation. But at last he understood that a widower cousin in a distant town had died and that the only heir seemed to be himself. The property was a little farm, stocked. There would be no additional money to speak of after the debts and legal expenses were settled.

Jotham mused above the letter a long time. Finally in answer to his thoughts a queer smile wrinkled under his beard.

"Seems as though it might be a cosey home for two plain old people like me and——"

His whimsical musings were broken upon. He heard a step on the dry moss. As he hastily stuffed the letter into his jacket he blinked up against the sun. After a time he recognized the man who stood gazing at him gloomily.

"Cap'n Lowe!" he ejaculated. "Thought you was——"

"No, I hain't in jail," the other said bitterly. "'Pears like I hain't worth keepin' even in county prison. If you've got to know, the man who put me in there got tired of payin' my board, and so I'm out." His tone grew more gentle. "Wal, Jotham, it's you, is it? I heard stake-drivin', and come acrost to see who it was. I've been hangin' round here cal'latin' I'd find some pauper who'd carry word to Oleander for me." He choked a bit. "S'pose o' course she's at the farm still?"

"She's there, Cap'n."

"Jotham, when we was both a-courtin' handsome Oleander Orr, little did we think we'd meet like this," he wailed with the sudden emotion of a weak man. "Oh, my God, Jotham, it's turrible—turrible to think what I've brought on that woman of mine. If only there was some way I could make up to her for what trouble I've visited on her."

He crouched on the moss, propped his drink-blotched face on his palm and gazed away across the pasture with the stolidity of a blind man.

"I don't know what I'm goin' to do now I'm here," he mourned. "The law is that if one of the fam'ly's on the town the rest can be put there. They'll gaffle to me as a pauper, too, if I show myself. I hain't got a cent and no way to git one. Poor wife!"

The two men were silent a long time. Each picked at a moss-tuft that he had scraped into his rough hand.

"The's this, late though it is, Joe," choked Lowe at last. "Stayin' in that jail all these weeks has let me know that I don't need rum. It never was hank'rin' for the stuff that done it all. May God sear my throat from teeth to stomach if I ever take another drop!"

"Hope so, I vum I do!" agreed Jotham, earnestly.

"It was jest stayin' in with the crowd round here, anyway," said Lowe. "I give in too easy when they git after me."

"Dang'rous bus'ness, this bein' too pop'lar," sighed the old pauper.

There was long silence again.

"I reckon ye'd be all right if ye was to start in som'ers where ye wouldn't be messin' in with the old crowd round here?" suggested Jotham, inquiringly.

"That's jest it," said the Captain. "But the's got to be a way opened to git started."

Another long pause. Jotham's brows were knitted and his knobbed hands trembled as he clasped them across his patched knee. At last he sighed and drew the letter from his pocket.

"I hain't no gre't hand to talk and tell," he said. "I never was. Wa'n't never pop'lar for that reason. But read that letter."

He waited patiently.

"It's good news for you," said Lowe at last with frank heartiness. "I'm glad for you, Jotham. Ye can git off'n the town and enj'y your last days."

"No, I've projicked and I've pondered," said the old man, steadily, "and I shall have to tell ye that it hain't in my mind to do it. See them crippled hands? Can't run a

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"CAP'N LOWE!" HE EJACULATED.

farm with them. Can't hire it run. And I've been a pauper long enough to sort of git used to puttin' dependence in other people. You hain't been a pauper, Seth, and you don't know, but that's the way of it. No, 'bout this farm, it hain't in my mind to do it. I hain't stirred up over it a mite. 'Twould be a reel outset to me to take it on my hands at my time o' life," he said with a pathetic affectation of business briskness to cover some deeper emotion.

"But I'll tell ye what I'm goin' to do with *you*, Cap'n Seth Lowe," he cried, groaning to his feet and towering over the other. "I'm goin' to arrange a morgidge with you. First, I'm goin' to see ye, as ye might say, married ag'in to your wife—married to her this time as a true, temp'rate, honest man who will love, honor, and cherish her. Then I'm goin' to give that farm to her for a wedding present—free and clear. 'Tain't there the morgidge is. I've got to lie to do this. Ye understand? I've got to cheat this town to do it. I've got to live here afterward, too,

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on charity that in one way I don't deserve. But that's my bus'ness. And if I lie and cheat to put you and Oleander where ye can be comf'table and respected, then some of your bus'ness is mine. And here comes the morgidge! I want ye to stand up here before Almighty God, Seth Lowe, and put a morgidge on your hands, put a morgidge on your will, put a morgidge on your honor, put a morgidge on your eternal soul that you will take that woman to that home and make up to her what your damnable folly has took away. Ye needn't thank me," he snarled, putting up his hand. "I don't want thanks from you. I don't like ye well enough. It's for the woman. And now I want to see, Cap'n Seth Lowe, once so proud and lofty, if ye'll let a poor old pauper do more sacrifice for your own wife than ye'll do yourself!"

About an hour after that interview, away from the blazing eyes of the old man, thanks, vows, and pledges crowding with sobs for utterance, Seth Lowe stumbled away into the woods to wait.

That night Jotham Bailey went yet further in his desperate career and added to lying and cheating the crime of a horse-thief and of a pauper-abductor.

He enlisted the sympathy and co-operation of two of the old men, stealthily removed in the dead of night Oleander and her trunk, harnessed Briggs's horse into a beach-wagon, picked up Seth Lowe at an appointed cross-road, and landed the two at a railroad station. A little hoard of Jotham's secret savings, set aside for tobacco, paid their fares.

A dozen times on the long ride back to the farm he pulled out his pipe. But he tucked it away again without placing it to his lips. She had kissed him there when she had said good-by, and the strong emotions of the day had made him feel as romantic as a boy.

Briggs had been long astir, when Jotham turned into the yard in the flush of the dawn. The associate conspirators had confessed under the keeper's angry threats, and his wrath had had time to bubble and simmer into grim surliness. Uncle Jotham humbly pleaded guilty to indictment on these counts:

1. Abducting a pauper.
2. Stealing a team.
3. Betraying the reputation of the keeper of the poor-farm, who had always prided himself on running the place strictly by rules.

As to the destination of Oleander Lowe, her reasons for running away, and his reasons for helping her, Jotham was obstinately silent.

"I ought to hamstring ye," shouted Briggs. "But there's always a stew in this town if paupers are ever made to toe the crack. Ye'll have only bread and water, no tobacco and no noonin's. See how ye like that for a while. And ye hain't to have no talk with the rest of the paupers. Ye'll be plottin' to blow us up next."

Jotham unharnessed his side of the horse without a word, but there was a queer smile on his face and an expression that mightily astonished the keeper, who charitably began to figure on the entire performance as the freak of a man weak in his wits.

The June sun beat upon the bent backs of the old men as they toiled with their hoes that forenoon. Their faded garb assorted ill with the fresh green of the new corn-blades. A cat-bird yawled piquant notes in the beech-woods and a bobolink floated over the grasses, bubbling his melody. Uncle Jotham straightened once to listen appreciatively. The hoe-blades, clanking and clinking in soil and against stones, marred the sound that his dull old ears were striving to catch. In a certain calm joy that he was nursing he forgot the keeper's prohibition.

"Tlee tlee-te-e-e-too—tle-teee," he quavered in queer falsetto. "Say, boys, stop your raspin' a minit and listen to that thrush feller down in the alders, there. That song jibes right in with my feelin's. When I used to go swimmin' in Birch Crick the' was——"

"Say, Jotham," broke in Briggs, pausing in tamping the shoulder of a corn-hill, "ye jest kindly keep the rust from cakin' on that hoe-blade, will ye? If there's any talkin' to be done here I'll do it."

The old man sighed, spat on his calloused palms and bent to his task. The rasping and tinkling of hoes replied to the clashing of dishes up in the poor-farm kitchen, and the birds sang without an audience.

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The Prodigal Son

By HALL CAINE

Author of "The Manxman," "The Christian," "The Eternal City," etc.

PART I

CHAPTER I

ICELAND had never looked more wonderful. The stern old Northland, which in the daylight bears always and everywhere on its sphinx-like face the mutilating imprint of the burnt-out fires of ten thousand ages, and would seem to be dead but for the murmurings of volcanic life in its sulphurous womb, lay in the autumn moonlight like a great creature asleep—calm, august, and blue as the night.

The moon was still shining, and everything seemed to swim in the soft grace of its silvery light—houses, ships, fishing-boats, the fiord in front, the lake behind, the black moorland around and the snow-tipped mountains beyond—when the little wooden capital began to stir in the morning.

It was the day appointed for the annual sheep-gathering at Thingvellir; the sheep-fold was thirty-odd miles away; there were no railways or coaches and few roads in Iceland, and hence the younger townspeople who intended to make a holiday of the event had to set out early on their little shaggy ponies.

As the clock struck four in the tower of the cathedral, Thora Neilsen, the daughter of Factor Neilsen, awoke with a start and leapt out of bed at a bound. She had drawn up her blinds the night before so that the daylight might waken her in the morning, but before she realized that it was the moonlight that had been playing upon her eyelids, she was standing in the middle of the floor, and crying in the ringing voice of youth and happiness:

"Aunt Margret! Auntie! I've overslept myself! I'll be late! Auntie! Auntie!"

Then the measured and sonorous breathing which had been coming through an open door from the adjoining room was interrupted by an older voice, a good-natured voice, trying to be angry, and saying drowsily:

"Drat the girl, she'll waken the whole house."

This was followed by the creaking of a bed and the thud of bare feet on the floor, accompanied by a running fire of grumbling, in which the speaker reminded herself that she was not a cat capable of sleeping in the daytime, and if she had to be wakened up in the dead of the night she might at least be permitted to wash her face.

The girl listened for a moment and laughed, the light and joyous laugh of the soul that has never known sorrow. She was young and unusually fair. Her height was rather under than over the average height of woman, and if her face was not beautiful it produced the effect of beauty, being one of those soft-featured faces which have a smile always playing upon them, even when the owner does not know it is there.

She lit her candles, dropped her venetians, and began to dress herself, humming a tune to show she was not concerned. By this time the rumbling artillery from the next apartment came into the room in the person of an elderly lady, who looked more than usually grotesque (if it is fair to take her at such a moment), in abbreviated underwear and small calico night-cap, with bobs of hair in papers about her forehead, like barnacles on the figure-head of a ship that is fresh from a long voyage in foreign waters.

This was Aunt Margret, with goodness written on every line of her old face, but with a tongue that fell like a fountain on sharp stones, and knew nothing of dry

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weather. The moment she set eyes on Thora in the preliminary stages of her toilet she cried:

"Silk? At this time in the morning? And who is to see them under your big boots, if you please?"

The girl laughed at this, as she laughed at everything, and said: "Very well, give me the woollen ones then. But what a cross old thing you are, auntie. You knew I had to get up early, having a six hours' ride before me."

"But who wants you to have a six hours' ride, I wonder?" said Aunt Margret, bustling about breathlessly to get the girl ready.

"You know quite well who wants me, auntie—Magnus wants me. When they elected him mountain-king for the year I promised him faithfully that I should go to the sheep-gathering, and of course——"

"Don't try to fool an old fox, my dear, and come and wash in this water. It isn't because Magnus wants you at the sheep-gathering, but because somebody else is going to take you there."

"Auntie!" cried Thora, lifting a dripping face from the wash-basin.

"Oh, you needn't color up like fire, my precious—I know it's the truth without that."

"How absurd you are, Aunt Margret! You know as well as I do that Magnus himself asked Oscar to take me. He wrote expressly from the farm, not having seen Oscar since he came from college, and wanting to kill two birds with one stone."

"The more fool he!" said Aunt Margret. "The man who expects to marry a girl and asks another man to look after her while he is away is a fool and his friends ought to take care of him. It's only the simpleton who shuts the doors with a bang behind him like that."

"What a nonsensical woman you are, auntie!" said Thora. "Oscar is Magnus's brother——"

"Brother indeed! So was Jacob the brother of Esau, and Cain was the brother of Abel, and those ten big beauties were the brothers of Joseph and Benjamin."

"Good gracious me, Aunt Margret, what a bad disposition you've got! That's the worst of you—you have got such a bad disposition. You talk of Oscar Stephensen as if he were a regular reprobate, instead of the son of the Governor and the idol of everybody."

"It's easy to defend somebody whom nobody wants to strike—I don't say anything against Oscar."

"Of course you don't, you cross old creature. You're fonder of him than anybody else, and I believe you want him for yourself, you jealous thing, because you think he is the brightest and cleverest and best-looking young man in Iceland."

"Many things glitter in the goldsmith's shop, but a sensible woman doesn't want to grab the whole of them."

"And do I, you silly?"

"It looks as if you do, my dear; but sit down here before the glass and let me brush your hair. You are to be married to Magnus, and your public betrothal is to take place the day after to-morrow in the presence of both the families, yet you've had Oscar here every day, and all day, since he came home from England a week ago, and now you are going to ride with him to Thingvellir. You'll make mischief, I promise you. Two dogs at the same bone seldom agree."

At that the girl was taken with a violent fit of laughing. "Auntie, what names you are calling us!"

"Better *I* should do so than somebody else! The people here are all ears and Oscar is all mouth—he is always talking about you."

"Not always, auntie." Thora's pretty face was reddening in the glass in front of her.

"Always! Only yesterday he said: 'My future sister-in-law——'"

"Not 'future sister-in-law,' auntie."

"Did I speak or did I not speak, Thora? 'My future sister-in-law is perfectly charming,' he said——"

"Now, I'm sure it wasn't 'charming,' auntie darling."

"Yes it was, and hold your silly head quiet, miss—'perfectly charming', he said, 'and I'm half jealous of old Magnus already.'"

The blue eyes in the glass were gleaming with delight, but the mouth said: "Well, of course, I should have been dreadfully vexed if I had heard him say that, but still, it isn't my fault——"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Margret with a sniff of contempt. "Just take a cranky old woman's advice, my precious, and don't make trouble between the brothers."

The shining face in the glass became serious and thoughtful and Thora said:

"How can you say such uncomfortable

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things, Aunt Margret? Merely because I am going to ride with Oscar to the sheep-gathering——"

"Oh, a little brook can start a big river. But what's the use of talking—a beast can be broken, but not a wilful woman."

Then seeing that the tears were in Thora's eyes Aunt Margret gave the girl's hair a softer smoothing and said:

"Magnus may not be as clever as his brother, Thora, but he is twenty times as solid and steady, and he is just as able to take care of a girl and quite as likely to make her happy. Besides, dear, it's all settled and done, and the made road is easiest to travel, you know. Your marriage with Magnus has been arranged between your father and the Governor; they have set their hearts on it, and the contract is ready, and if anything should happen now——"

But Thora, who had been listening with head aslant to sounds outside the house, suddenly leapt to her feet, saying, "I do believe that's Silvertop's step."

There was a clatter of hoofs on the cobbles of the street, and at the next moment a silvery male voice under the window was crying:

"Helloa! Helloa! Helloa!"

Thora ran to the venetians, parted two blades of them and said, with an air of surprise, "It's Oscar!" Then she tapped the window-pane and cried "Presently" to the person outside, and stood for a moment to look down at him.

A young man of three and twenty sat on one pony and held another by its bridle. He was tall and slim, almost as fair as Thora herself, and he had a cluster of short curls under the Alpine hat which he raised to the moving blind. The moon had gone by this time; a grayish pink light—the pioneer of the sun—was filtering through a vaporous atmosphere; the ships and fishing-boats in the bay were breaking through a veil of mist, and vague shadows of men and women, muffled up to the throats, but chattering and laughing like children, were coming and going in the gloom of the streets.

"Quick, auntie, quick!" cried Thora, lowering her voice, and while the women in the bedroom bustled about and talked in whispers the young man waiting outside slapped his legging with his riding-whip and whistled and sang alternate lines of a love-song.

"Now for my hat!" cried Thora at length. "If I have to wear this old black riding-habit, I must have something sweet on my head at all events. That one with the feather—no, this one and a veil. There! Do I look nice?"

"Shockingly nice, if you ask me."

The girl laughed gayly and said in a louder voice: "Then let us go downstairs—the poor boy must be tired of waiting, and anxious to be off."

"Not half so anxious as the poor girl, I'm thinking."

Then the smiling face became serious again, and Thora said: "Don't say those dreadful things any more, there's a dear soul!"

"Then don't forget my warning, and watch over your feelings, my precious."

The door to the street was being opened by this time and a rich barytone voice, mingled with the soft murmur of the sea, came floating into the hall:

> "But might I of Jove's ne—ec—tar si—p
> I wou—ld not change——

"Helloa! Good morning, Thora! Is that Aunt Margret?"

From behind the bulwark of the door ajar, with one eye and two curl-papers visible in three inches of opening, Aunt Margret answered that it was, and told Oscar, as he lifted Thora to the saddle, to take care of her child and deliver her safely to Magnus.

Oscar laughed a little jauntily, and answered—not, she thought, with too much conviction:

"That'll be all right, auntie. Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

"Good-by, Aunt Margret!"

"Good-by, Thora! And remember!"

At the next moment the two young people had disappeared in the mists of morning and in a cavalcade of similar shadows dying off in the same direction. Half an hour afterward the sun had risen and the little capital was going merrily.

CHAPTER II

The father of Oscar Stephensen was Stephen Magnusson (according to his Icelandic patronymic) and he had been Governor-General of Iceland for more than twenty years. He was a man of the highest integrity and of the firmest mind. In his public character he was zealous and incorruptible and his private life was without a stain. His chief characteristics were dignity and pride.

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The father of Thora Neilsen was Oscar Neilsen, commonly called Factor Neilsen (of Icelandic birth but Danish descent), and he was the chief merchant of Iceland and one of the richest citizens of the capital. His business methods had often been a subject for discussion and his domestic history a cause of gossip. He was a man of untiring industry and great frugality, amounting almost to greed.

These two men had been life-long friends. Their friendship had not been founded on any hollow commercial league, but nevertheless it had been cemented by community of interest, and it was a common saying that the man who could break it could break the Constitution. It was the unwritten history of their past, a living obituary of memories and ideas that were dead. It began in boyhood, and notwithstanding varying fortunes, and some family differences, it had never been darkened by so much as the shadow of a cloud. But people said that if Stephen Magnusson and Oscar Neilsen ever ceased to be friends they would become the bitterest enemies.

They went through the Latin School together as boys, and were two of four Icelandic students who were sent with stipends to the University at Copenhagen.

Then Stephen Magnusson returned to Iceland to practise law and Oscar Neilsen stayed in Denmark to follow commerce.

Within ten years the friends had made rapid progress. Stephen had risen from Advocate to Assessor, from Assessor to Deputy-Governor, and from Deputy-Governor to Governor-General, while Neilsen had re-established himself in Iceland, first as Factor to a firm in Copenhagen and afterward as a merchant on his own responsibility.

In the meantime both men had married. The Governor had married the daughter and only child of Grim, the owner of the farm at Thingvellir, one of the largest farms in Iceland. The Factor, to everybody's surprise, had been married before he returned home, and nobody knew anything of his wife except that she was a Dane and came from Copenhagen. But scandal seldom loses its way in the dark, and it was whispered that the Factor's wife had been a little actress of the lighter sort, whom he had picked up in his student days and been compelled to marry.

The wife of the Governor had borne him two sons. He had christened the first of them Magnus after his father, but the second he had called Oscar after his friend, who had arrived in time to stand godfather at the baptism. In like manner the wife of the Factor had borne two daughters. She brought the eldest in her arms when she arrived in Iceland, and the Factor called it Thora after his mother. The second, born soon afterward, he would have called Anna after his friend's wife, but his own wife objected and it was christened Helga after herself. There were not many years between the births of the children, but Magnus was the eldest and Helga the youngest, while Oscar and Thora were almost of one age.

The wives of the two friends could hardly have been more unlike each other. Anna was homely in looks, in dress and in habits. In practical matters she was a typical Iceland housewife, thrifty, frugal, and economical. Although the position of Governor-General was one of considerable dignity, it was far from a fat living, and Anna set her sail according to the draught of her husband's ship. She was shrewd but not too well educated, and wise but not enlightened, and she governed the Governor by obeying him.

The Factor's wife was distinctly comely, volatile, and vain, and her conduct on coming to Iceland might have been exactly calculated to justify the scandal that was coupled with her name. She was extravagant in her dress, unthrifty in her home, restless in her habits and romantic in her tastes, and after a while she began to gird at the monotony and dreariness of the life about her. A light wife makes a heavy husband, and the Factor, who was not then rich, was made to realize that in marrying his Danish beauty he had bought a commodity which he could neither exchange nor return—a housekeeper who neglected his house, and a mother who cared little for his children.

The children were the first to feel their mother's loss of interest in Iceland, for while Government House was forever warm and joyous with some noisy festival—Magnus's first holiday or Oscar's last birthday—there were no holidays or birthdays in their own home, which was always quiet and generally cold. But the mother's ear is thin, and across the gap that opened between the houses of the Governor and the Factor, Anna heard the hearts of the little girls and concocted schemes to get at them. The Factor's wife was nothing loath to be rid of her tiresome charges, while she devoured dramatic news-

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papers and French novels; and thus it came to pass that Thora and Helga spent half of their early days with Anna, and that as long as they lived thereafter hers was the mother's form that stood up in their memory when they looked back to the blue mountains of childhood and youth.

CHAPTER III

THE child grows but his clothes do not, and neither do his characteristics. What the children of the Governor and the Factor were at the beginning of their lives they remained to the end. Thora was always a merry little woman, with a constant smile on her comely face. She was usually following or clinging to somebody—generally Oscar—but she could sit for hours coaxing, scolding, and singing to her doll, for the instinct of motherhood was strong in her from the first.

Helga was at all points the opposite of her sister. She had black hair, a broad brow, large hazel eyes that were often half closed, a nose that was very slightly turned up at the tip, and a large mouth with thin red lips, which were generally a little awry. A witch may be found under a fair complexion and an angel under a dark skin, but Helga did not belie her looks. She was as bright as a pebble of the brook, and just as hard and self-centred. Sufficient to herself, she clung to no one, but loved to have the eyes of everybody upon her. She sang like a throstle, and was fond of dressing herself up in grand disguises of paper crowns and coronets, being full of make-believe, and never quite able to distinguish fact from fiction.

The sons of the Governor were not less unlike each other. Magnus was a big, heavy, black-haired boy, silent and slow, and thought to be rather stupid. He found it hard to learn, and his face had often a puzzled expression, sometimes a gloomy and morose one. On the other hand, his moral character was as sensitive as his intellect was sluggish. If he borrowed a penny he would never rest until he had paid it back, and if anyone lent him a pencil he would walk a mile to return it. As a consequence his sense of injustice was keen to the point of agony, and he suffered more from an unmerited rebuke than from a blow. He liked best to visit the family farm at Thingvellir, and when asked what he was going to be he plumped for being a farmer. Always fond of animals, he filled the house with dogs, cats, moles, and white mice, and seemed to love nothing else except his mother. Not a lovable boy, and a rather surly and unhappy one, he was by no means a general favorite, but Anna was very fond of him.

Oscar was so totally unlike Magnus in every quality of mind and heart that it was difficult to believe they could be brothers. The fair-haired little fellow with the comely face was as sweet-tempered as the sunshine, and as full of laughter as a running river. He could learn anything without an effort, and he had an extraordinary ear for music. Before he could speak properly he imitated the notes of any instrument from the organ to the guitar, and before he could write his alphabet he wrote mysterious musical hieroglyphics on scraps of paper which the Governor carried off to his bureau and hoarded up like treasures more precious than gold. But in giving him something like genius nature had taken away character, without which genius is a curse. The merry little soul did not seem to know right from wrong, or truth from a lie. He was always glancing from one thing to another, like the sun on an April day. If crying one minute, he was laughing the next. Nothing troubled him long, but, also, nothing seized and held him. He began by announcing that he intended to be a king; rather later he thought it would be grander to be a general, but going one evening with the organist of the cathedral to his weekly rehearsal, he finally concluded that to be organ-blower would be best of all.

Nobody loved him the less for his infirmities of character, for it is one of the whims of the human heart that the people who run most strictly within the lines of the laws of life find an irresistible fascination in the recklessness of those who kick over the traces. Oscar was the privileged pet of everybody, and the idol of his father's eyes.

"Ah, Stephen, you'll never rear that boy," said the Factor.

"Nonsense! Why shouldn't I?"

"Whom the gods love die young, you know."

"But that's only because they never grow old," said the Governor.

From the first Oscar was fond of a pageant, and always wanted to be marching in procession like a victorious General, with the juvenile equivalents for banners and bands

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of music. One day he was going so, playing a tune of his own composing on a comb, with Helga as an eager lieutenant, Thora as a submissive soldier, and Magnus as a subservient slave behind him, when, coming to a river that crossed the home-field, a desire for carnage seized the General, and backing suddenly on the narrow bridge he toppled his followers into the water. Magnus and Helga escaped without serious consequences, but, as nobody is anybody's brother in a game, Thora, being dragged down by her sister, was drenched to the skin.

The Governor came up at the moment when Magnus was hauling Thora on to the bank, and he was very angry.

"Was it an accident?" he asked, but the children did not answer. "Then who did it?" he demanded, but Thora, to whom he spoke, looked first at Oscar and then at Helga and began to cry. "Was it you, Oscar?" Oscar hesitated for an instant, but Helga touched his sleeve and he shook his head. "Was it you, Helga?" Helga promptly answered: "No." "Then it must have been you, Magnus," said the Governor, and Magnus flushed crimson all over his face and neck, but made no reply. "*Was* it you?" Magnus's mouth quivered, but still he did not speak. "So it was you, sir, and you can go indoors and go to bed immediately." Without a word or a tear, but with a look of defiance, Magnus wagged his head and turned toward the house. Seeing him go, Oscar wanted to blurt out the truth, but his melting eyes encountered Helga's, which held them fast, and he said nothing.

It was one of Anna's many birthday feasts, and from the upper room where all was silent and cold Magnus heard the children's voices below stairs, at first hushed and restrained, but after a while merry enough, with Oscar's voice among the rest and Helga's above everybody's. The laughter and joking burned into his soul, and at last he struck the table with his fist and burst into a flood of tears.

Then through the sound of his own sobs a thin whimper came from somewhere, whispering, "Magnus! Magnus!" It was Thora at the key-hole.

"Go away," said Magnus gruffly, but Thora did not go.

"Magnus, shall I tell?" said Thora, and Magnus blinked several times, as the big tears rained down his cheeks, but still he answered: "Go away, I tell you."

At that Thora fell to kissing the key-hole, and Magnus had stopped his sobbing to listen, when he heard another voice—Anna's voice—outside the door, and then the child was taken away.

As soon as the birthday-party was over and the girls were gone, Oscar began to ask for Magnus, but the Governor patted his curly head and said Magnus had been naughty and must sleep alone that night. Half an hour later Anna found him crying with his head under the bedclothes and she said: "Hide nothing from your father, my child."

The Governor was sitting alone in his bureau, when a little figure in a dressing-gown came in with swimming eyes and trembling lips, saying: "It wasn't Magnus, papa—it was —" and then a wild outburst of weeping.

The Governor was more touched by Oscar's confession than by Magnus's silence. He patted Oscar's head again and said: "That was very, very wrong of you, curly-pate; but go and beg your brother's pardon and take him off to bed."

When Anna went upstairs again she found two heads on the pillow, side by side—the dark as well as the fair one—and Magnus was listening and Oscar was talking, and both were laughing merrily.

As soon as the youngest of the children was fourteen winters old they were confirmed together. There was only one other candidate, little Neils, the Sheriff's son, whose mother was dead. In the preliminary examination it was expected that Oscar would come first, Helga second, Neils and Thora next and Magnus last. The Rector examined them, and when the moment came to declare the order of the candidates he looked serious and even severe. Oscar, with a sparkle in his eye was carrying himself gayly, and Helga was at her ease, while Thora and Neils were trembling with anxiety and Magnus was nibbling his thumb-nail, for he was in dread of not being accepted at all, and in that case, as his new black suit had been bought, he would be afraid to go home. But when the Rector had cleared his throat and called for silence, he announced a great surprise.

"Magnus is first," he said, "Thora second, Neils third, Helga fourth and Oscar—Oscar is last."

Then he turned to Oscar and said: "You are rightly served, my son, for you might have done better and you took no trouble. Take an old man's word for it, Oscar—in the race of life it isn't always the rider who comes in first that was the last to put on his spurs!"

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Oscar was crushed with shame, but he recovered himself in a moment, and while the others looked at him to see what he would do—Helga with her mouth awry and Thora with eyes that could not see distinctly, and a throat that could not swallow—he swung about to where Magnus was standing with head down, blushing like a baby, and gripped and shook his hand.

CHAPTER IV

Soon after that the children were separated. Helga was the first to go. The Factor had become rich, and his wife, who had only been waiting until she could claim a separate maintenance, parted from her husband and went back to Denmark, taking their younger daughter with her. Helga, who was then fifteen years of age, was glad to go, but it was a condition of the separation that at twenty-one she should return to Iceland if her father wished her to do so, or forfeit all interest in his will.

Little Neils Finsen was next to leave, for his father had married again and his stepmother had persuaded the Sheriff that the boy had a genius for the violin and ought to be sent to live in London.

Oscar remained a few winters longer, trying to find out the profession he wished to follow and deciding sometimes in favor of the law, sometimes in favor of the Church, but generally in favor of music (which was vetoed by everybody as a beggarly business), and being finally despatched to the care of a college friend of the Governor's at Oxford as a first stage toward an English degree and the pursuit of a public career in Iceland.

Thus it happened that within four years of their confirmation only two of the five children were left at home, and it had come to pass that these two—Magnus and Thora—were living under the same roof.

Magnus had failed at the Latin School, the Rector had concluded that it would be waste of time to keep him any longer, and the Governor had decided to send him to the farm, when the Factor volunteered to take him as an apprentice in his business and to receive him into his house.

The Factor's house was greatly changed by this time, the place of his wife being taken by his sister, a shrewd little body with a kindly heart but a sharp tongue, which kept everybody in order and reduced everything to rule. Under Margret's régime Magnus began as one of four apprentices who ate at the same table with the master and his family, but saw no more of them than they could see at meals.

He found it difficult to learn his master's business. It was a barter's business, in which the farmers exchanged their wool for foreign products, and settlements were made on paper. Magnus made many blunders at the beginning and was constantly being reproved. As time went on he grew to be big and powerful, and his fellow-apprentices christened him "Jumbo." The name stuck, and he was treated as a dullard.

Except twice a day—at dinner and at supper—he saw nothing of Thora now. Aunt Margret sent her to the Girls' High School, and if he met her in the street, coming or going, she would drop her head and smile and then run away. Magnus wanted to run, too, and always in an opposite direction, for the secret of sex had begun to whisper to both of them.

Once a month in winter they met at a dancing-class held at the Artisans' Institute. Why Magnus should go there, seeing he could never learn to dance, was a mystery to everybody until one night the truth became obvious to all, and then nobody thought him a dullard any longer, nor dared to say "Jumbo" in a whisper beneath his breath.

A sprightly young sailor named Hans Thomsen, lately home from a voyage, was carrying himself with extraordinary freedom. He was quick-witted, glib, and nimble, and partly for his merit as a dancer, but mainly for the glory of having "sailed," he was attracting the eyes of the girls. Seeing this he did his best to make sport for them, and when other efforts had been exhausted he looked out for a butt for his ridicule and immediately seized upon Magnus. He called him "Jumbo" several times, and when this gibe began to fail he made a doggerel chorus which he sang to a grotesque caricature of Magnus's elephantine steps:

> "Slowly goes the cow in calf
> Jog along and do not laugh."

The laughter came in peals, yet Magnus did not speak, and the girls thought he was stupid. Encouraged by his success Hans wagered a group of his friends that he would take his pick of all the girls in the room, and to prove his word he strutted up to Thora—

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who was reputed to be the richest heiress in Iceland—and asked her to dance with him. But Thora, who had flushed up to the eyes at the previous scene, said quietly but in a voice tremulous with anger: "No, thank you," and turning aside, she danced with Magnus.

Hans was at first speechless with amazement, but a man has to be hungry to eat his words in silence, and after a moment he winked to his friends and whispered: "Wait!"

The next dance was a cotillon, and in the first of its figures a girl had to sit blindfold on a chair placed at one end of the room while the boys raced from the other end to capture her. The one to reach her first had to lead her to the middle of the floor and kiss her—still blindfold—and then dance her round the room.

Hans whispered to the leader, Thora was chosen for the chair, and all the young men present—Magnus excepted—ran to catch her. Of course, Hans was the easy victor, and taking possession of his prize, he led her to the appointed place, and then, while all were silent and everybody waited to see what he would do, he made a mock obeisance before her blindfold face, as much as to say he did not wish to kiss her, and left her where she stood.

At that the girls began to giggle, and Thora, feeling that something was wrong, uncovered her eyes and found herself standing alone, and the sailor in his seat. Then the color rushed up to her eyes again, and thrice redder and hotter than before, and covered with confusion, she crept back to her place.

A moment afterward, Hans was in the middle of the floor kicking his heels higher than a tall man's head, when Magnus, pale as a ghost, stepped out and took hold of him.

"You must dance with me next," he said, and the sailor, feeling the grip of a lion about his waist, cried, half in earnest, half in jest:

"But it's no fun dancing with a bull. Let go of me, will you?"

"Not till I show you how a bull would dance you," said Magnus, and before anyone could know what was about to happen, the sailor had kicked the beam of the ceiling, filling the room with dust, and fallen with a crash to the floor.

Hans never went to sea again, and the Sheriff, who was a life-long enemy of the Governor, fined him a hundred crowns after reading him a lecture on bad passions and the duty of parents to check them. The Factor paid the money and then stopped it, ten crowns a month for ten months, out of Magnus's salary. The salary was twenty crowns in all at that time, and Magnus took the other ten in secret to Hans himself. As long as Hans lived, Magnus paid him ten crowns a month, whatever his own earnings might be. Hans became a water-carrier and a drunkard.

CHAPTER V

AFTER that Aunt Margret invited Magnus to spend his evenings with her and Thora, instead of going upstairs with the other apprentices. This led to the happiest period in his life. Thora played the guitar, while Aunt Margret knitted interminable stockings, and in order to find an excuse for his presence, Magnus began to play the flute. He had no music in his nature, but he continued to scream and puff through his instrument like an express-train through a ventilated tunnel. And when he had blown himself out of breath, Thora, who was sweet and patient, would wait while he wiped his forehead.

Those intervals in the harmony were always the dearest part of the evenings to Magnus, for then he could talk to Thora. The big, silent fellow, who rarely spoke to anybody else, would sometimes talk to her with a force and eloquence which made Aunt Margret's closing eyes wink and open wide. It was only about business, what he had done to-day, or was going to do to-morrow, but his face would light up, his eyes would flash, his tongue would flow, and he would become another being.

As time went on and Magnus came out of his apprenticeship, he began to develop great schemes and ideas, and he always tried them on Thora first. The barter business would go to the dogs some day, and the fortunes of the future would be made in the fishing. He was the richest man in the world whose estate was in the sea, and if Iceland men had the sense to see where their wealth was waiting for them, they would build luggers to replace their open boats and buy quick steamers to run their fish to England. That required money, but

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Parliament ought to provide it, and some day—who could know what might not happen?—Magnus himself would enter Althing and tell those talking automatons what they ought to do.

The Factor heard of this project through Aunt Margret and he was much impressed by its foresight and practical wisdom. One day, after smoking various pipes while turning the leaves of his ledger, he went over to the Governor and said:

"Upon my soul, Stephen, that son of yours is no fool. He has notions, and if he had capital as well, I don't know that something mightn't come of him. But broad thighs want broad breeches, and the question is, what are we going to do?"

"Lend the lad some money and give him a chance," said the Governor.

"And create a rival to crush me? No, no! Near is my shirt, but nearer is my skin! But look here, old friend—why shouldn't Magnus marry Thora?"

"Splendid! It has been the dream of my life to cement our friendship in the second generation by a still closer bond."

"Let's come down to facts and figures then," said the Factor, and within half-an hour the marriage of Magnus and Thora was a settled matter.

Magnus heard of it from the Governor. "I've been talking with the Factor about you, Magnus, and we think it would be a good thing if you and Thora made a match. He will make you his partner immediately, and in due time the heir to half he leaves behind. So if you agree——"

"But Thora?" Magnus's eyes had lit up with a deep glow of delight. "Does Thora agree?"

"I must leave you to find that out for yourself," said the Governor.

Thora in her turn heard of the arrangement from Aunt Margret.

"Your father is growing old, my precious, and it's time he took a partner. Pity he hasn't a son for a place like that, but the next best thing is a son-in-law, and if you or Helga would marry somebody who could carry on the business—somebody like Magnus——"

"But Magnus is like my brother, Aunt Margret."

"So much the easier to make him your husband, my honey."

"But, surely, it's necessary to love one's husband, auntie?"

"Certainly it is necessary to love him, but that's easy enough with Magnus—such an old friend, and so devoted to the family."

There seemed to be nothing left except that Magnus should speak to Thora for himself, but that was a task of graver difficulty. The great creature, who had broken the back of the swaggering bully, began to tremble in the mere presence of the soft-voiced little lady, who dropped her blue eyes whenever he entered the room. The music lasted longer of an evening now, and the intervals were fewer and more brief.

But one day Magnus, who had been to Thingvellir on the business of the sheep-gathering, came back with a young pony, and called Thora into the yard of her father's house to look at it. The four years' colt, which was prancing about for sheer joy of being alive, had faultless limbs, a glossy chestnut coat, and a silvery mane and tail.

"Is it a good one?" said Magnus.

"It's a beauty!" said Thora. "It's perfect! It's the loveliest thing that ever stepped! Whomever does it belong to?"

"It belongs to you," said Magnus, and when Thora gave him her hand to thank him, he held it for a moment while he looked into her face, and then drew her to his side and kissed her.

"Is it to be so, Thora?" he whispered, and from somewhere in the depths of his breast Thora answered: "Yes."

The world was going round him in a wild dance of joy, when somebody touched him on the shoulder. It was the Factor, who had seen everything from the house.

"That's the best day's work you ever did in your life, my lad, and I'll take care you never rue it. But what's this they tell me—that you are Mountain-king at Thingvellir this year?"

"That is so," said Magnus.

"Well, well, I'm willing! Take ten days at your sheep-gathering, and while you are away I'll have the contract written out and ready. Then we'll sign it the day after you come back, and the wedding can be when you please."

Thora and Magnus went into the house hand in hand like children, and Aunt Margret, who had been crying behind the kitchen door, fell on them and kissed them. Magnus thought he had never been so happy in his life. Next day he went back to Thingvellir, and scarcely two hours after he had

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gone, word ran through the town like a rush of freshening wind that the steamer "Laura" had arrived in the fiord, and his brother Oscar had returned with her.

CHAPTER VI

OSCAR STEPHENSEN carried everything before him. During the six years of his absence in England he had grown as straight as a poplar and as handsome as a young god. Both his dress and his manners seemed faultless in Iceland eyes, and each had a touch of individuality that was utterly irresistible. His spirits were as buoyant and boyish as before, and his winning gayety captivated everybody.

It counted for nothing that his career abroad had been something like a failure; that his infirmities of character had followed him; that his father had forbidden him to return before, in order to fix him at his studies; that he had left Oxford, nevertheless, before he had taken his degree, and that, removing to London at his own earnest entreaty, he had hitherto done nothing at the Academy of Music. He could and he would was all that anybody thought of this; when he once began he would take the world by storm.

On landing from the steamer, he ran up the street as light of foot as a reindeer, shouting salutations on every side, plunged into Government House, hugged his mother at intervals for five minutes; spoke so fast that she could not follow him; dashed into the Governor's bureau; kissed his father just as he used to do when he was a boy; talked for ten minutes; explained that he had not written to say he was coming because he wanted to take everybody unawares; then said: "Now I must slip off to see my godfather," and vanished like a shaft of April sunshine, leaving the air of the room tingling like a candelabra and the old people smiling into each other's faces with delighted surprise.

"Well! Oscar was always a master of surprise," said the Governor, and he took up his hat and followed him.

When Oscar reached the Factor's he came first upon Aunt Margret, and throwing his arms about her neck, he held her so long that to recover her breath and to save her ringlets she had to beat him off with her fists. And then there stood Thora in her laced bodice and turned-down collar, her hufa and tassel and plaited hair, looking sideways out of her soft blue eyes and smiling with her rows of pure white teeth. He thought she was a picture of charming simplicity, and took both her hands in both of his, and so they stood for some moments, while she grew redder and redder every instant and tried to get away.

"Can it be possible?" he said. "And this is Thora! When we were children she used to kiss me, but now——"

"Now she's going to be married, Oscar. Haven't you heard the news? Thora is to be married to Magnus."

"Then she belongs to the family and I may kiss her in any case," said Oscar.

Thora escaped at last, and then the Factor came in and Oscar had to turn round and round like a teetotum that his godfather might see what changes the world had made in him. He laughed and laughed again, inquiring about the business and the crops, and then tramped about the house asking what had become of this piece of furniture, and what they had done with that.

"Everything seems to speak to me," he said, "and when I had my den in Oxford I used to hear that old Bornholme clock ticking away as plainly as I hear it now."

Then the Governor arrived and Anna followed him, and while the old men smoked and Aunt Margret did the honors, Oscar poured out the foreign news in a stream of galloping words, and then asked what was going on at home. They told him of Magnus's ideas and schemes, but he did not approve of them.

"Iceland will be Iceland no longer if you turn into a little America," he said. "It is the country of song, of story, of fire, frost, volcano, glacier, patriarchal methods of government and trade."

"Oscar is right," said the Factor. "Keep up the old order, I say."

And when Oscar had shot away like a meteor the Factor said: "That young fellow has made me feel fifteen years younger. I must keep an eye on Magnus, though. He is no fool, but he can't reach with his toes where Oscar has his heels. Oscar's a boy!"

"He's a darling," said Aunt Margret, straightening her ringlets.

Thora hardly knew what she thought of him, except that he had left her very unhappy. When she went to bed that night she could not help thinking of Magnus and comparing him unfavorably with his brother

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—recalling little things like his hands and nails and the discolored patches on his cheeks when he neglected to shave.

Next morning Oscar distributed the presents he had brought from England—a brooch for Anna containing a place for his own portrait, a pin for Aunt Margret, a silver belt for Thora, and something for nearly everybody. His unselfishness was a subject of general eulogy, and nobody remembered for a moment that the Governor had paid for everything.

In the afternoon he came again to the Factor's and talked for an hour to Thora and Aunt Margret about London and the glory of its sights and scenes. "You must see them for yourself some day, Thora," he said. "But then, I suppose, old Magnus will never leave Iceland whatever happens."

Thora was more unhappy than ever when she went to bed that second night, thinking what a difference it made in a man if he had "sailed," and what a wondrous life the girl must live who was to marry Oscar. She was looking at her new belt in the glass and standing off from it to admire her glorified waist, when Silvertop whinnied in the stable, and then she felt miserable and a little ashamed.

Oscar came the next day also, and Aunt Margret being out on an errand of charity, he sat with Thora alone until it was quite dark, telling of the plays he had seen in England. There was a good deal about love in them, and one was of a girl who was beloved by two brothers. Her father had married her to the elder brother while she was still a child, but as soon as her heart awoke she loved the younger one, and her husband killed both of them. Thora cried for the two children who tried to be true but could not, and she dreamed that night that she was Francesca, and Oscar was Paolo and Magnus was Giovanni. The dream was painful, but the wakening up was more painful still.

Oscar came again the next day also, and then he played a number of songs he had composed on subjects in the sagas. Thora thought she had never heard such playing, and do what she would, she could not help laughing a little at the thought of Magnus's performances on the flute. "I'm sure he'll become a great composer," she said when Oscar had gone.

"Perhaps so, but no one can feed on honor," said Aunt Margret.

By this time Thora had begun to look for Oscar every day, and the next time he came he persuaded her to bring out her guitar. She played some Iceland love-songs and sang them in a sweet voice. Thora was like a flower that had been growing under the snow and was opening its eyes to the sun.

"I wonder whom Oscar will marry?" she said, and Aunt Margret answered:

"Some English miss with plenty of this world's goods and none of the next's." And then Thora felt a tingling pain in her breast.

One day there came a note from Oscar, saying: "Glorious morning! What do you say to a few hours on the fiord? Will call for you immediately."

They took a boat belonging to the Factor, and turned her head toward Engey, an island inhabited by ten thousand eider-duck. Both were rowing when they left the jetty, and the water foamed under their oars, but as soon as they were out of sight and hearing they dipped softly and drifted. The sea and sky were blue and quiet, like two mirrors face to face, each reflecting the other, and with the boat like a great bumble-bee humming between.

Oscar was like a boy. He laughed and talked continually, telling stories of what they used to do when they were children. He had not been very chivalrous then, he remembered, but when she had pleaded pitifully he had allowed her to sit on his sledge, and they used to go cracking and crashing through the crisp snow. They had tiffs, too, in those days, and people used to say: "Children who make a quarrel often live to make a match." Wise folks, were they not?

They landed on Engey and rambled about in search of the eider-duck, but all the birds were gone, and there was nothing left in their empty nests but a few discolored eggs, and these were addled.

"We've come here too late," said Oscar. "Haven't we come here too late, Thora?" he said again, stooping to look sideways into her face. And then Thora, who had been humming a tune, suddenly flushed as red as fire. Their eyes were sparkling, and they were quivering with excitement.

"How I wish we could be children again!" said Oscar. "Don't you, Thora?"

Before she was aware Thora answered: "Yes," and then, becoming embarrassed, she turned back toward the boat. The ground was scored with narrow ruts which had been riven out of the grass by the frosts of winter, and Oscar said:

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"We can't both walk in one rut, you know."

"You can catch me, then," said Thora, and she ran away laughing.

Oscar ran after her and caught her, and held her by the belt, and then she became serious. After a moment she covered her face and began to cry.

"Have I hurt you?" asked Oscar.

"No, no! It's nothing! I'm silly! Catch me again!" said Thora, and snatching his cap off his head, she flew over the ruts, and had leaped back into the boat before he came up with her.

When they returned to the Factor's, Aunt Margret, who looked cool and thoughtful, gave Oscar a letter which his mother had left for him. It was from Magnus, and it ran:

"*Dear Oscar:* I am glad to hear you have come home, and I wish I had been there to welcome you. You come in a lucky hour, for you must have heard of my good fortune about Thora. It was long before I could bring myself to grasp my happiness, because she was such a happy little girl, and it seemed so selfish to take her from her father's house, and everybody there so fond of her. But now that I have got her, I feel new strength, and am doing the work of three. I am so happy that nothing goes wrong with me, and I am like the anvil that could not be made angry, though it were to have the heaviest blow. But I am longing to see you, and I write to ask if you will come to the sheep-gathering, and bring Thora with you. Now I must conclude, for we are camping in the mountains, and it will take this letter all its work to reach you in time.

"Your affectionate brother,

"MAGNUS STEPHENSEN."

Oscar read the letter aloud, and when he had finished it, Thora could not see him distinctly for the vapor which floated before her eyes—like the chilling thaw-cloud that comes down the valley on a bright winter's day, and hides the shining fells. But after a moment Oscar laughed—a little nervously—and said:

"Let us go by all means. I'll have Silvertop ready, and bring him round at five in the morning."

CHAPTER VII

NEXT day, Magnus awoke on the mountains in the paling light of the moon and the early glimmering of the dawn, and thought of Thora. He had always thought of Thora first on awakening in the morning, and her face had been the last he had seen at night when he had closed his eyes under the stars.

For seven days Magnus and his men had scoured the mountains, gathering up the sheep that had strayed during the summer; and every night when they had pitched their tents in some sheltered place where there was water and grass among the lava and screes, and every morning when they rose at the first glimpse of daylight, he had told himself he was one day and one night nearer to Thora.

When he had been midway down, someone had brought him news of Oscar's return to Iceland, and after he had written his letter and despatched it, he had been happy in the prospect of seeing his young brother after a long separation, but happier still in the thought of seeing Thora one day sooner than he had expected because Oscar would bring her to meet him.

And now it was the last day of his duty, and as he and his shepherds came down the mountains, driving 5,000 head of sheep before them, and the men began to talk of their wives and sweethearts, he thought surely nobody had ever loved anybody as he loved Thora, because there was only one Thora in the world.

The morning was bright and calm, and there was no sound in the clear air except the bleating of the sheep, the barking of the dogs and the voices of the shepherds calling to each other as they raced across the fells to keep their flocks together, but Magnus felt as if everything on earth and in heaven were talking to him of Thora.

He began to think of how they should meet, and he found it delightful to imagine what would happen. Oscar would say: "Have I brought her safely, Magnus?" And then with one arm about Thora, he would give his other hand to young Oscar and thank him for taking such good care of the sweet girl who was more to him than his own soul.

At eight o'clock the men came in sight of the sheepfold they were going to, lying in the valley like an inverted honeycomb, and then Magnus persuaded himself he could see through his field-glass a line of people like a train of ants coming over the plain beyond. He could hardly contain himself at the thought that Thora must be among them; and when, an hour afterward, he could plainly distinguish two riders galloping ahead, he was happy in the certainty that these were Oscar and Thora, and that they were hurrying to meet him.

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Half an hour later Magnus saw Oscar and Thora on the outside of the sheepfold, but at that moment he was knee-deep in a palpitating and bleating sea of sheep, and he could only wave his hand and try to shout his salutations. He found he could not shout, for something had gripped him by the throat; but Oscar called to him, and he thought: "What a man he is now, and what a grown-up voice he has got!"

During the next three hours Magnus was kept busy, separating the sheep and settling disputes among the farmers, but as he worked he saw the townspeople pitch their tents and light their fires to boil their kettles. "Thora is there," he thought, and he was content.

By two o'clock in the afternoon the last of the sheep had been separated; the shepherds were driving away their flocks in different directions; the bleating, barking, and shouting were dying off in the distances, and then Magnus—soiled, sunburned, and unshaven—turned his face toward the tents.

The townspeople had finished eating; their fires were smouldering out in the sunshine, and they were dancing to a guitar on a level piece of green, when Magnus went up to them and asked for Oscar, but looked for Thora. Somebody told him they had gone—gone for a walk somewhere, and Magnus was glad, because they could meet where they would be more alone.

He shaded his eyes and looked down the valley, and thinking he saw two figures at the foot of the hills, he leapt to the back of a horse that was grazing near, and rode off in that direction. He was humming a tune, for he was very happy.

After some minutes he was sure he saw Oscar and Thora, and began to call for them.

"Helloa!" he cried, but there came no answer.

"Helloa!" he cried again, but still there was no reply, and all was silent now save for the tinkling of the guitar behind him.

"Helloa! helloa! helloa!" but nothing came back to him except his own voice as it echoed in the hills.

Oscar and Thora were sitting on the sunny side of a rock, which rose out of the foot of the mountain like a mound of black soil, but which was really the mouth of an extinct volcano. Magnus thought he knew what they were doing—they were dropping stones down the crater and listening for the sound of their descent. That was why they had not heard him, although he had called so loud. Very well—he knew what he would do—he would play a practical joke upon them; he would take them by surprise; he would creep up on the opposite side of the rock and suddenly appear before them as if he had risen out of the pit.

With this intention Magnus made a circuit of the crater and drew up on the shady side of it. He was then very close to the two who were sitting above, but still they did not hear him; so, dropping from the saddle and throwing the reins over the pony's head, he stole up softly and began to climb the rock as quietly as he could in his big boots over the rolling stones. The greater difficulty was to keep himself from laughing aloud at the thought of what their faces would be like when he stood up between them like a ghost that had sprung out of the earth.

Scrambling on hands and knees, Magnus had climbed half-way up the rock when he heard Oscar speaking, and he stopped to listen.

"But why did you consent?" said Oscar's voice.

Thora did not answer, and after a moment the voice of Oscar said again: "Why did you, Thora?"

There was a low murmur of indistinguishable words, and then the voice of Oscar said: "Because your father wished it? But surely you have to live your own life, Thora. However obedient a daughter may be to her father, she is a separate being, and the time comes when she has to fly with her own wings, as we say. Then why did you consent?"

Magnus felt his fingers tighten their hold on the rock he was clinging to, and he leaned forward to catch Thora's reply. But there was only the same low murmur of indistinguishable words, and then Oscar's voice once more:

"Magnus? No doubt! I wouldn't say a word against Magnus—God forbid!—but love—mutual love—is the only basis of a true marriage, and if you do not love Magnus—not really and truly, as you say—why did you consent to marry him?"

Magnus felt the ground to be reeling under his knees. If he had not been clinging to the rock he must have rolled to the foot of it. All his soul seemed to listen, but he could hear nothing except the sound of Thora's voice breaking with sobs.

Then came Oscar's voice again, but lower and tenderer than before: "How hateful of

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me to make you cry, Thora! I didn't intend to do that, dear. But have you never asked yourself what will happen if you marry Magnus and then find out when it is too late that you like somebody else?"

At that there came another note into Thora's weeping, a note of joy as well as sorrow, and Magnus—though he did not know it—clambered higher up the rock.

"What did you say, Thora? Tell me, dear, tell me—did you say you had found out already?"

And then at last came Thora's voice in a burst of passionate tears, "You know I have, Oscar," and after that there was a startled cry.

Thora had risen and was moving toward Oscar, who was already on his feet and holding out his arms to her, when behind him she saw Magnus with a terrible face—his eyes staring, his lips parted, and his breath coming and going in gusts. Oscar turned to see what it was that Thora looked at, and, seeing Magnus, his whole body seemed to shrink in an instant, and he felt like a little man.

"Is it—you—really?" he faltered, and he smiled a sickly smile, but Magnus neither saw nor heard him.

Magnus heard nothing, saw nothing, and knew nothing at that first moment except that he, a man of awful strength and passion, was standing at the mouth of a pit as deep as hell and as silent as the grave, with two who had been dearer to him than any others in the world, and that they had deceived and betrayed him. But at the next moment he saw a look in Thora's face that made him remember Hans, the sailor, for it was the same look that he had seen there the instant after he had thrown the man on his back. Then a ghostly hand seemed to touch him on the shoulder and the fearful impulse passed.

There was silence for some moments in which nothing was heard but the quick breathing of the three, and then Magnus found his voice—a choking utterance—and he fell on Thora with loud reproaches.

"What does this mean?" he said. "It is only six days since I parted from you and now I find you like this! Speak! Can't you speak?"

But Thora could only gasp and moan; and Oscar, who had struggled to recover himself, stepped out to defend her: "It's not Thora's fault, Magnus. It's mine, if it is anybody's, and if you have anything to say you must speak to me."

"You!" cried Magnus, wheeling round on him. "What are you, I'd like to know? A man who betrays his own brother! Is that what you came home to do—to make mischief and strife and break up everything? In the name of God, why didn't you stay where you came from?"

"Magnus," said Oscar, trying to hold himself in, "you must not speak to me like that. You must not talk as if I had stolen Thora's affections away from you, because——"

"Then what *have* you done? If you haven't done that, what *have* you done?"

"Because Thora never loved you—never—though I am sorry to say it—very sorry——her engagement to you is nothing but a miserable commercial bargain between her father and our father, by which she has been bought and sold."

The blow went home; Magnus felt the truth of it; he tried to speak and at first he could not do so; at length he stammered:

"I know nothing about that. I only know that I was to marry Thora, and that in two days' time we were to be betrothed."

Then Thora said, nervously, with quivering lips and voice: "It wasn't altogether my fault, Magnus—you know it was not. It was all done by other people, and I had nothing to say in the matter. I was never asked—never consulted."

"But I asked you myself, Thora."

"That was when everything was settled and arranged, Magnus."

"But if you had told me even then, Thora—if you had told me that you did not wish it—that you could not care for me——"

"I didn't know at that time, Magnus."

"You didn't know, Thora?"

"I didn't know that the love I felt for you was not the right love—that there was another kind of love altogether, and that before a girl should bind herself to anyone for better or worse until death parts them, she ought to love him with all her heart and soul and strength."

"And do you know that kind of love now, Thora?" asked Magnus, and Thora faltered:

"Yes."

No one spoke for some moments. Magnus was going through a terrible struggle. He was telling himself that after all these two had something to say for themselves. They had their excuse, their justification. They loved each other, and perhaps they could not

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avoid doing what they had done, while he —he who had thought himself the injured person—was really the one who was in the way.

At last Magnus looked up and said in a voice that was pitifully hoarse and husky:

"Well, a man's heart does not break, I suppose, so I dare say I shall get over it."

The others said nothing, and Magnus looked from Oscar to Thora and said quite simply: "But what is to be done? If it is all over between Thora and me, what is to be done now?"

Neither of them answered him, so he turned to Thora and said: "Your father was to have the contract ready by the time of our return —can you ask him to destroy it?"

She did not reply. "You can't—I know you can't—your father would never forgive you—never."

Then he turned to Oscar: "The Governor has plans about the partnership—can you fulfil them if I should fail?—No? Is it impossible?"

Oscar gave no sign, and after a moment Magnus said: "Then I must be the first to move, I suppose. But perhaps that is only right, since I am the one who has to get out of the way."

"Don't say that, Magnus," cried Thora.

"Why not? Better a sour truth than a sweet lie, Thora."

Thora dropped her eyes; Oscar turned aside; they heard Magnus's foot on the stones as if he were moving away, but they dared not look lest they should see his face. After a moment he stopped and spoke again:

"When I was coming down the mountain I thought we might go home together—all three together—but perhaps we had better not. Besides, if I have to move first in that matter, I have my work cut out for me, and I must be alone to think of it."

"What are you going to do?" asked Oscar.

"God knows!" said Magnus. "He has got us into a knot. He must get us out of it."

They heard his heavy boots on the sliding stones as he stepped down the rock; they heard him speak cheerfully to his horse as he swung to the saddle; they heard the crack of his long reins as he slashed them above the horse's head, and then—as well as they could for the tears that were blinding them—they saw him bent double over the horse's back and flying across the plain.

CHAPTER VIII

EARLY next day Magnus called at Government House and went up to Oscar's room. He found Oscar sitting at a desk with a pen in his hand, a blank sheet of paper before him and sundry torn scraps lying about, as if he had been trying in vain to write a letter. The brothers greeted each other with constraint, and during the greater part of their interview they neither of them looked into the other's face.

"I have come to tell you," said Magnus, sitting by the side of the desk and fixing his eyes on the carpet at his feet, "I have come to tell you that I see a way—I think I see a way out of our difficulty."

"What is it?" asked Oscar, looking steadfastly at the blank sheet of paper before him.

"It is a plan which does not involve Thora at all, or in any way reflect upon you, therefore you will not ask me what it is. I expect to try it to-morrow, and if it succeeds the consequences will be mine—mine only—and nobody else will be blamed or affected."

Oscar bowed his head at the blank sheet of paper and said nothing.

"But before I take the step I am thinking of, I want to be sure it will be worth taking, and have the results I expect. That's why I am here now—I am here to ask you certain questions."

"What are they?" said Oscar.

"They are very intimate and personal questions, but I think I have a right to ask them, seeing what I intend to do," said Magnus, and then, in a firmer voice, "and a right to have them answered also."

"Ask them," said Oscar.

"I want to know, first, whether if I can liberate Thora from her promise to me, you will marry her?"

"Indeed yes—if she will have me—yes!"

"You said yesterday, you remember, that love—mutual love—was the only basis of a true marriage. Perhaps I forgot that in my own case, but I must not forget it now. So it is not sufficient that Thora should love you; it is necessary that you should love Thora—you do love her?"

"Indeed I do."

"Your attachment is a brief one—are you sure it is not a passing fancy?"

"Quite sure."

"It is a solemn thing that two human beings should bind themselves together, as Thora said, for better or for worse, until

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death parts them—you are not afraid of that?"

"No."

"You will always love her?"

"Always," said Oscar.

"You have counted all the cost, all the consequences?"

"I know nothing of costs and consequences, Magnus. I only know that I love Thora with all my heart and soul, and that if you will liberate her, and she will consent to marry me, I will consecrate my whole life to make her happy."

Magnus shifted in his seat, cleared his throat and began again.

"Thora is a sweet, good girl," he said, "the best and sweetest girl in the world, but she is a simple Iceland maiden who has never been out of her own country. She is not like you, and if you take her to England she will not be like your friends there. Have you thought of that? Are you ready to make allowances for her upbringing and education? Will your love bear all the strain of such a marriage?"

It was now Oscar's turn to move restlessly in his seat. "Why should you ask me a question like that, Magnus?"

"Will it?" repeated Magnus more firmly.

"I certainly think it will."

"But will it?" said Magnus still more firmly.

"It will," said Oscar.

There was a short pause and then Magnus said quietly:

"There are two or three other questions I wish to ask of you, and I ask them for your sake as much as Thora's."

"Go on," said Oscar.

"Thora is practically her father's only daughter now, and he is old and very fond of her. If he should wish her to remain in Iceland after her marriage you would be be willing to live here for the rest of your life?"

"If he made it a condition—yes."

"Naturally the Governor has certain plans for you, having spent so much on your education, and you have your own aims and ambitions also, but if these should clash with your love for Thora, if they should tempt you away from her, you would be ready to give them up?"

"Certainly I should."

"You are sure of that?"

"I am sure of it—that is to say—it would be hard, no doubt—to abandon the aims and ambitions of one's whole life—but if they ever clashed, as you say, with my love for Thora, ever tempted me away from her—tempted me to leave her to go to England, for example——"

"Or to any other country, or any other woman?"

"That is not possible, Magnus."

"But if it were possible?"

"I should not go," said Oscar.

"So that if I give Thora up and she consents to marry you, nothing and nobody will be allowed to disturb her happiness?"

"Nothing and nobody," said Oscar.

"Then write that," said Magnus, tapping the paper on the desk.

"Write it?"

"To her, not to me. If you are sure of all this, you cannot be afraid to put it in black and white."

"I'm not afraid, but it's of no use writing it to Thora."

"Why not?"

"Because when you left us yesterday she told me that though her heart was mine she had given her word to you and she would be compelled to keep it."

"She told you that?"

"She did."

Magnus hesitated for a moment and then said in the husky voice of yesterday: "Write it nevertheless, and let me take the letter."

"You mean that, Magnus?"

"Yes."

"That you will give her back her word and speak to her for me?"

"Write your letter," said Magnus huskily.

While Oscar's pen flew over the blank sheet of paper Magnus sat with head down, digging at the pattern in the carpet. A fierce fight was going on in his heart even yet, for the devil seemed to be whispering in his ear: "What are you doing? Didn't you hear what he said—that Thora had decided to keep her word to you? Are you going to persuade her not to do so? You'll never get over it—never!"

When Oscar had finished his letter he gave it to Magnus and said: "Here it is. I think it says all we talked about, if less than a fraction of what I feel. She'll listen to you though, I feel sure of that, but if she does not—if she sends me the same——"

"What will you do then?" asked Magnus, pausing at the door.

"Then I will take the first steamer back to England, and ask you to say nothing to anybody of what has occurred."

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A bright light came into Magnus's face, and then slowly died away.

"But I cannot think of that yet, Magnus —not till I hear the result of your errand. See her, speak to her, tell her she is not responsible for her father's contract, beg of her not to ruin her own life and mine. Will you?"

"I will."

"God bless you, old fellow! You are the best brother a man ever had. Don't be too long away. I shall hardly live until you return. Put me out of suspense as quickly as you can, Magnus. If you only knew how awfully I love the little girl and how much her answer means to me——"

"But Magnus's tortured face had disappeared behind the door.

As he passed through the streets on his way to the Factor's, with Oscar's letter to Thora in his side pocket, and his nervous fingers clutching it, the devilish voice that had tempted him before seemed to speak to him again and say, "Destroy it! Didn't you hear him say that he would go away? Let him go! Nobody but yourself will know anything about the letter! Even Thora will never know! And when Oscar is gone Thora will fulfil her promise to you! Let her fulfil it! If she does not love you now, she will come to love you later on. And if she never comes to love you she will be yours; you will have her, and who has a better right? Destroy it! Destroy it!"

The fight was fierce, but Magnus decided in favor of the girl's happiness against his own, and he said to himself at every step, "Go on; you want Thora to be happy, then carry it through; it is hard, but go on; go on!"

When he reached the Factor's his great limbs could scarcely support themselves and his ashen face was covered with sweat.

CHAPTER IX

The Factor's house was full of the sweet smell of the baking of cakes, and Thora and Aunt Margret were in the kitchen, with the fronts of their gowns tucked up to their waists, their sleeves turned back and rolling-pins in their hands, behind a table laden with soft dough and sprinkled with flour.

"Here's Magnus at last!" said Aunt Margret, "and perhaps *he* can tell me how it happened that you came home without him yesterday."

Magnus did his best to laugh it off. "That's a long story, Auntie," he said. "A horse's shoe isn't made at a blow, and I want to speak to Thora."

"Mind you don't keep her long then. If we're to be ready for all the people who are to come to-morrow there's work here to-day for a baker's dozen."

Magnus went up to the little sitting-room with the Bornholme clock in it, and Thora followed him. There were dark rings under her eyes, and her manner was nervous and restless.

"I am ashamed of what happened yesterday," she said, "and I ask you to forgive and forget."

"I cannot do either," said Magnus; "that is to say, not yet, and in the way you mean."

Thora's eyes began to fill. "Don't be too hard on me, Magnus. I'm trying to make amends and it isn't very easy."

"I'm not so hard on you as you are on yourself, Thora, and I'm here to tell you not to do yourself an injustice."

Thora thought for a moment and then said, "If you mean that you have come to say that after all I must fulfil my promise it is unnecessary, because I intend to do so."

"Will that be right, Thora?"

"It may not be right to Oscar, perhaps, or to myself——"

"I'm not thinking about Oscar now, and I'm not thinking about you—I'm thinking about myself—will it be right to me?"

"What more can I do, Magnus? It wasn't altogether my fault that I gave you my word, but I did give it, and I am trying to keep it."

"Would it be right to marry me—seeing, as you said yourself, you do not care for me?"

Thora dropped her head.

"You said yesterday that before a girl should marry a man she ought to love him with all her heart and soul and strength. Wouldn't it be wrong to marry me while you loved somebody else like that? Is that what you call making amends, Thora?"

"I was only trying to do what was right, Magnus, but if you think it would be wrong to marry you, then I will never marry at all —never!"

"What good will that be to me, Thora? Five years, ten years, twenty years hence, what good will it be to me that because you had given me your word and could not keep it, you are living a lonely life somewhere?"

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Thora covered her face with her hands.

"What sort of a poor whisp of a man do you suppose I am, Thora?"

"I didn't intend to insult you, Magnus. But if I can neither marry you nor remain unmarried what am I to do?"

"You know quite well what you are to do, Thora."

Thora uncovered her face; her eyes were shining.

"You mean that I must marry Oscar?"

"That depends upon whether you love him."

The shining eyes were very bright in spite of the tears that swam in them.

"*Do* you love him?"

"Don't ask me that, Magnus."

"But I do ask you, Thora. I have a right to ask you. Do you love Oscar?"

"I admire and esteem him, Magnus."

"But do you love him?"

"Everybody loves Oscar."

"Do *you* love him, Thora?"

"Yes," said Thora softly, and for some moments after that there was no sound in the room but the ticking of the big Bornholme clock.

"Then, as he loves you and wishes to marry you, it is your duty to marry him," said Magnus.

"But I have given my word to you, Magnus."

"I give you back your word, Thora."

The shining eyes were shedding tears of joy by this time, but while love fought for Oscar, duty and honor struggled for Magnus.

"But I have told him it is impossible," said Thora.

"He asks you again, Thora. Here is his letter," said Magnus.

"He gave it to you to deliver?"

"I asked for it."

"And you came to speak for him?"

"I came for myself as well."

"How good you are to me, Magnus!"

"Read your letter," said Magnus, and with trembling bands Thora opened the envelope.

The fight had been short but fierce. Magnus had watched every expression of Thora's face. If there had been one ray of love for him in her looks of gratitude and remorse he would have clung to the hope that the time would come when all would be well; but love for Oscar had shone in her eyes, broken from her lips, betrayed itself in the very insistence with which she had meant to marry Magnus, and there was no hope for him anywhere.

Thora looked up from her letter and said:

"How splendid! How noble! That's what I *do* call brotherly! Oscar tells me that you think you can put the contract aside without involving me or reflecting upon him. You are too good—too generous—too forgiving—how can I thank you?"

"By giving me Oscar's letter," said Magnus.

"What do you want with it?"

"I want to have it in my pocket when I do my work to-morrow. That's only fair—that while I am doing my part I hold Oscar's written assurance that he intends to do his."

"You wouldn't produce it to Oscar's injury?"

"Many a man sharpens his axe who never uses it," said Magnus.

Thora returned the letter to Magnus and he put it back in his pocket.

"Now you must answer it," said Magnus.

"Not yet, not immediately," said Thora.

"Immediately," said Magnus, and taking pen and paper from a sideboard he put them before her.

The power of the man mastered her and she sat at the table and took up the pen.

"But why should I write to-day?" she said. "Why not to-morrow?"

"To-morrow is the day fixed for the betrothal, and if I am to do anything then I must have everything in black and white."

"But let me have one engagement ended before the other is begun, Magnus."

"If Oscar does not receive your answer within an hour he will take the first ship back to England and you will never see him again."

"He said so?"

"Yes."

"You will break my heart, Magnus. I don't know what to say to you."

"Write," said Magnus.

"I cannot. You have driven everything out of my head."

"Then write to my dictation: 'My dear Oscar. I have received the letter you sent by Magnus——'"

"'Sent by Magnus——'"

"'And I reciprocate all you say——.'"

"'All you say——.'"

"'I believe you love me very dearly, and that you will never allow anything or anybody to come between us——.'"

"'To come between us——.'"

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"'Magnus has given me back my word because I do not love him——'"

"Must I say that, Magnus?"

"'And because he wishes to make me happy——'"

"I cannot, Magnus, I really cannot——"

"Go on, Thora. 'Therefore, if he can satisfy my father and yours——'"

"'My father and yours——'"

"'I will marry you when and where you please, because——'"

"'Because——'"

"'Because I love you with all my heart and soul and strength.'"

Thora was crying when she came to the end of the letter.

"Sign it," said Magnus, and she signed it.

"Address it," he said, and she addressed it.

"Seal it," he said, and she sealed it.

"Now give it to me," said Magnus, and he took the letter off the table and put it in his breast-pocket.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Thora.

"Deliver it myself," said Magnus.

"No, no!" cried Thora. "At least let me keep it for half an hour—quarter of an hour."

"I cannot trust you, Thora," said Magnus, and he made for the door.

"Give it me back! Give it me! Give it me!"

She threw her arms about him to detain him, and for a moment he stood trembling in the temptation of her embrace. Then he put her gently aside and fled out of the house.

Oscar was at the top of the stairs, being too eager to wait in his bedroom. "So you have brought it! She has sent me an answer! Give it me!"

"Take it," said Magnus.

But having Thora's letter in his hands at last Oscar was afraid to open it. "Is it all right?" he asked.

"See for yourself," said Magnus, and he dropped into the seat by the desk.

As Oscar read the letter the expression of his face changed from fear to joy, and from joy to rapture. Without looking up from the paper he cried out like a happy boy: "It's all right! She agrees! God bless her! Shall I read you what she says? Yet no! That wouldn't be fair to Thora! But it's as right as can be! How beautiful! Talk of education—nobody in the world could have put things better! The darling!"

He read the letter twice, and put it in his pocket; then took it out and read it again and kissed it, forgetting in his selfish happiness that anybody else was there.

Magnus sat and watched him. The fight was almost over, but he was nearly breaking down at last.

"What an age you seemed to be away!" said Oscar. "Yet you have run hard, for you are still quite breathless! But there is nothing more to do now except what you promised to do to-morrow. You think you *can* do it?"

"I think I can," said Magnus.

"It will be a stiff job, though! To persuade two old men who don't wish to be persuaded! Nobody wants to see his schemes upset and his contracts broken, and with all the good will in the world to me——"

"Wait!" said Magnus, rising—his unshaven face had suddenly grown hard and ugly. "We have talked of you and Thora, and of the Factor and the Governor, but there is somebody who has not been too much mentioned—myself!"

"Don't suppose I am forgetting you, though," said Oscar. "I can never do that—and neither can Thora—never!"

"If I am to stand back, and take the consequences, there is something you owe me—you owe me your silence!"

"Assuredly," said Oscar.

"Whatever I do or say to-morrow," said Magnus, "you must never allow it to be seen that you know my object. Is it a promise?"

"Certainly!" said Oscar. "Silence is inevitable if I am to save Thora from her father's anger, and I *will* save her from that and from every sorrow."

Magnus had walked to the door, and then, for the first time, Oscar looked at him.

"But what a brute I am—always thinking of myself!" said Oscar, following his brother on to the landing. "When everything is satisfactorily settled what is to happen to you, Magnus?"

"God knows!" said Magnus, with his foot on the stair. "Everybody has his own wounds to bandage."

"Well, God bless you in any case, old fellow!" said Oscar, patting Magnus on the shoulder. And then he returned to his room and took out Thora's letter and read it over again.

(To be Continued.)

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STRAIGHT TALK

By EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or anyone selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

A MAN'S VIEW

OH, Dorothy Dix! Shame on your estimate of woman. Are you so constituted that you can only see the hard and cruel?

In travelling, women's acts of kindness are too many to be named. One in particular I've often seen, and that is, the babe lifted out of its tired mother's arms and lulled to sleep on the breast of one—who was a stranger.

A true woman is all kindness and sympathy. She is unselfish. Her heart is a storehouse of tenderness and love. Man alone does not keep the key. It is ever open to all who will accept of its riches.

Do not believe that it is only men who have the magic wand to open my lady's heart. They have no monopoly. She is most gracious and kind to all.

Washington, D. C. M. M. BILLING.

BEST NOT IN PRINT

IN this day of telegraphic news and daily papers, we hear at once of every curious, cruel, senseless, and vindictive person, and nothing at all of the ten thousand sensible, quiet, kind, and gentle people who go to make up our homes and the foundation of our nation.

The best of our American women are *not in print*. The truest homes are those which are unadvertised.

Turner, Ore. MRS. E. T. JUDD.

WRANGLING ANIMAL THINGS

MISS DIX neglects to mention in her article on "Woman's Inhumanity to Woman" in the May EVERYBODY'S—that gladiatorial arena where woman meets woman,—The woman's club. There, neglecting homes, husbands, children in an intense desire to "establish their rights, broaden their scope, educate themselves to the higher life, gain inspirational help to become better women," they descend to the level of struggling, wrangling animal things, more violent than when they gathered round that abomination, the bargain-counter—worse than men at the most rabid of political conventions. Methods of party attack that the most corrupt of politicians, calling himself a man of honor, would disdain, fraud, trickery, innuendo, anonymous letters—no class of weapon is too base for some of the women in the high places of those learned assemblages, the women's clubs, to employ in order to gain their ends.

Man's honor ofttimes seems a slight thing, vaguely, subtly intangible—but woman's? Absolutely infinitesimal. Taking it in the same sense as man uses the term, man's honor, how often does a woman ask you to rely upon her honor? How many women's is to be relied upon?

A woman does another a discourteous unkindness. Brought to task, she remarks, "Oh well, she would have done the same in my place."

So—we women expect nothing of women, and receive exactly what we expect. The solution? Cultivation of individual kindliness of heart. When the women's club—that consolidation of all that is greatest and best, most intellectual, virtuous, brilliant, erudite in woman, has failed in its mission, and women still steal other women's cooks, purses, cheat at cards, sting their "dearest friends" to death by innuendo, I imagine each of us will have to fall back for keeps on an old-fashioned, almost disused piece of advice our mothers gave us—"Be a good girl and obey the Golden Rule."

A woman, whose only young son was attracted in strong friendship with no thought of marriage to a girl a few years older than himself, set about deliberately, with evil reports, to ruin the girl's reputation in the eyes of the world.

Forgetting her own daughters might be punished for her sins, she persisted until she almost succeeded in her aim. Only to find in the end, public opinion had eternally condemned her own daughters.

We generally reap as we sow. When we fail in kindness to our sex, someone causes us to suffer bitterly in the same measure.

In one case, I must disagree with Miss Dix. Women do not always draw aside their skirts from the woman who goes wrong. At any rate, one has only to look around them at any society function, where women eminent in social and club matters, true, good, and virtuous women, too, tolerate, even invite, women of whom most sickening tales of depravity are told with truth—welcome them into their homes—all because they command high social positions and are women of wealth and family. No drawing aside of chaste, unsullied skirts there!

Just as hard a nut to crack is why another woman's wrinkles are as balm of Gilead to the sore feelings of a woman she has slighted or injured. Why?

Ottumwa, Io. ANNA WOODIN BRANTZEL.

BISCUIT MOTHER USED TO MAKE

As they sat at the table her son remarked: "Mother, you *must* teach Mary to make biscuit. These are abominable. She generally does much better." "Why, Johnnie, I made those biscuit myself!" his

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mother exclaimed, and she did not appreciate the situation, though the wife did.

I know a gentleman who has as members of his family the mother of his first, and the mother of his present wife. There is no friction: A home where love is, and mutual respect. Last winter this pleasant home was made the happier by the presence of the gentleman's own mother.

Clinton, Miss. MRS. HOWARD J. CABELL.

NOT THE DEMNITION BOW-WOWS

ONLY the other day a friend, who is as devoted a follower of EVERYBODY'S as I am, startled me with the remark that "EVERYBODY'S is going to open a department in the back——."

"Really, that is interesting," I was led to remark; "but will it not prove very inconvenient to have it open that way? I confess that I prefer the open-back, but unless one is able to employ a maid it is more than likely to prove troublesome if one has them that way."

For this I shall never be fully forgiven—but, what I started to say was that Dorothy Dix's article on "Woman's Inhumanity to Woman" in the May EVERYBODY'S was in itself a more striking instance of the truth of her charge than anything she used in endeavoring to make her point. Being neither a woman nor the daughter of a woman, nor delegated by any woman's club to speak for it, I may not talk by the card; but, really, it is a distressing picture that the fair, yet peppery Dorothy paints of our mothers and wives and sweethearts. Does she paint for us a picture of woman as she lives in New York or Chicago or Philadelphia?—for we can hardly bring ourselves to think that the likeness is a faithful one of the American woman. To American men the term "American women" stands for everything that is sweet and womanly and pure and good. Were it not so, the country would have gone to the demnition bow-wows in the long ago. WILL AIKEN.

Helena, Mont.

ANYTHING SHORT OF MURDER

JEALOUSY, envy, pride! These attributes of character, which women allow to run riot among themselves, are the bane of their lives! A silly, childish spirit of emulation in regard to apparel, style of living, entertaining, and other trivial matters! It would seem that any woman who lives long enough in the world to become a grandmother, or mother-in-law, might have learned to subdue these wicked characteristics. But no! at this time they stand out in flaming colors! And behold her as a fiend incarnate, who is ready to do anything short of murder, to destroy the peace of two or three families. Nowhere is war waged so fiercely among women as between the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, and often between two sisters-in-law, which is worse yet. Yours truly,

Pontiac, Mich. MRS. H. R. BEARDSLEY.

PUTTERING AND IRRITABILITY

THE friction between women is owing largely to their more sensitive, highly wrought, nervous organization—disease often producing an extreme irritability, increased by "puttering" work and an indoor life. Put two nervous or dyspeptic men in close contact with each other for any length of time and in their case also peace will be a thing unknown. Men are slow to grant woman justice, but they overwhelm her with chivalry. The exigencies of the case demand that she "work" him for everything she gets, and centuries of practice have made her an adept therein. As long as women are practically isolated, with vague ideas of business methods or law in a general sense, responsible for nothing under the sun, passing their days in idleness or in puttering, insignificant, uncompetitive, unorganized tasks, just so long will she be a child, personal in her views, selfish, peevish, domineering. It is unreasonable to expect anything else. Education has been a potent factor in woman's enfranchisement, a larger industrial field has been equally beneficial. The saving grace of both lies in the fact that they have freed woman from self, broadened her thoughts, and taught her the beauty as well as the expediency of tolerance and good cheer.

Edith, Colo. LULU MACCLURE CLARKE.

TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN

HAVING been in a position for the past twenty years to study ways feminine, and no one has a better opportunity than one who makes their clothes, I will confess that for "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," the female sex is peculiar.

Woman's key-note is selfishness first, last, and all the time. She too often measures her civility by the length of her neighbor's pocket-book, pays too much deference to the sordid things of life, and she is responsible for a great deal of the trouble of this world without doubt.

Advancing civilization has accorded woman a certain deference, and she should meet it worthily. Let her repress her egotism, restrain her temper, keep her self-respect, and try to acquire the virtues she appears to possess, and cultivate repose by preserving the fine and fitting manners of both mind and heart.

New Harmony, Ind. PHOEBE ELLIOTT.

CLEANLINESS AS A VICE

I DO think that the woman who would not take in her parrot, when told that it was disturbing a sick and dying neighbor was cruel, inhuman, if you like. But would she have taken it in any quicker if the neighbor had been a man instead of a woman? I knew an instance where a young man was very ill with typhoid fever. A woman living near had her rugs out for their regular weekly beating. She was asked to desist, as it was feared the noise would be injurious to the young man. She said in reply that she hoped he would not be hurt by it, but that her rugs must be cleaned, and the beating went on. Yet this was a good woman, a kind and charitable woman at most times. Only she had cultivated the virtue of cleanliness to such an extent, that it seemed to her of more importance than anything else.

SARAH S. BROWN.

A WOMAN REPORTER'S TESTIMONY

IN my visits to jails and prisons, in the capacity of newspaper reporter, I have found entirely too many bouquets in the wife-murderer's cell, and I doubt if one of the fair hands that sent these could muster up courage or strength to reach out and hold

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a fallen sister from the awful chasm of Disgrace. Time has come when the scales should be more evenly balanced. With kindest wishes,

North McGregor, Io. KATHARYNE CLARKE.

WOMEN DENTISTS

IT has been my experience, having assisted in the training of many women in the profession, that they are not "sympathizers with our sufferings," "gentle," etc., but on the contrary, are exactly the opposite; they seem to lack delicacy of feeling and touch, and when sympathy is necessary usually become out of patience. I am not a woman-dentist-hater, but would like to meet with one that did not lack all those attributes that go to make a gentle ministering angel of the teeth. Very sincerely,

J. CLAUDE PERRY, D.M.D., D.D.S.

San Francisco, Cal.

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN

No observer of human nature can doubt the truth of the article by Dorothy Dix in the May EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

The facts are humiliating to a thinking woman, but they are none the less true. In every walk in life, woman's hand seems to be against woman. It has even been doubted if woman can feel a real friendship, using the word in its highest acceptance. How many can you count?

What is there in the make-up of a woman which precludes a sincere friendship? Is it jealousy, envy, or cold-blooded brutality? Two women might travel around the world on the same car or ship, and never exchange a sentence. Each would eye the other, and imagine her to be an adventuress.

Mind, I do not say that such a thing always happens, but that it is perfectly possible and probable. But what two men could do it?

Here is a case which I know to be true:

A lady boarded a Pullman sleeper on a great railway. She had been dangerously ill, and by advice of her physician, was returning to her home before she was more than able to sit up, to prevent a return of the disease.

Asking for the number of her berth which had been telegraphed for, the conductor answered—"No. 2, upper."

"Upper!" she said. "Can you not give me a lower one?"

"No, madam; all taken."

He passed on, and weak and trembling, she sank into the seat. A few moments later, the conductor returned through the car; she stopped him.

"I am just recovering from a severe illness," she said, "and my physician strictly impressed upon me the danger of taking cold. The upper berth is under the transoms, all of which are open, and I shall be sure to take cold. Please take this little charm to every man in this coach, and ask if any of them is a Mason; say the sick wife of a Mason wishes to exchange an upper for a lower berth."

She held out to him the beautiful emblem of a Knight Templar. The conductor looked distressed and answered:

"Madam, I wish I could do something for you, but there is not a lower berth in the coach occupied by a man; you see, they are all ladies. The three men who have uppers are in the smoker now."

"Then there is no use asking for an exchange," the sick woman said, and resigned herself to her fate.

The train had not started, so in the silence, the conversation was heard by the ladies occupying the adjoining berths. But not one offered to exchange with the invalid. A man sitting near, the only one in the coach, said:

"I am sorry I only have a seat for to-day, I get off at Chattanooga, or you should have had my berth."

Bear in mind that the invalid was in every respect of manner and dress a lady. There could be no doubt of that. She was ill, too, but neither fact appealed to a woman passenger.

It was evidence of a good understanding of woman-nature, that the invalid made no appeal to them. They heard, but as no one responded, she accepted her fate as best she could.

Women rather pride themselves upon their ignoring the presence of other women with whom they are unacquainted. Why should they? The other women are equally as indifferent to them.

I have read that a man, a great Shakespearian student, said: "I did not say that Cleopatra was a *perfect* woman, but that she was a perfect *woman*."

Now, I never believed a mere man said that, it must have been a woman. Men do not say such things. A man who may have descended from the high plane of morality will speak well of the woman who has gone down into the abyss with him, or he will keep silent. But a woman will hound her into her grave, and then say she deserved to die.

These things are passing strange, because these same women are really the salt of the earth in their homes and churches. What is the explanation? Is it pride of birth or station, or the old pharisaical feeling of gladness that she is not as other women? Is it worship of virtue, or mere selfishness? But these same women will work, beg, suffer, and starve for the man they love. They will sacrifice much comfort for the pleasure of a man friend, but will audibly, or inaudibly, grumble if a woman causes them inconvenience.

In Emerson's incomparable essay on Friendship, he says: "The only way to have a friend, is to be one." That is the kernel to the nut. I recommend the thought to all women.

MAUDE MURRAY MILLER.

GOD MADE MAN FUN-LOVING

GOD certainly looks with favor upon all amusement that makes a person more serviceable, more hopeful, more faithful, more a true citizen of the kingdom to come, else he would not have made man so fun-loving. How and when the ideal amusements are to come I do not venture to predict, but they will not come till the Church of the Living God brings them about. CHAS. E. PETTY.

Hornellsville, N. Y.

A VANISHING CHURCH

AN isolated country church composed of members whose early training varied widely, passed the following by-law: "Any member who indulges in card-playing, dancing, or horse-racing will be dismissed from the Church." This rule was passed because a member, having built a new home, had a house-warming at which dancing was the chief amusement.

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The result was a split in the Church, in which the pastor sided with the guilty house-warming party. But the non-dancing element was stronger and the Church was purged from her vile members who were "dragging her down to hell." A year later no Church was left to tell the story.

Denver, Col. ORA W. ALFORD.

AS IT WAS WITH PETER

PERHAPS it is an act of presumption for a humble mechanic to have a few words to say as regards the question of worldly amusements. However, you, Mr. Editor, have invited and left an open door for further discussion, to those who felt inclined. I believe that a Christian man should be a positive force for good in this world. I have for many years worked at the bench as a mechanic, have travelled extensively, and as a result come in contact with quite a number of my fellow-workmen, in different sections of these United States. Therefore, by reason of personal experience, I am constrained to say that those Christians who positively disapproved of the theatre, the dance, and the card-parties, were the men of force and influence. The fact that they, as Christian men, could ot indorse these so-called amusements in any form or place, made them potential factors for the influence and the spreading of the gospel of Christ. How many forceful Christians are there in the theatre-going crowd? Where are the consecrated disciples who dance? What about the influence of the card-players? I have often spoken to the unconverted, as to their reasons for not accepting Christ as their personal Saviour. The answers to this question, in most cases, were in this wise: "Oh, well, I am as good as most Christians; I can see no material difference between their conduct and mine. So many attend the same plays, dance the same dances, and join the same card-parties. In what respect are they superior to me?" Of course, excuses like these are poor logic, and I never fail to remind such reasoners of their own personal accountability to an all-knowing God. From years of observation and personal experience I am convinced that the theatres, the dances, and card-parties are and have been a detriment to the growth and development of a strong and vital Christian character. No person, however humble and circumscribed his station in life may be, lives for himself. His daily actions go out into his circle and there create and exert certain influences, the ends and results of which cannot be seen or estimated on this side of the grave. Therefore, "as it was with Peter—whose shadow blessed those on whom it fell—so it may be with us. We may so walk the way of life that our words will be music, our smile sunshine, and our very shadow a benediction."

JOSEPH MEYER

Chicago, Ill.

DANCE NOT WORSHIP

I SHOULD not advise holding a dance at the close of religious service, nor do I think a religious service would be a success immediately after a dance.

The one is to bring us into close communion with the Master, while the other is a diversion for a while from the strenuousness of our business life, which should be the purpose of all amusements.

Ada, O. O. B. MONNETT.

DISGUSTING TO THE WORLD

AFTER a careful study of "The Eight Digits" on the "Amusements" question, I must confess to no small degree of disappointment. It is true that the word "strenuous" is used by two of the writers, but there is not an iota of evidence that any of the Churches holds a standard on the question. I am impressed with the mild sarcasm in your note of introduction: "The liberality of their attitude is surprising." It is, and will be disgusting to the world at large. I doubt the wisdom of the articles—not a fearless sword on the question. I stand for the retention of our M. E. Church "Legislation" on the "Amusements" question. I demand a biblical standard for Church membership. No "16 to 1" business for me.

J. WILLIAMS.

Carey, O.

DANCING TAUGHT AT HOME

CARDS, says one, are the instruments of gamblers, and no innocent boy can handle them without contamination. It might as well be said that a knife is the instrument of the assassin and therefore boys should not be permitted to carry a pocket-knife or be taught to carve a fowl.

In the home of my youth cards were looked upon with as much horror as if the mute pieces of pasteboard had been poisonous reptiles, and any man who had a pack in his possession was supposed to be without moral sense and almost beyond the mercy of God.

In after years I went to other communities and found men and women of refinement, culture, and rigid morality, playing cards in their own homes, dancing, and patronizing the theatre. It was impossible not to draw comparisons between the people of these different communities, and at length it dawned upon me that well-bred people stand in no danger of injury from the much-debated amusements. If a play is good, they will patronize it; if it is bad, they will avoid it as they avoid a dirty street-crossing.

In the course of time I set up a home of my own and a family of boys and girls grew up about me. All were taught to play cards; but the teaching was in their own home and the teacher was their father. There was no restraint, no suggestion that they were taking moral risks. Now, strange to say, not one of them cares much for a game of cards; a book or magazine has far more attraction. It was the same with dancing. My wife taught her girls to dance by our own fireside, and there is no inordinate craze for dancing in our family.

Sydney, C. B. J. J. MCCABE.

HOW DAVID DANCED

THE dance of modern society is based on licentiousness. And this is no less true because there are people, not a few, pure in mind and deed who dance. To uphold dancing to-day because David or others in Scripture danced is puerile. When David danced before the Lord, did he have his arm, in more or less of tender embrace, about some other man's wife, as in our modern waltz? If he had, his wife would have had just reason for ridicule, and the Almighty would have refused to accept such an act as an honor to Him. If dancing was expected to be only in the fashion of David's, the dance would

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be as dreary a matter to the modern lover of the dance as the prayer-meeting is considered to be by such people. If there could go forth a decree that men were to dance alone or only with men, and the same with regard to women, the dance would die out as quickly as racing "for the improvement of the breed of horses" died in New Jersey, when that State passed the law against race-track gambling. The dance is the great harvest-field of the roué. And the "innocent" dance of young Christian people in the home is giving countenance to that evil and educating them for the promiscuous ball. Wilkinson, in "The Dance of Modern Society," truly puts it that the dance, "under cover of respectability, regularly titillates and tantalizes an animal appetite as insatiable as hunger, more cruel than revenge."

Sunbury, Pa. FRANK GARDNER.

WHAT IS RIGHT

ANY act producing happiness without necessarily entailing subsequent misery immediate or remote, either on self or others, is right. An act cannot always be judged apart from associate acts.

Each individual should judge for himself as to his own conduct, and to that end he should study the science of ethics. Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics" is one of the most excellent works of this kind.

Hastings, Neb. A. H. BROOKE.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST

THERE is nothing new in Dr. Hillis's article. If you will read the history of the movement now being carried on by the body of Christians known as "Disciples of Christ" you will find the same thing over and over again. Unless we can show these Churches in these small cities to which he refers how they can unite without the sacrifice of truth or conscience we are a hindrance to them rather than a help.

Is it definite enough to say that the Protestant denominations can unite "on the basis of the great simplicities of Christianity?"

The Church of Christ was originally one and may again become one by taking the New Testament and restoring its Church as to its name, ordinances, and life. As to the terms of fellowship revealed in the New Testament the conscientious reader can hardly go amiss. When a person wanted to become a Christian and thus belong to Christ's Church he was simply asked to believe on Christ, repent of his sins, confess him with the mouth and in baptism, and live a conscientious life.

This simple order of things is possible, and will be, as soon as we are willing to glory in Christ rather than in denominations.

Steubenville, O. Rev. H. H. MONINGER.

A FEW QUESTIONS

1. IN the adjoining city of Fargo there are seventeen churches. A brother minister there said to me recently: "You may be thankful you do not have a *city* church, wondering every Sunday to what *other* church this one or that one had gone." My reply was: "In our little town I *know* where my people are, if they are not at church, they are not at any other service. If there were another church I would not be so anxious about them, knowing that they might be attending that one." Question—Which pastor has most reason for anxiety?

2. In a Minnesota city near by, there are forty saloons and eight churches. Question—Is it not worth while to have eight organizations and eight pastors devoting all their time and energies toward helping build up the community, when five times as many are engaged in lowering it? Are not these eight churches and ministers able to do more than one church with its three pastors?

3. In a former parish the idea of union evening-services in the city opera-house was advocated by several Protestant clergymen of the place—a town of 4,000. The Baptist minister said to the Congregational: "I am here to build up my Church—you are here to build up your Church, and these union services will not benefit either Church." Question—When this spirit prevails among ministers, how can federation be accomplished?

4. In a neighboring town there is but one church, and that a Congregational. A Free-Methodist brother having a large family never attends, nor do his children come to Sunday-school. Instead, he drives seven miles to attend a service of his particular denomination, taking one or two children each time. Never can the entire family go together. Recently they had a bad break-down on their Sunday trip. Still, we never see them at our services. Question—How long, O Lord, how long? Does Federation Federate?

T. ROBERT ELWELL.

Harwood, N. Dak.

SOLD HIS HORSE

THERE are enough brainy men in our various churches to study out a satisfactory "working plan" surely. Now, I live in a small town of 1,200 inhabitants, where there are two Presbyterian churches and one Episcopal, and all so poor they can neither pay a good salary nor extend their work so as to keep the boys out of the saloons. In the town below are two more struggling churches—the pastor of one was obliged to sell his horse and carriage recently, with which he visited his country members, because he could not afford to buy feed for the horse.

Caledonia, N. Y. MARGARET S. TENNENT.

LEAVES NINE GREAT DENOMINATIONS

THAT Dr. Hillis's article deals with a vital question no interested churchman can deny. But I fear the good doctor is somewhat too extreme in his theory. I agree with him when he says that one hundred and sixty out of the one hundred and sixty-nine existing denominations are starving to death. To eliminate about one hundred and sixty would leave nine great denominations, each of which stands for some great doctrine. But the idea of one great Protestant Church is too utopian to be considered. I very much question whether such consolidation would increase either support or attendance.

It seems clear to my mind that "Church unity" does not necessitate "organic union." Let us have a Church Federation by which the churches will be bound to respect each other's rights in a given locality, and suicidal competition will be eliminated, and we shall have a much healthier ecclesiastical life.

Owatonna, Minn. W. R. KEESEY.

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

FIFTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION

THE first session of the Fifty-eighth Congress lasted 139 days; the shortest first session for many years. It talked 6,155 pages of the *Congressional Record*. Its word-output stands third. The Fifty-seventh Congress was proudly first, with 8,414 pages; the Fifty-sixth second, with 7,765. At the first session of the Fifty-eighth 294 public bills and 1,896 private ones were passed. In the number of bills introduced it "beats" all other "records." More than 16,000 bills were brought in. Nearly 3,000 reports were made. Congress earns its money. It talks enough; and this is a great and necessary part of its functions. Let off the steam!

THE janitors of some of the big New York office-buildings are plutocrats. They live handsomely in airy apartments, commanding a fine view. Their children are well educated. Some of the prettiest and most modest girls in New York are janitors' daughters. As almost everybody in cities delights to revile the janitor, it is only just to say that there are members of this proud profession who are not only fortunate but popular. Such is Bernard or "Barney" Smith, janitor of the New York Stock Exchange, for which he has worked for thirty years. The Building Committee of the new Exchange building had the architect provide nine handsome living-rooms on the top floor for Mr. Smith, and these were furnished artistically at the Exchange's expense. There Mr. Smith has his smoking-room, his shower-bath, and all the comforts. Last April he was ill. The governors of the Exchange at once gave him six weeks of absence with full pay, bought him a steamship ticket and divers necessities and luxuries of travel, and sent him to Ireland to find health and see his old mother. The transaction speaks well for Mr. Smith and the Exchange. May not young men find in janitory, so to speak, a profession liberal in its rewards?

SULLY, THE FARMERS' FRIEND

MR. DANIEL J. SULLY'S failure was a grand thing for the country, after all. He will not try to "boom" cotton any more. He will devote his life to the benefit of the cotton-growers of the South by introducing improved methods. He will work for the "higher culture" of cotton and for "a more scientific method of handling it." He modestly estimates that his labors will save the cotton-grower "twenty per cent. on his annual income." In that case, the cotton-growers can afford to give him, say, five per cent. of that saving, and so make him one of the richest men in the country. How simple it is to make and save money! Won't somebody devote his life to saving the corn-growers, wheat-growers, potato-growers, yes, even the millionaires who write for the magazines, twenty per cent. on their annual incomes? The need of the hour is more Sullys.

THE GIANT

A CORRESPONDENT at Mukden gives a pleasant impression of the Russian troops on the Trans-Siberian railroad on their way to the front. They were in the best of spirits, and perfectly sure of Russia's ultimate victory. They march gayly through fierce heats and dust-storms. If they stay over-night at a station, they "form" on the platform. As the bugles sound, all uncover, and the priest recites the evening prayer. Then the men in each car will sing folk-songs, in which Russia is almost incomparably rich. One cannot but have a liking for these pious and cheerful peasants, unruffled after two weeks in the train. The Russian official press made a bad impression by its mingled whining and bluster at the beginning of the war. The Russian nation has behaved most admirably

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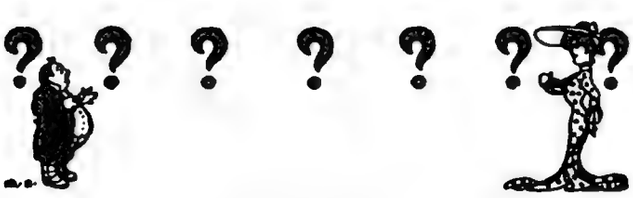
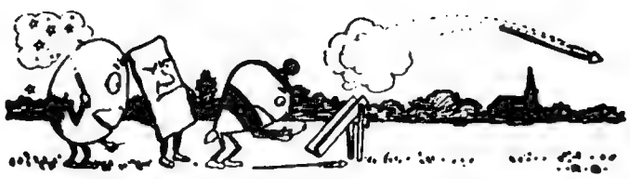
in the face of unexpected and repeated disasters. It gives an impression of quiet strength, of the ability to play "an uphill game." In readiness, in number of troops, in knowledge of the ground, Japan had the advantage in the first months of the war. The vast resources of that vast Russia are yet to be called upon. In the Edda the god Thor lodges one night in the thumb of the glove of the giant, Skrymnir. The giant goes to sleep under an oak and snores outrageously. Up gets Thor and with his hammer hits him over the head a tremendous blow. Skrymnir wakes up. "Did a leaf fall on me?" he asks drowsily, and goes to sleep again.

WILLIAMS

THERE may be a few moss-covered hunkers in the North who would get excited if a Southern man were nominated for President, but there can't be many of them, and they would vote the Republican ticket under any circumstances. What Northern Democrat or Independent would be frightened by that old scarecrow? There are no "more Presidents in 'the Bloody Shirt.'" Why will the Southern Democrats continue to be buncoed by cheap and slippery Democratic politicians of the North? The South has in John Sharp Williams a man eminently fit to be President. Why not ask that he be nominated? Why not assume that Americans have commonsense?



THE oracles have spoken. To hear is to obey. This summer, the American girl must be tall and slender. Pleasant news for little men. She mustn't "have an angle about her." Still, there will be a good deal of gentle angling going on, as usual. She must be "well covered with flesh," for all her height and slenderness. These counsels of perfection are too subtle. May a common, ordinary man, just a man, ask, "just like a man," the secret of the gift of transformation which girls and women have? They can add a cubit to their stature, in appearance. Now they take one shape, now another. Clothes, clothes! sneers some old bilious bachelor. Yes, but how is it done? The country is full of abbreviated, pudgy, and plethoric men. Will some woman magician tell them how they can make themselves tall and slender?



PROFESSOR LEADBEATER, a theosophist, of London, lecturing in New York on "Man Visible and Invisible," showed some curious magic-lantern pictures. It seems that besides our ordinary body we have three others, a "causal," an "astral," a "mental," and these three extra bodies are constantly sending out fireworks. The three keep perpetual Fourth of July. Unfortunately, only the sublimated vision of a theosophist far advanced in theosophy can see the show; and even a theosophical painter can but suggest and hint at its beauties. Mr. Leadbeater did the best he could. He showed the colors of emotions and abstractions. Naturally enough, red is the color of anger, but it pains one to find that intellect is yellow. The three extra bodies are or should be ovoid in shape. The mental body of a savage looked like "a bad egg held up to the light." His astral body was an irregular parallelogram, rough on the edges and encircled by a band of deep red, representing his original passions. A young man in love seemed "a rose-colored peg-top, with a streak of green around its equator, and a smudge of blue at the top." The rosiness is his whole being painted by affection. The green is jealousy, of course. What is the blue? Is it despair? Is it paradise and heaven? There ought to be an exhibition of the works of the theosophic impressionists.

A UNION OF CHURCHES

DR. HILLIS'S article in the April EVERYBODY'S on "Consolidating the Churches" has stirred an interest, in part due to the admirable character of its suggestions, in part to the strong and growing feeling in favor of harmony as to religious essentials. In Cuba and Porto Rico, the frittering of energy and the inevitable squabbling of sects have been wisely avoided. Religious "territory" is divided between the different denominations just as agents divide "territory" for business purposes. A great deal of money is being

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spent in building churches and doing missionary work; but Baptists cannot build or work in Congregational or Methodist "territory," and so on. It may be added that niceties of theological hair-splitting are not likely to be appreciated anywhere where missionary effort is made. In fact, denominationalism is a notorious stumbling-block in the mission field. It is to be expected that this spirit of harmony and liberality now displayed in Cuba and Porto Rico will react upon the sects at home. Dr. Goldwin Smith describes a movement in Canada for the union of Congregationalist, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches. It began at Toronto, but has been most marked in the Northwest, among a population "entirely immigrant" and naturally less stereotyped and formal in opinion than the dwellers in older settlements. The union ferment seems to be working in a rapidly widening area.

AN APOLOGY

In the April number, the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, was put into this Procession in the act of "doing a specialty" with balls, clubs, and knives at an entertainment. Mr. Sheldon, a competent authority on the subject, says that the story of his practice and performance with balls, clubs, and knives is "a falsehood." The falsehood is not of our invention, and we regret that we have lent it new wings to fly with. But we are necessarily dependent upon the public press for information, or misinformation, as to public men and things. We innocently quoted the very language of the account from which the tale was drawn. Who thinks these stories up? What is his object? Sometimes we suspect the Kansas wags, who never weary of humbugging the guileless East.

Dr. Delbrueck, a great German scholar who went abroad the Yankees for to see, knows a good thing when he sees it. The American girl and woman reign by absolute divine right. Her sisters in Germany play a subordinate part in the State. But Dr. Delbrueck, after studying the Chicago "co-eds" a few days, threw away conservative prejudice, and hymned his discovery of a new and brighter world: "I have found the American women wonderfully brilliant and as wonderfully beautiful." This is not honey and flattery, but severe truth. Co-educated or unco-educated or educated very little at all, the American girls reign radiantly. But they should not be exported. American girls for the home market!

The De Beers Company is a concern one wouldn't object to having a little stock in. It produces ninety-three per cent. of the diamond output of the world. It pays an annual dividend of fifty-five per cent. on its "common" stock. In the last year and a half it has raised the price of these necessities of life only five times, from thirty to thirty-five per cent. in all. American imports of diamonds have greatly decreased in consequence. This stringency in the diamond market must cause great suffering in many poor families. But engagement-rings will continue to be bought. Bread can be dispensed with, but we must have diamonds.

SUICIDE AND LOYALTY

A Japanese lieutenant in the present war committed "hara-kiri" (belly-cutting) or "seppuku," which is the daintier name of the act, because he was not sent to the front. A Japanese captain blew his brains out because some horses belonging to a Tokio fort were drowned by what he was pleased to think his negligence. A Japanese youth, refused as a recruit, killed himself. The case of the Japanese on a transport refusing to surrender to the Russians and preferring to die is fresh in the memory. All these were cases of suicide for the point of honor. Naval officers of all countries, and some captains in the merchant service, go down with their ships. This is really suicide as a matter of professional etiquette. Japan was long the land of such suicides. The *Samurai*, the military class, have kept up the tradition of that fantastic loyalty, which is the chief virtue in Japanese eyes, outranking even filial piety. In the feudal days, before 1871, the *Samurai* who broke a law, or merely in-

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fringed etiquette, would kill himself. "The vastness of the multitudes who died by their own hands," writes Mr. Sidney L. Gulick, "would be incredible were there not ample and convincing evidence. Suicide became apotheosized." In prehistoric times, the retainer was buried with his lord. "Through all the ages," says the Rev. W. E. Griffis, "to the Revolution of 1868, when at Sendai and Aidzu scores of men and boys opened their bowels . . . thousands of soldiers hated their parents, wife, child, friend, in order to be disciples to the supreme loyalty."

"INVITATION TO THE ROAD"

We Americans are great people for taking exercise by proxy. We howl at base-ball games and foot-ball games. In the summer we lie in a hammock and exercise by reading the "sporting page." In spite of the great change for the better in the last few years, we don't get into the open enough, and the moss grows thick on us, especially to him who golfs not, neither does he tennis. To the innumerable citizen, to him be this spoken: Where's your bicycle? Shanks' mare is a good beast, but grows tired too soon. For seeing the country, for getting air, health, change, enjoyment, exercise without knowing it, this is the best means for the greatest number, the Magic Carpet and the Shoes of Swiftness for most of us. How many dull eyes this great doctor has brightened, how many Falstaffian projections it has reduced, how many lazy livers it has tickled, how many appetites and tempers it has made over! The bicycle is "coming back." How did anybody ever weary of this faithful companion? Because it was too "cheap" and "common"? Well, most of us can't wait to breathe imported air. Out-of-doors is the country for us, and our old love, the bicycle, is good enough for us. So mount and away!

AMERICAN COTTONS IN MANCHURIA

Before the war, cottons were the chief import into Manchuria, as they must long continue to be. Mr. Alexander Hosie, the latest writer on Manchuria, gives a summary of the imports through the Port of New-Chwang, 1898–99. Of total imports of $15,429,720 in 1898, cottons amounted to $5,553,265—more than a third. In 1899 the importation of cottons nearly doubled, amounting to $10,209,045. In sheetings, drills, and jeans, America is first, and there is no second at present. Mr. Hosie admits that while England is still ahead in shirtings, she has been all but driven from the field in such articles as sheetings, drills, and jeans by America, which easily holds leading place in the cotton-goods trade of Manchuria. Thus, the value of American sheetings imported in 1899 was $2,943,370; of drills, $1,523,005; of jeans, $66,940. The corresponding figures for Great Britain, including India, were $61,733, $10,600, and $18,330. Japan is not yet a serious competitor. The danger comes from the Chinese steam cotton-mills, but they have difficulty in getting raw cotton. In 1899, the importation of Chinese sheetings amounted to $81,115. On account of her climate, Manchuria wants the heavier "makes" of goods. The American "makes" of these goods are cheaper and better than the English. Six years ago in his Report on the Trade of New-Chwang, Mr. Hosie, the British Consul there, wrote that there was nothing to prevent America, already a successful rival in the heavy cottons, "from entering the lists against Great Britain in the higher grades."

THE SPEAKER DECLINES TO RECOGNIZE HIS "BOOM" FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

Oh, No, No! Not for Joe!
Uncle Joe Cannon,
He puts his ban on
His V.-P. boom and swears it shall not grow.
"Oh, woe! Go away, go!
I don't want to change my job," yells old
Uncle Joe.

This plaint will touch many hearts in cities and towns; most people, we should think, who don't "do their own washing." In the East, and presumably elsewhere, a competent laundress is out of the reach of all but the very well-to-do. She commands high wages. A competent laundress, white or colored, who will "do your washing" by the week and send home your linen in good condition, is becoming a rare bird. As for the

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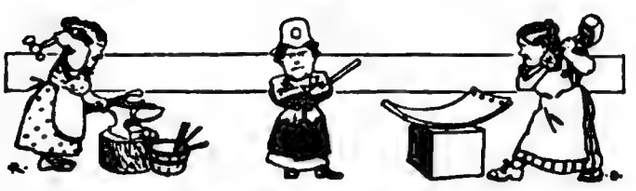
laundries, they rend, tear, spoil. They will "use up" a new shirt in three or four washings. Often they send home the clothes not only dilapidated, but positively dirty. They use acids. They wrench and slit. They are quick, but cruel. Wherefore,

> By the bosoms and wristbands that perished
> In the teeth of the fatal machine;
> By the wreck of the collars we cherished,
> By the rust-spots and drippings unclean,
> By the frayings and rippings unnumbered,
> By the linen-chest empty and lean,

we ask why capable and intelligent women don't rescue men and make themselves rich by establishing laundries where the work will be well done and the fibre-rotting acid will not be used? A woman somewhere in Fifth Avenue has made and keeps a name for washing flannels. There was for a time a laundry in Brooklyn run by a woman who had met reverses and saw her opportunity in the washing and ironing business.



Dr. Hunter, President of New York Normal College, means to be kind to down-trodden man. "If," says the Doctor, "man finds himself crowded out at one point, he will be pretty sure to move to another point and change his work." Very reassuring. But if women are remorselessly practising every profession, making their way into every trade, what will man do then, poor thing? Why, there are woman blacksmiths, woman boiler-makers, woman watchmen—we don't know but there are woman policemen in Chicago to-day. They are lawyers and sawyers, butchers and bakers and candle-stick-makers. They have captured the college and broken into the caucus. They have cut their path into the dissecting-room. They have numbers, talent, ambition, energy, good habits. Who can resist them? Who wants to resist them? The game is theirs, if they continue to play it. When man is crowded out at all points, where is he to move to, Dr. Hunter? In our mind's eye we see the Last Man the highest-salaried "freak" in the circus, the rarest exhibit in the Museum of Natural History. Let us be patient, brethren. It is no shame to be beaten by our betters.

DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS

The official report of the Court of Inquiry into the accident on the battleship Missouri, during target practice off Pensacola, commends a number of officers and men for their conduct and decides that nobody was to blame. Three of the men are commended for "extraordinary heroism." Of one of these, Chief Gunner's Mate Monsson, Rear-Admiral Barker, approving the court's decision, says that "history records no more heroic act than his in crawling through a hole into the burning magazine to put out the flames." "It has now been demonstrated," says the admiral, "that it is dangerous to fire *rapidly* to leeward," as well as to windward. The demonstration cost thirty-three lives. For the present, the limit of quick firing has been reached. The navy has been experimenting with smokeless powder, whose "properties have not been fully understood." In short, "exhaustive inquiry" is needed as to the nature of the gases given out by smokeless powder and remaining in the gun or cartridge-cases, and as to the arrangement of the interior of turrets. Battleships seem to be about as dangerous in peace as in war.

THE UNKNOWN HEROES

Having filled the world with library buildings, Mr. Andrew Carnegie has laid aside $5,000,000 for a new purpose, the reward of acts of heroism by means of medals and pensions. It is well that the families of persons who have sacrificed their lives for others should be supported, if in need; and medals for "heroism" are already given by cities and humane societies. It is scarcely likely that even showy heroic actions will be stimulated much by these rewards. "Heroism" is hard to define, and the public shining instances of courage, to which it is most commonly applied, are but an insignificant part of the great and mostly unknown world of patient, unselfish devotion and self-sacrifice. There are no medals, there is no human guerdon for most of the heroes and heroines. They do not suspect that there is anything heroic in their acts and their lives. But Somewhere—though our agnostics will not admit any such unmapped country—Somewhere, let us hope, is kept the *Acta Sanctorum Ignotorum*, the record of the deeds of the unknown saints.

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Music

THE SEASON'S NEW WORKS

A musical season which includes in its list of new works produced such novelties as two unfamiliar tone-poems by the foremost living composer, and two by the most eminent of English music-makers, must dwell in the memory for long after concert-halls have been given over to the uses of decorators and political conventions. Such a season was that of 1903–04. We heard not only Richard Strauss's great work, "Don Quixote," and his brand-new "Symphonia Domestica"—performed here for the first time anywhere—but Edward Elgar's "Apostles" and "King Olaf" as well—works of indifferent musical worth, these two latter, but important from the fact of their composer's eminence. We heard, too, new music by Weingartner, Loeffler, Saint-Saëns, Vincent d'Indy, Bruneau, Rachmaninoff, Glazounoff, and D'Albert—not all of intrinsic value, but varyingly interesting and significant.

"DON QUIXOTE"

Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote," the most important novelty of the year, was produced for the first time here by the Boston Orchestra on February 18th. It met the usual fate of the contemporary masterwork which is both new in form and of novel content. A score overbrimming with essential humanity and the profoundest comedy, it was called merely ingenious, a product of the head rather than of the heart, a grotesque and derisive parody—nothing more, in fact, than an attempt to excite laughter at the tribulations of the deluded Knight. And yet it is increasingly difficult to understand how anyone can lend himself unreservedly to the direct appeal of this fascinating and most moving score, and fail to perceive the ripe humanity, the infinitely compassionate humor, which inspired it. We know of no more perfect characterizations in music than that of the crack-brained, lovable Knight, and of his devoted squire; nor do we know of any page more pitiful, more tragically pathetic, than the latter portion of the tenth variation, depicting the grievous homecoming of the heart-broken Don after his defeat by the Knight of the White Moon; nor of any music in which is to be found a nobler utterance of ecstatic contemplation than in the variation wherein the Knight discourses fervently upon the glories and delights of romantic chivalry; and how insistent is the poignancy, the simple gravity of the death scene! Assuredly, Strauss in this work is with the greatest among the philosophic humanists, those who have known the regenerating laughter of the spirit: with Meredith, with Cervantes, with Shakespeare.

THE "SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA"

With Strauss's latest work, though, the "Symphonia Domestica," his most ardent admirers have had an uncomfortable time. It was given for the first time anywhere at the last of the four Strauss Festival Concerts in New York on March 21st, Strauss conducting. We have refused, and continue to refuse, to believe that this colossal tonal orgie is anything but a jest of Brobdignagian proportions, a diversion, a prank intended for the confusion of public and critics alike. On any other ground it is preposterous. Strauss's aim, as he has explained, was to write a tone-poem illustrating a day in his family life, and its three principal subjects represent "Papa, Mamma, et Bébé"—in other words, Dr. Strauss, Frau Pauline Strauss de Ahna, and their young son. We are to see in the music a delineation of typical phases of the composer's domestic arrangements—a lively tiff between the head of the family and his lady; the washing and putting to bed of the child; a colloquy between the boy's relatives, in which they dispute over the question of his likeness to his father or his mother. Considered as sheer music, the work contains some passages of great beauty and sincere emotion, as well as much ugliness of the most excessive order; and it is, throughout, astoundingly ingenious. But what is one to think of the choice of such a theme for musical elaboration? If this is really a subject-matter which should properly stimulate the imagination and fire the heart and brain, as they are stimulated and fired in such works as "Zarathustra," "Don Quixote," and "Tod und Verklärung," then must we alter our views of the artistic fitness of things.

A RUSSIAN LANDSCAPE

For those who are somewhat disposed to think nowadays that the modern Russian composers are not living up to the promises that were held out for them some years ago

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by enthusiastic discoverers, there was much encouragement in a novelty produced at the second of the Russian Symphony Concerts on January 28th. This was an orchestral fantasy by Sergey Vasilyevich Rachmaninoff, "The Cliff," which was heard on that occasion for the first time in America. It would be difficult to exaggerate the significance of this work. Rachmaninoff is one of the youngest and most progressive of those contemporary Russians whose music, as we have said, has not always supported the belief in its remarkable and epoch-making qualities; but this particular tone-poem goes far toward justifying those who have claimed for modern Russian music a notable and characteristic excellence. The poetic content of the work was suggested by the first two lines of Lermontoff's poem, "The Cliff":

> Overnight has slept the golden cloudlet,
> On the bosom of the Cliff, the giant . . . .

and Rachmaninoff, aroused by the conception of the poet, has written what it would scarcely be extravagant to call the most impressive piece of orchestral scene-painting since Wagner. It is in every way a superb achievement—in pictorial force, in thematic effectiveness, in orchestral contrivance. It is more than a mere painting of externals: Rachmaninoff has sought, rather, to express musically the larger significance of his theme, and he has succeeded memorably. He has managed to convey, through images of splendid and elemental power, an impression of the natural world in its most majestic aspect. And the writing is uncommonly original—in spite of a few intimations of the Wagner of "Tristan and Isolde."

Other unfamiliar Russian works produced at these concerts under Mr. Altschuler's direction were a suite by Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, "Caucasian Sketches"; an "Entr'acte" from Taneyeff's "Orestia" trilogy; some dance music by Glinka and Dargomyzhski; and Musorgski's fantasy, "Night on the Bald Mount"—none of these, however, made a marked impression.

NEW WORKS BY MR. ELGAR

Mr. Edward Elgar's celebrated oratorio, "The Apostles," was given for the first time in America by the Oratorio Society under Mr. Frank Damrosch, on February 9th. Mr. Elgar, unquestionably the most prominent of contemporary British composers, has impressed many, both here and at home, that he is as inspired as he is conspicuous, and one of his more vivacious advocates has declared him to be, in some respects, the equal of Beethoven. But there has been an unfortunate disagreement over "The Apostles." To some it seemed "a masterpiece, an invaluable contribution to the art of the world, a score of pure gold throughout"; others found it "not sufficiently inspired to satisfy the musical mind," and "impressive only to minds that are already disposed to consider anything beautiful that is associated with a sacred text."

"KING LEAR" AND OTHER WORKS

Weingartner, who is very nearly as active in composition as in conducting, produced his tone-poem, "King Lear," at the extra concert which the Philharmonic Society gave in his honor. The work—derived, of course, from Shakespeare's tragedy—is not remarkably important. The gold in the score has been borrowed unstintedly from Wagner's inexhaustible store-house, so Weingartner is enabled to contrive some telling effects. But the ideas are not his own, except where they are least interesting; although the essential moods are well defined, and the scoring is admirable.

A symphony in D Minor by Ernst Dohnányi, produced by Mr. Gericke and his men, made a favorable impression, and was received in some quarters with delight. It is a work of ambitious dimensions, constructed with skill and resource. A rather disappointing novelty, likewise produced by the Boston men, was Vincent d'Indy's tone-poem, "The Enchanted Forest," a vividly imagined but rather uninspired paraphrase of a ballad of Uhland's. Mr. Gericke performed also, for the first time here, Elgar's "Variations on an Original Theme" (op. 36); Glazounoff's Symphony No. 4; Saint-Saëns's overture to his opera, "The Barbarians"; two movements from Georg Schumann's suite, "In Carnival Time"; Gustav Strube's "Fantastic Overture," and the overture to D'Albert's opera, "The Improvisatore." We heard also in the course of the season a tone-poem, "The Sleeping Beauty," by the Frenchman Bruneau, a set of "Variations and Double Fugue on a Merry Theme" by Georg Schumann, and an unfamiliar "Patrie" overture by Bizet; "The Atonement," a sacred cantata by Coleridge-Taylor, and a new concerto for organ and orchestra by Horatio Parker.

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THE ABUSED WATER-COLOR

THE heavy artillery of criticism usually affects to despise water-colors, and to treat the annual exhibition of the American Water-Color Society with polite disdain. This attitude is in the main pardonable, but now and then there are on view examples of real merit and bits which show both freshness of vision and novelty of treatment. Numerically more imposing than last year, this season's exhibition has also proven of more than customary interest. Such artists as Edward H. Potthast, Charles Warren Eaton, E. Irving Couse, and William H. Lippincott were particularly well represented, and Childe Hassam, whose work in this medium always reveals delightful qualities, sent five subjects. Mr. Eaton has invariably shown a poet's feeling for nature, and his "December Evening," "The Pond," and "Woods at Morning," rank with his best. Three subjects by E. Irving Couse, "The French Coast," "The Pinto Pony," and "Roasting Corn," showed that touch of modern feeling which even water-colors should not lack, and which Mr. Potthast's "Misty Moonlight" embodied in so welcome a measure. Mr. Carlton T. Chapman was a prolific exhibitor, sending no less than seven different subjects, the best among which were the two decorative panels, "Outward Bound" and "Homeward Bound." Equally successful from an entirely antithetical point of view was Miss Dimock's fresh, observant, and unconventional "Rain." Here were just the notes which water-colors need, and which they so often lack—truth, charm, and vivacity. An exhibition which discloses even one artist of Miss Dimock's frank grace is worth while, for tons of mediocrity cannot, and never will, outweigh a breath of air from the land of beauty.

BLUM FECIT

The subtle, sensitive drawing, the delicate color, and the gracious decorative instinct which have always characterized the work of the late Robert Blum were never more appreciated than during the recent exhibition of the painter's work at the Knoedler Galleries. Blum was not a great artist in any strict sense of the word, but he was a singularly felicitous and gifted spirit. Whatever he touched he rendered more beautiful, and as he touched many forms of expression he added much to the sum of beauty. Though born in Cincinnati, Blum was at home almost anywhere in the world, particularly in lands where the charm of character and of color predominate. Japan may be called the country of his artistic adoption, and Italy he loved perforce. Blum will remain best known to the majority by his decorations for the Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall, and it is true that in "The Vintage Festival" and "Moods of Music" he attained rare charm of color and happiness in arrangement. There were in his art no new nor profound notes, but his place while not exalted is secure, for he always remained a consistent apostle of grace and beauty.

LA FARGE AT THE ARTS CLUB

For the first time in its history has the National Arts Club opened its galleries to the work of a single living individual; and hence the club's recent exhibition of paintings, water-colors, and drawings by John La Farge assumed additional significance. The display was varied both in subject and in quality. There were on view certain studies and sketches which by a lesser man might have been considered unimportant, but being by Mr. La Farge were of peculiar interest. A casual glance at the exhibition showed first of all the restless, æsthetic activity of Mr. La Farge. His sympathies here ranged from the Renaissance to modern Japan, from the Samoan Islands to the rocky coast of Newport. He attacks with equal resource water-color or wood block, oil-painting or stained-glass composition. He gives his work in each medium a sober dignity and an individuality which recall in many instances the mastery of—the masters. From a decorative standpoint, the most interesting features of the display were a number of color sketches for stained-glass windows, notably those for the Paulist Fathers' Church, the Ames Memorial Window, the Watson Window, and the Mathuen Window. That which later took definite, permanent form and color was in these sketches suggested with sure feeling for the final medium. Next to the decorative compositions the Japanese water-colors claimed attention, and Mr. La Farge has long been known for his devotion to this field. Among the best of these was

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"The Strange Thing Little Kiosai Saw in the River"—grewsome, yet not without beauty—a head floating down stream, horrible yet fascinating. Along with the Japanese sketches came a series of South Sea water-colors, vivid and full of character, interesting as well to the artist and the ethnologist. The exhibition as a whole, while fragmentary, was of exceptional moment, a credit alike to the club and to the artist, who, indeed, is easily the dean of many arts and many crafts.

Books

"Greater America" is the title of the latest English effort to teach Americans what they ought to do in world politics. It is written by Mr. Archibald Colquhon, who knows just as much of America as do the rest of his countrymen that essay, with winning confidence, to write about it. He makes discoveries, this Englishman: he discovers that the great obstacle to American greatness is "American idealism." What is that? Oh, the Declaration of Independence, the idea of equality, and some repugnance toward international piracy, that is all. Of course, Mr. Colquhon thinks it our duty to go on and possess the earth, and share it with England, and especially to teach Russia a lesson if she whips Japan. Calmly he surveys the world, and picks out the countries that he thinks we should grab off and those that we should leave to England, and the result is beautiful to contemplate—on the map. There has been a lot of this dull sort of imagining put between two covers. Why does any American publishing-house bother with it? It is a sad waste of good white paper.

"Aladdin & Co.," Herbert Quick's first novel, is another book you can profitably take with you for vacation reading—or any other. The power of the narrative and its fresh, honest, clean manner of telling are really admirable. Middle Western life has never been pictured with more fidelity and real interest. An undertone of sound democracy, the democracy of good-fellowship and kindliness that is peculiar to Western life, is something new and infinitely welcome in literature. Mr. Quick is a young lawyer, an ardent reformer, a lecturer, a poet, something of a politician, and has twice been Mayor of Sioux City, Io. To add to his other achievements a novel of real merit, seems to be to complete an unusual round of activities.

Do not overlook Francis Lynde's "The Grafters" in getting together your summer reading. Here is the real and the tangible in modern life shown in what seems a kind of arc-light illumination, so vivid is everything. The pictures of life in an American city are wonderfully life-like, the people are people you know, the scenes are curiously familiar to you—the story might have been taken from your own town. Since we live to-day, a rational interest would seem to centre in the men, women, and conditions of to-day; and hereby note that Mr. Lynde shows that it is just as feasible to make a story of intense interest and swift action out of the realities of modern life as it is out of the mouthing heroes and ridiculous adventures in which the swashbuckler school has delight. "The Pit" was not more genuinely a picture of American life than "The Grafters," and there is nothing else in recent fiction to compare with it.

A millionaire merchant marries his typewriter in "A Provident Woman," the first and longest of the nine stories that go to make up Neith Boyce's volume, "The Folly of Others." The couple go to Paris for their honeymoon and the bride goes dutifully through the Louvre; whereupon Miss Boyce, speaking of her, observes that her "intelligence had lately brought her to look over the brink of her own unfathomable ignorance, but she did not like the sensation." That is as neat a phrase as one meets nowadays in books, and it makes no difference whether there are too many long words in it, whether it is philosophically impossible, or anything else—it says something that almost everyone who reads it would have liked to say himself. "A Provident Woman," taken as a whole, is one of the few tales recently written that might have been longer to the advantage of reader, author, and all concerned.

"The Gordon Elopement" being a composite work in which Miss Carolyn Wells and Harry Persons Taber are named as collaborators, it is impossible to fix the responsibility for one delightful episode in the book.

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A New York lawyer of much personal dignity descends upon a New England hotel, where an old whaling captain chances to be serving as clerk. In impressive tones, the New Yorker states his name and the name of the railway president who has commended him to this particular place of sojourn. The captain says nothing, but produces the register and pen. Somewhat vexed, the New York man repeats his statement. The captain pushes the book and pen a little nearer and remains silent. The third announcement of the lawyer's importance elicits reply. "What d'ye want me to do? Kiss ye?" asks the captain.

From the flood of books about Japan that have sprung out of the war—for the most part prepared overnight—it is pleasant to pick out one that is sane, interesting, and informing. Mr. George H. Rittner's "Impressions of Japan" is good work. It would be hard to find another book that tells so much and tells it so well. If you want to find out what Japan really is, here is the way: read Rittner. Also, in a measure, if you want to know about the Japanese. The qualification is necessary because Mr. Rittner has little to say about the untrustworthiness of the Japanese in business and their gorgeous imaginative resources in adorning simple statements of fact. But the world has learned something of the latter from reading the Tokio war despatches, and as to business, only those that deal directly with Japan need care greatly about the word of the Japanese merchants. Mr. Rittner's book has good pictures (from photographs), and should be widely read.

Among "best-selling authors," as some Americans are styled, with vastly more precision than is intended, the name of Miss Florence M. Kingsley is unusually inconspicuous; yet "Titus" and "Stephen," from her pen, both sold into the million copies. No one can read her last book, "The Singular Miss Smith," without realizing that Miss Kingsley thoroughly understands her art, and the story itself is interesting in showing that not only have maid-servants real grievances, but that there is no remedy for them short of the golden rule. The story is of a girl of wealth and education who listens to discourse in a woman's club about—but Miss Kingsley's report of her speech is better than paraphrase: "I have made full notes of several lectures to which I have listened in this room, describing the Cosmos in detail, and defining ourselves as 'spiritual entities,' 'centres of energy,' 'individualized mind,' 'rays of truth,' and so on; but in spite of it all, I am quite sure I have so far failed to realize my primal relation to my kitchen, to say nothing of the Cosmos." So Miss Smith herself goes out to service, and establishes her position in the real world thereby. The book is recommended to clubwomen for summer reading.

Mr. Lincoln Steffens's memorable papers on American municipal misgovernment have been collected into a book with an introduction by the author. They make a compilation of fact that no American citizen can afford to overlook. Besides the gravity of the conditions that they reveal, something should be said in praise of the manner of the telling, so lucid, restrained, calm, and yet so intensely interesting. If we were not reading of matters calculated to fill us with unutterable shame we should be captivated by a style so frank, strong, and nervous. Here is something better than entertainment; here is something to make us think on the greatest questions that confront the Republic.

Here are some of the spring and summer book offerings:

"Sir Mortimer"—(Mary Johnston). Dime-novel romance.

"Evelyn Bird"—(George Cary Eggleston). Good, clean, conscientious work.

"Rulers of Kings"—(Gertrude Atherton). Rubbishy stuff.

"The Grafters"—(Francis Lynde). Worth while.

"The Memoirs of a Baby"—(Josephine Dodge Daskam). Genuinely amusing.

"Extracts from Adam's Diary"—(Mark Twain). A sad affair.

"Aus eine Kleinen Garnison"—Terrific attack on militarism.

"The Bright Face of Danger"—(Robert Nelson Stephens). Dime-novel romance and one of the worst.

"When Wilderness was King"—(Randall Parrish). Good story of adventure.

"The Viking's Skull"—(John R. Carling). Fictional extravaganza.

"Four Roads to Paradise"—(Maude Goodwin). Psychology and problem novel; fair.

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UNION SQUARE NORTH.

IN the judgment of the publishers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, the best available remedy for the evils that certainly exist in the financial world is publicity. Until we arranged with Mr. Lawson for the series of articles which begin in this number, no big man in the financial world had ever consented to tell the inside. There are many things the public wishes very much to know. Judging by the foreword, Mr. Lawson will satisfy the public's curiosity, and incidentally make it more difficult for the system to "take the public in" again. Notwithstanding his thumb and forefinger are calloused with much counting of thousand-dollar bills, Mr. Lawson writes with a pointed pen. In comparison with his story of Amalgamated, the best history of Standard Oil will be as a monument to a meteor.

Mr. Lawson began as an office-boy at the age of fourteen. When sixteen he made $60,000. He had made and lost millions before he was thirty. The country knows that he paid $30,000 to name the "Lawson Pink." The country does not know that besides the advertising it gave him, he got back his $30,000 and $12,000 with it, although the entire thing was unplanned. The country knows that he built a cup defender. The country does not know that, in the controversy which followed, every other considerable yacht club in the world sided with him against the New York Yacht Club and elected him to honorary membership. Mr. Lawson has always been doing big things, intensely interesting things, but we cannot help believing that in carrying out his purpose to tell the people how the insiders manage to get all the money, he is doing much the biggest thing of his career. Certainly a distinct service to the world. And in securing this series the publishers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE feel that they are doing quite the biggest thing they ever did. Possibly the biggest thing any magazine publishers have ever done.

HOW WE CAPTURED HALL CAINE'S NEW STORY

TWELVE months ago we set out to find a serial story for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Most of the big story-writers have connections with some one of the book-publishing houses. We canvassed them and secured from several the promise of the first look at the serials that were coming along. It is no exaggeration to say that during the last twelve months we have read on an average two serials a week. Many of the stories considered by us are now running in other magazines. None of them seemed to quite fit our need. In March, 1903, we learned that Hall Caine had been at work for two years upon a book which he felt would be the crowning effort of his already unmatched achievement. We promptly arranged with his publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., for the first chance at the serial rights. Just twelve months later we received the following letter:

D. APPLETON & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS,
436 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

MARCH 23, 1904.

Mr. E. J. RIDGWAY, *President*,
"Everybody's Magazine,"
31 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

Dear Sirs: We can place in your hands, early next week, 50,000 words of Hall Caine's new novel, "The Prodigal Son," and we would ask Mr. Pawling, who has read most of the manuscript and has had many talks with Mr. Caine, to give you a scenario or outline of the story.

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Our understanding is, that you will decide, after reading the 50,000 words and the scenario as given by Mr. Pawling, whether you care to purchase the serial rights, and, if you do, the understanding is that the story will be issued by you in your June number, which is published on May 20th, and that we will publish the complete book after the issue of your November number, on October 20th.

Our terms for the serial rights for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE are $10,000; to be paid in four equal instalments, beginning on the publication of the first instalment, and then every two months.

We have not offered the story elsewhere, as we understood you would probably want it. Its length will be about 120,000 words.

It will be impossible to give you more than 50,000 words of the story to read; and, as you know, most stories by a writer of Mr. Caine's reputation are sold to magazines several years in advance of the actual writing. Mr Pawling tells us he considers it the best thing Hall Caine has written. Our experience with this author has been—and we have published all of his books—that each new book sells more than its predecessor

Let me know at once whether you decide to take the serial rights, it being understood that, if you take them, you will accept the terms mentioned in this letter. I beg to remain,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) WM. W APPLETON,
President.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 23, 1904.

W. W. APPLETON, *President*,
D. Appleton and Company,
436 Fifth Avenue, New York.

My Dear Sir: We are quite agreeable to the terms mentioned in yours of March 23d, covering the American serial rights to Hall Caine's new novel, "The Prodigal Son."

We will make every effort to get quick action on the story, but would prefer it if we are not hurried too much on so important a matter.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY.
E. J RIDGWAY, *President.*

GONE PLUMB CRAZY

MANY publishers will think it a waste of good material to begin an important serial at the beginning of summer and finish it before the subscription season opens. The conventional reason for running a serial is to carry old subscribers over into a new year. Get them into the middle of an exciting tale just about the time their subscription expires: Sort of trap them into renewing their subscriptions.

We have but one policy and that is to make every number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE the best that we can possibly make it, whether the month be July or December.

BELATED ACKNOWLEDGMENT

WE wish to acknowledge our obligation to the Secretary of the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis of The Charity Organization of the City of New York, Mr. Paul Kennaday, and to Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, Bacteriologist to the Health Board, for the splendid assistance rendered us in preparing the articles on Consumption, which ran in the May and June EVERYBODY'S.

CONSUMPTION SLAUGHTERS "WHITE WINGS"

SINCE beginning our investigations as to the cause and treatment of consumption, several physicians who had charge of the consumption cases in one of the New York Hospitals, contracted the disease. On top of that comes the following from the New York *World:*

Under an investigation conducted at the instance of Commissioner Woodbury, it has been discovered that one-third of the force of 5,000 street-cleaners, called "white wings" because of the canvas uniforms they wear, is infected with tuberculosis. The disease has been contracted by breathing the germ-laden dust brushed up from the streets. Every man was examined by Civil Service physicians and pronounced free from organic disease before he was placed on the roll. The malady has been contracted during an average service of less than five years. The problem which the department is trying now to solve is how to save the men from the bacilli. When it becomes known that death in five or six years is the common fate of those who clean the streets, it may be difficult to fill the ranks.

MEDICAL SOCIETIES TAKE ACTION

THE $4,000 we are spending in special letters to physicians is accomplishing more even than we hoped for. Subscriptions continue to come in steadily. We have received a bushel of letters; many like the following:

PIQUA, O., May 4, 1904.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY,
Union Square, N. Y.

Gentlemen: At the joint meeting of the Miami County and Shelby County Medical Societies (fifty-five members present), held at Troy, O., May 2d, a motion was unanimously passed, in which the Societies heartily commend you upon the stand you have taken in regard to the elimination of all advertising of patent medicines in your EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

The Societies pledge you their support in your battle against the Patent-Medicine Monstrosity.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) R. D. BURNHAM, *President*,
Miami County Med. Soc.
C. E. JOHNSTON, *President*,
Shelby County Med. Soc.
J. ROBERT CAYWOOD, *Secretary*,
Miami County Med. Soc.
B. M. SHARP, *Secretary*,
Shelby County Med. Soc.

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